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WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS AND } 1s.  
COLOURED SUPPLEMENT

## CHRISTMAS.

IN this working-day country few and far between are the recognised national festivals which break the somewhat hard tenor of English life. It is a happy thing that the chief holiday which we suffer ourselves to make comes upon us in the midst of that dreariness and gloom which pervades the midwinter of our northern climate. It is something that an acknowledged institution should intervene to teach us, each according to his capabilities, to endeavour, although all without be dim and dull, to create within a summer of the heart and feelings. It is a faculty of the human mind which is often exercised, that we are able under due influences to garnish past occurrences with every pleasure and with every scene of joy in connection with them, while every circumstance that might at a particular time have cast a momentary heaviness over the scene is buried in convenient oblivion. It is peculiarly at Christmas that we, as it were, gird up our spirits and our feelings for a contest with memory and forethought, and soberly, as is our wont, but heartily, determine to "drink at every pore the spirit of the season." If it is not in every case, as it ought to be, the season of reconciliation, it is at any rate the season of reunion, and

above all it is the saturnalia of children. One of the most pleasing sights at this festive time is the inevitable and invariable groups of boys and girls returned from school. Go where you will, a cluster of their joyous chubby faces present themselves to your notice. In the streets, at the panorama, at the theatre, our elbows are constantly assailed by some eager urchins whose eyes just peep beneath to get a nearer view of the things which make up their holiday delights. In watching them elders renew their youth, and enjoy the Christmas shows by marking the vivacious workings of the ingenuous countenances of boyhood and girlhood. Who can behold them without reflecting on the many passions that then lie dormant in their bosoms, to be in a few years agitating themselves or the world; and few occasions afford better opportunity for the guardians of their lives and fortunes to study their temperaments and speculate on the development of their characters. These little ones—their joyousness, their gambols, their sports, embodying as they do the absence of care and the blotting out of thoughts of the future—are the crowning glory of Christmas. Next to them, perhaps the main ingredient of enjoyment is decidedly "the fire." A great blazing fire is the visible heart and soul of Christmas. You may—doubtful as the assertion is—do without beef and plum-pudding;

even the absence of mince-pie may by possibility be tolerated; there must be, metaphorically speaking, a bowl, but it need not be absolutely a wassail bowl; the bowl may give place to the less poetic bottle; but a huge, heaped-up, all-attracting fire, with a semicircle of faces about it, is not to be denied to us. It is the household god, the genius of the meeting; the proof positive of the season; the representative of all our warm emotions and bright thoughts; the glowing eye of the room; the inciter to mirth, yet the retainer of order; the amalgamator of age and sex; the universal relish. Tastes may differ on other points, but who gainsays a fire? The absence of other luxuries may still leave you in possession of that; and, unlike most of the material enjoyments of the occasion, "it leaves no sting behind."

The great feature of the day or two which we afford to Christmas relaxation ought to be, and to a great extent is, the universality of its influence and enjoyment. It is a poor heart, indeed, that does not rejoice at this special time, and it cannot, and in a vast number of instances it is not, forgotten that the season has its duties as well as its pleasures. Every one is bound to do what in him lies to chase away any dark shadows which may be resting on many homes, and on the hearts of many



"CHOTA HAZIREE," OR LITTLE BREAKFAST, IN INDIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. WILLIAMSON.—SEE PAGE 590.



who literally, as well as figuratively, are homeless. There is sure to be revelry in the well-lighted and well-warmed mansions of the opulent, and mirth and cheerfulness in the more modest, but not less comfortable, abodes of middle-class life. But if we could or would listen at the hovels of the destitute, we might hear the low wailings of helplessness and the cries of sorrow and suffering. The rich fare sumptuously; the possessors of competency, and the employed workers, fare plentifully; but in the vicinage of every class there may be—and we fear there are—too many who at nightfall huddle together for the sake of warmth, or creep with their famishing offspring to cheerless resting-places, and in the sleep of exhaustion forget their misery until they awaken to it in the morning. Few of us but can in his degree aid to shelter the homeless, to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, to avert the rigors of the season from the needy, and to make the poor man's heart leap for joy; and we know no better recipe than this for securing a merry Christmas. At the same time it is not to be supposed that we can shut our eyes to the fact that now—as at all times—it is not only the very poor who are objects of sympathy, or that physical suffering alone demands efforts to be made for its alleviation. Who can say that amongst those who are blessed with abundance of this world's goods—with love, obedience, troops of friends—there are not some who, by no fault of their own, have become for a time the victims of misconstruction, and to whom, while everything else contributes abundantly to the means of passing a happy Christmas, yet are deprived of that main ingredient in all enjoyment—peace of mind and a heart untroubled. Again, when one dwells on that which has been above stated as the most pleasing accompaniment, and the most characteristic symbol, of the season—namely, the gathering of happy children at their homes, and their nestling in the affections of their parents and relatives—we cannot but remember that circumstances have occurred of late which will go far to neutralise this element of enjoyment. It is no secret that of late disease has been painfully prevalent among children, and mortality among them sadly large. In some cases whole families of young ones have been swept away; in others two, three, four, together or one by one, have succumbed to disorders painfully general; and thus it will happen that some hearths will be desolate, and many a circle be found to be broken, on those days when it was hoped the one would have been joyous and the other complete.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, it is not too much to say that things in general tend towards a favourable aspect of the festive season of this year. If we contrast it with the corresponding period of 1857, we cannot but cheerfully recognise the fact that we are not weighed down by the effects of a commercial distress and a monetary panic; we have not, as we had then, the miseries, and horrors, and apprehensions of the rebellion in India to dwell upon or to endeavour to banish from our minds while we snatched from anxious thought a few moments of feverish hilarity. We have to congratulate ourselves that, as a whole, the country is prosperous; employment for labour not deficient, and, above all, that provisions—a mighty ingredient in the consideration of the present week and its belongings—are cheap and abundant. It is a fact that bread is sold at a price as low as it has ever reached since the repeal of the Corn Laws; and the indispensable and universal small luxuries of the time of year—dried fruits and the accessories for pudding-making—are more accessible to the possessors of shallow purses than they have been for many years. In social life, as it pervades the community at large, beyond a few arrests of alleged conspirators in Ireland—which somehow people begin to think will be found to proceed from a Government discovery of a mare's nest—all is tranquil and sober. In the political cauldron there is just enough of warmth to keep it simmering until Parliament meets, when, if ever, it will boil up, although we trust it will not boil over. We had almost forgotten to name one grievance. By that right which our climate seems to give inalienably to every Englishman, we have been for the last week or two grumbling at the state of the weather, which has shed over days and nights the appearance of a Lapland winter without its extreme cold; but it is to be hoped that, ere Christmas Day shall have come and gone, the sulky atmosphere will have cleared up, and that we shall have had the enjoyment of a little of that weather which we are accustomed to designate “seasonable.”

Having thus enumerated, and so far bid defiance to, the drawbacks to the fruition of the household happiness which is synonymous with and comprehended in the word Christmas, we would only further venture a hope that this festive season may teem with the greatest happiness of the greatest number of our countrymen; that sorrow and anxiety may, at least for the time, give way to cheerful enjoyment,

And not a tear or aching heart  
In any home be found.

**WELLINGTON COLLEGE.**—An important extension of the original scheme of this noble foundation has been made by a recent resolution of the governors. A number of boys are to be admitted, not exceeding one hundred, being the sons of parents in any vocation, and not, as originally proposed, officers only. The benefits of this arrangement are great. The institution is thus at once removed from the character of a class-school, and placed on the true footing of a public school. The foundation itself will be for a time limited to eighty-one boys, orphan sons of officers; and the sons of living officers will be admitted at £70 a year, as non-foundations, while other non-foundations will pay £100. The education will be of a kind now much in request, as fitting boys to enter, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, into the various professions and occupations which do not require a university course. A large proportion of modern languages and natural science will be combined with the mathematics and classics essential to education of a liberal order. Drawing and surveying will form a part of the regular course, and there will be facilities for acquiring other branches of knowledge also. The fittings of the building are nearly complete, and the college will open on the 20th of January next.

**DEAF AND DUMB COMPOSITORS.**—M. Theodore Algerad, of Zablagen, in Wurtemberg, who has long shown much sympathy for the deaf and dumb, had conceived that those who were suffering under that calamity might be usefully and profitably employed in the printing-office. Following out this idea, that gentleman has now in his employment 160 operatives who are deaf and dumb, and of whom eleven are females, all of whom he has at his own expense, and personally, instructed to such an extent that they are now expert compositors. The King of Wurtemberg has given orders that a large gold medal shall be presented to the director of this new and silent printing-office, in testimony of the high sense which his Majesty entertains of M. Algerad's benevolent undertaking.

The *Courrier des Alpes* says:—“It is a fact worthy of remark that the four principal employments of the Republic of Geneva, the Protestant Rome, as it is called, are at present occupied by Roman Catholics—namely, that of Chief of the Executive Power, President of the Grand Council, President of the Municipal Administration, and President of the High Court of Justice.”

## FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

### FRANCE.

The appeal of M. de Montalembert was heard on Tuesday at the Imperial Court. The proceedings commenced at eleven o'clock. M. Dufaure, on behalf of the appellant, spoke first; the Procureur-General replied; M. Berryer followed, and the Procureur-General then replied on the whole case as stated by the counsel for the appellant. The Judges retired to deliberate at five o'clock. At half-past seven o'clock they delivered their judgment, which sentences M. de Montalembert to three months' imprisonment and a fine of 3000 francs. The term of imprisonment awarded by the Police Correctionnelle is thus reduced from six to three months, the fine remaining unchanged.

The Grand Duke Constantine of Russia arrived at Paris on Monday at half-past one o'clock. He visited the Emperor at two p.m., and afterwards the members of the Imperial family. His Imperial Highness then went to the Russian Embassy, where he received the Ministers, members of the nobility, &c.

The Emperor and Empress have presented to the lady patronesses of the Infant School of St. Sever, at Rouen, a double-barrelled gun and several silver ornaments for the table, in order to constitute prizes in a lottery about to be drawn in a few days for the benefit of that institution.

The hearse in which the remains of Napoleon I. were brought from St. Helena, and which England lately presented to France, has just been placed in the chapel of St. Jerome, in the Invalides.

Great consternation has been caused among the commercial community at Caen by the disappearance of M. Choisy, a large corn and oil merchant of that place, leaving liabilities to about £16,000.

The Annual Fancy Fair for the benefit of the Society for the Encouragement of Primary Instruction among the Protestant congregations in France opened on Wednesday, at the Conservatoire of Paris.

Two colonial Bishops, Monseigneur Porchey, of Martinique, and Monseigneur Bécieux, of Gabon, are now in Paris, and will, it is said, give evidence before Prince Napoleon's Slave-trade Commission.

It is confidently reported that the French squadron on the western coast of Africa is about to be reinforced by several ships.

### SPAIN.

M. Barrot, the new French Ambassador, has been received by the Queen with great honour. The speeches which her Majesty delivered were full of friendly protestations.

The debate in the Senate on the Mexican question was continued through the sittings of the 14th and 15th, and was concluded by a division largely in favour of Government. On Tuesday the Senate approved the address in answer to the speech from the throne by 108 against 28 votes.

At the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies, on the 15th, Marshal O'Donnell presented a bill fixing the military force for the year 1859 at 84,000 men.

The Spanish fleet, which is to act in case of hostilities against the Moors, is to remain at Algiers till the result of the negotiations with the Court of Fez is known.

### ITALY.

A private letter from Turin states that the condition of Italy grows every day more serious and worthy of attention. The impression is general that a political crisis is at hand.

The *Unione* of Turin has the following from Lombardy:—“On the 11th a curious demonstration took place at Pavia, when a large number of citizens and students paraded the principal streets four or five days, each with the stump of a clay pipe in his mouth, the bowl being empty and turned downwards, meaning thereby that the procession represented the funeral of the pipe, all those who had taken part in it pledging themselves to forswear tobacco.”

### BELGIUM.

On Tuesday week the sixty-eighth birthday of the King of the Belgians was celebrated at Brussels with the customary ceremonies. At noon the Duke and Duchess of Brabant and the Count de Flandres attended a “Te Deum” in the church of St. Michel and St. Gudule, in presence of the State bodies and the principal officers of the civic guard and of the army. The diplomatic body were all present.

In the Chamber of Representatives, on Saturday, the proposition to introduce a uniform postage of two sous was rejected by sixty-five votes to seventeen. The Minister of Finance made the concession of allowing soldiers' letters to be sent through Belgium on paying two sous.

### PRUSSIA.

The Minister of the Interior in Prussia has addressed to the Governors of Provinces a circular, which is of considerable importance to the newspaper press. The late Cabinet arrogated to itself the right of suspending or withdrawing, without the intervention of a court of law, the licenses granted to printers of newspapers, without which they dare not print anything. The circular in question makes known that the Government proposes to have the matter regulated by a law, and that in the meantime it directs local authorities not to exercise that power without first consulting it.

Arrests have been made in the matter of the épergne which the city of Cologne gave the Princess Frederick William on her marriage, and which was stolen during the night of the 4th. Nearly the whole of the precious metal has been recovered, melted down. The persons in custody are a servant of the palace, aged sixty-eight; and a silversmith, a man of bad character, who has been before convicted.

### THE UNITED STATES.

Congress assembled at noon on Monday, December 6. There were fifty Senators and two hundred members present at roll-call—a very fair attendance for the opening of a second Session. After prayers, the qualifying of new members, and the usual preliminaries, the President's Message and the reports of heads of departments were presented. [An abstract of the President's Message will be found in another column.]

In the Senate Mr. Mason gave notice that he should on Tuesday call up the case of the Spanish schooner *Amistad*.

In the House bills were introduced to amend the Act establishing the Court of Claims, so as to allow creditors to sue in district courts, and for the construction of a Central Pacific Railroad. The revision of the tariff was broached by an Administration member from Pennsylvania, who desired to introduce a resolution instructing the Ways and Means Committee to bring in a bill increasing the duty on coal and iron. Members from the lead-mining and sugar-producing regions also desired protection against foreign competition, and finally leave to introduce the proposition was refused, by 102 to 85.

But little business of importance was transacted in Congress on the 7th. In the House the joint resolution, presented at the last Session, providing for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, was taken up. A motion from the Opposition to lay it on the table was negatived by a vote of 90 to 93, and the matter was referred to the Committee of the Whole. Resolutions directing inquiry as to refunding to the Utah Mormons money spent in suppressing Indian hostilities; for a military road from Bridger's Pass to Salt Lake City; for a military road from Fort Arbuckle to Puget Sound; and for a survey of the Upper Missouri and Columbia rivers for military purposes, were referred.

In the case of the crew of the slave brig *Putnam*, which was captured by the *Dolphin*, and taken to Charleston, the grand jury at Columbia, S.C., have thrown out the bills of indictment, and thus the case is virtually dismissed. The accused are, however, detained in custody for a few days until the lawyers conclude their arguments on the subject of the slave trade and other questions that have reference to the affair.

Mdlle. Piccolomini was to appear at Boston on the 8th inst. in the “Traviata.” During her Boston engagement the lady will make professional visits to Worcester, Providence, New Bedford, and New Haven.

### AUSTRALASIA.

The *Niagara* has arrived with the heavy portion of the Australian mail. She has brought home twenty-three passengers, and thirty boxes of gold, worth £137,722. The Australian mail which left Alexandria in the *Niagara* consisted of 80,000 letters, 90,000 newspapers, and 5000 registered letters. The passengers by the *Niagara* were the first persons who travelled all the way by rail between Suez and Alexandria, the Egyptian railroad having been finished just before they arrived at Suez. On some parts of the journey by rail the passengers travelled at the rate of forty miles an hour. One of the most difficult and important railways in the world, and which has been some years forming, is now completed, and the short route to India, China, Japan, and Australia can now be traversed by railway and steam-packet throughout.

At Sydney business was dull. The fresh gold diggings just discovered to the north of Sydney had excited much interest, and about 5000 gold-diggers weekly were leaving Victoria bound for New South Wales. The Colonial Parliament is about to close a long Session, chiefly occupied in discussing a new Electoral Bill, which, both in and out of the House, has ceased to be of any public interest. The Mayor of Sydney, Mr. John Williams, gave a fancy ball to about a thousand of the citizens last week, at the Prince of Wales Theatre.

The following are the chief items of news brought by the *Niagara* from Tasmania:—In the House of Assembly a resolution has been adopted not to vote a salary to any public officer hereafter accepting a seat in the Legislature. By another resolution it has been determined to open to settlement Tasman's Peninsula, a district containing 140,000 acres of Crown land. The news from Fingal gold-fields, although not reporting any great results, is still of a nature to encourage men to persevere in looking for them. The estimates have passed the Assembly with little alteration.

Accounts brought by the *Niagara* from New Zealand are encouraging. The colony is prosperous. The gold-fields there are steadily increasing in value. They have now been discovered about eight months, and £100,000 worth of gold, in dust and nuggets, have already been obtained from them. They are situated close to Massacre Bay, where a boat's crew of the famous circumnavigator, Tasman, were massacred by the natives. This bay is fifty miles from Nelson, and in August last 1000 persons were at work at the diggings. The gold is of very good quality.

### THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Congress met on the 6th instant, and, having been duly organised, the President's Message was handed in. It opens as follows:—“Fellow-Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives,—When we compare the condition of the country at the present day with what it was one year ago, at the meeting of Congress, we have much reason for gratitude to that Almighty Providence which has never failed to interpose for our relief at the most critical period of our history. One year ago the sectional strife between the North and the South on the dangerous subject of slavery had again become so intense as to threaten the peace and perpetuity of the confederacy. The application for the admission of Kansas as a State into the Union fostered this unhappy agitation, and brought the whole subject once more before Congress. It was the desire of every patriot that such measures of legislation might be adopted as would remove the excitement from the States, and confine it to the territory where it legitimately belonged. Much has been done, I am happy to say, towards the accomplishment of this object during the last session of Congress.”

The President enters at great length into the history of the troubles in Kansas, which he ascribes solely and emphatically to the refusal of the people of that territory to join in the voting for delegates to the convention which was to frame a constitution, and their subsequent refusal to acknowledge the authority of the convention so elected. He commends the “wiser and better spirit” which was manifested last January, when a majority of the people voted for a governor and State officers, justifies his own recommendation that Kansas should be admitted as a State, recalls the rejection by Congress of the constitution as voted by the people of Kansas, and the rejection in turn by the people of Kansas, in the month of August last, of the propositions put forward by the Congress. On the present state of the question he says:—“The people of the territory are now authorised to form another constitution, preparatory to admission into the Union, but not until their number, as ascertained by a census, shall equal or exceed the ratio required to elect a member to the House of Representatives. By waiting for a short time, and acting in obedience to law, Kansas will glide into the Union without the slightest impediment.”

A considerable portion of the message is devoted to the history of the course pursued towards the Mormons. He praises the army, the commissioners, Governor Cumming, and Colonel Kane, the volunteer pacificator; and recommends that the benefits of their land-laws and pre-emption system be extended to the people of Utah, by the establishment of a land-office in that territory.

The relations of the United States and China are thus mentioned:—“I have occasion, also, to congratulate you on the result of our negotiations with China. . . . Our Minister has executed his instructions with eminent skill and ability. In conjunction with the Russian Plenipotentiary, he has peacefully but effectually co-operated with the English and French Plenipotentiaries, and each of the four Powers has concluded a separate treaty with China, of a highly satisfactory character. The treaty concluded by our own Plenipotentiary will be immediately submitted to the Senate.”

The treaty with Japan is briefly referred to.

On the important subjects of the Right of Search and the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, the President says:—“It is my earnest desire that every misunderstanding with the Government of Great Britain should be amicably and speedily adjusted. . . . The long-pending controversy between the two Governments, in relation to the question of visitation and search, has been amicably adjusted. The claim on the part of Great Britain forcibly to visit American vessels on the high seas in time of peace could not be sustained under the law of nations, and it had been overruled by her own most eminent jurists. . . . The claim has been abandoned in a manner reflecting honour upon the British Government, and evincing a just regard for the law of nations, and cannot fail to strengthen the amicable relations between the two countries. . . . I am truly sorry I cannot also inform you that the complications between Great Britain and the United States, arising out of the Clayton and Bulwer Treaty of April, 1850, have been finally adjusted. As negotiations are still pending, it would not be proper for me now to communicate their present condition. A final settlement of these questions is greatly to be desired, as this would wipe out the last remaining subject of dispute between the two countries.”

The relations of the United States with Spain form perhaps the most important topic of the present Message. The President says:—“With Spain our relations remain in an unsatisfactory condition. The mission to Spain has been intrusted to a distinguished citizen of Kentucky, who will proceed to Madrid without delay, and make another and final attempt to obtain justice from that Government. Spanish officials, under the direct control of the Captain-General of Cuba, have insulted our national flag, and, in repeated instances, have from time to time inflicted injuries on the persons and property of our citizens.”

The claims of fourteen years standing, in which about one hundred American citizens are interested, for duties illegally exacted at Cuba, are brought forward, and it is complained that instead of a just restitution of the original sum extorted, with interest, about one third of the amount is offered, and that as a special favour. The President also points out as an intolerable grievance that, while injustice is freely done at Havannah, Americans demanding justice are referred to Madrid. Then comes the following important passage:—“The truth is, that Cuba, in its existing colonial condition, is a constant source of injury and annoyance to the American people. It is the only spot in the civilised world where the African slave-trade is tolerated; and we are bound by treaty with Great Britain to maintain a naval force on the coast of Africa, at much expense both of life and treasure, solely for the purpose of arresting slavers bound to that island. The late serious difficulties between the United States and Great Britain respecting the right of search, now so happily terminated, could never have arisen if Cuba had not afforded a market for slaves. As long as this market shall remain open there can be no hope for the civilisation of benighted Africa. Whilst the demand for slaves continues in Cuba, wars will be waged among the petty and barbarous chiefs in Africa, for the purpose of seizing subjects to supply this trade. In such a condition of affairs it is impossible that the light of civilisation and religion can ever penetrate these dark abodes. It has been made known to the world by my predecessors that the United States have on several occasions endeavoured to acquire Cuba from Spain by honourable negotiation. If this were accomplished the last relic of the African slave-trade would instantly disappear. We would not, if we could, acquire Cuba in any other manner. . . . The island of Cuba, from its geographical position, commands the mouth of the Mississippi, and the immense and annually increasing trade, foreign and coast-wise, from the valley of that noble river, now embracing half the sovereign States of the Union. With that island under the dominion of a distant foreign Power, this trade, of vital importance to these States, is exposed to the danger of being destroyed in time of war, and it has hitherto been subjected to perpetual injury and annoyance in time of peace. Our relations with Spain, which ought to be of the most friendly character, must always be placed in jeopardy whilst the existing colonial government over the island shall remain in its present condition. Whilst the possession of the island would be of vast importance to the United States, its value to Spain is, comparatively, unimportant. . . . I refer the whole subject to Congress, and commend it to their careful consideration.”

The President notices at some length the capture of the slave *Echo*, and the subsequent restoration of her cargo of three hundred negroes to Africa,



by an arrangement with the Colonisation Society, but confines himself to a statement of the facts.

He again recommends an appropriation of money for the purpose of distribution among the claimants (Spanish) in the Amistad case.

Of Mexican affairs the President refers to the state of disquiet and revolution which has become permanent in that republic. After recapitulating the events of the past year, the President says:—"Abundant cause now undoubtedly exists for a resort to hostilities against the Government still holding possession of the capital. Should they succeed in subduing the constitutional forces, all reasonable hope will then have expired of a peaceful settlement of our difficulties. On the other hand, should the constitutional party prevail, and their authority be established over the republic, there is reason to hope that they will be animated by a less unfriendly spirit, and may grant that redress to American citizens which justice requires, so far as they may possess the means. But for this expectation I should have recommended to Congress to grant the necessary power to the President to take possession of a sufficient portion of the remote and unsettled territory of Mexico, to be held in pledge until our injuries shall be redressed and our just demands be satisfied."

The question of the political condition of the narrow isthmus of Central America, through which transit routes pass between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, he considers a subject of deep interest to all commercial nations. To the United States, he says, they are of invaluable importance, their possessions extending through seventeen degrees on the Pacific coast, embracing the important State of California, and the flourishing territories of Oregon and Washington. He considers that the States in whose possession these routes are have no right to arrest or retard their use by other nations any more than if they were arms of the sea, for that they were highways, in which they themselves have little interest when compared with the vast interests of the world; and he says that whilst their rights of sovereignty ought to be respected, it is the duty of other nations to require that this important passage shall not be interrupted by the civil wars and revolutionary outbreaks which have so frequently occurred in that region. The State is too important to be left to the mercy of rival companies claiming to hold conflicting contracts with Nicaragua. The commerce of other nations is not to stand still and await the adjustment of such petty controversies. He earnestly recommends to Congress the passing of an Act authorising the President, under such restrictions as they may deem proper, to employ the land and naval forces of the United States in preventing the transit from being obstructed or closed by lawless violence, and in protecting the lives and property of American citizens travelling thereupon, requiring, at the same time, that those forces shall be withdrawn the moment the danger shall have passed away. The Panama and Talvañtepe route, he said, also required similar protection. Upon the subject of the outrages upon American citizens in Costa Rica and Nicaragua, he declares that unless the demand of their Minister shall be complied with at an early day, it will only remain for the Government to adopt such measures as may be necessary to obtain for itself that justice which it has in vain attempted to secure by peaceful means.

With the Empire of Brazil the relations of the United States are "of the most friendly character;" but the export duty of 10 per cent on coffee is represented as prejudicing the trade between the two countries.

Nothing new is said about the expedition to Paraguay. A hope is expressed that the Commissioner who accompanies the naval forces will convince the Paraguayan Government that it is bound to make, voluntarily and promptly, atonement for the wrongs done to American citizens in connection with the attack on the steamer *Water Witch*. Should this hope be disappointed, force must be employed to obtain "just satisfaction" from Paraguay.

The President next refers to the financial revulsion of 1857, which he declares no Government, and especially a Government of such a limited power as that of the United States, could have prevented. In reference to the deficiency of the revenue which had arisen from the reduced amount of imports, and the mode in which they should be increased, the President says that no statesman would advise that they should go on increasing the national debt to meet the ordinary expenses of the Government. Their true policy was to increase their revenue so as to equal their expenditure, as it would be ruinous to continue to borrow. Besides, he observes, the incidental protection thus afforded by a revenue tariff would at the present moment, to some extent, increase the confidence of the manufacturing interests, and give a fresh impulse to their reviving business, to which no person would scarcely object. He says he has long entertained, and often expressed, the opinion that sound policy requires this should be done by specific duties, in cases to which they can be properly applied.

The remaining portion of the Message is of local interest only.

**CORFU.**—A letter from Corfu of the 14th inst. says:—"A few days ago Mr. Gladstone went to the southern Ionian Islands and to Greece. Shortly before his departure there was a demonstration at Sta. Maura in favour of an annexation with Greece. The Municipal Council of Zante has addressed a memorial to Mr. Gladstone, in which it is said that the best thing England can do to improve the political position of the Ionian Isles is to consent to their being united to the Kingdom of Greece. The Municipal Council further expressed a hope that Mr. Gladstone would communicate to her Majesty the Queen the wishes of the Ionians."

**ST. HELENA.**—In addition to the reconstruction of the house at Longwood, in St. Helena, occupied by Napoleon I., and of his tomb, the French Government has resolved on having reconstructed in that island the house in which General Bertrand resided, and also on having a statue of Napoleon placed on an eminence in view of the sea. An engineer officer has just been sent out to execute these works on plans approved of by the Emperor.

**VOLCANO IN THE ISLE OF REUNION.**—The Governor of Reunion (Bourbon), in a despatch of the 8th ult., says:—"The volcano of this island is now in full eruption. Since last week a torrent of burning lava has been flowing towards the sea, and all communication with the arrondissement du Vent has been cut off, the lava having crossed the high road for an extent of four hundred yards, and to a depth of from nine to twelve feet. The lava reached the sea yesterday."

**WILD BOARS IN FRANCE.**—A number of wild boars were seen a few days ago near Rheims in the forest of Guex. A man armed himself with a butcher's knife, and getting close to one of the young boars inflicted on it a deadly wound in the neck. He then pursued the herd on horseback, and killed two other young ones in the same manner. A fourth was dispatched by a gardener with his spade. The main body of the animals then dispersed towards Dieu-Lumière, and the keeper of a wine-shop shot two, the weight of which was from 100 to 115 kilogrammes each. A stray animal, having entered a timber-yard near Rheims, was surrounded by the workmen, fourteen in number, and one of them, after having dealt at it a blow with a hatchet, was bitten by it in the hand. The animal was then dispatched by the other men; it weighed 150 kilogrammes. Being cut up into fourteen parts, it was distributed among the assailants, and the wounded man received the skin in addition. On the whole, about fourteen boars are believed to have been destroyed in this singular hunt, most of them being young ones.

**THE SHIFTING SANDS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.**—M. Marcel de Serres, a learned geologist of Montpellier, has just communicated to the Academy of Sciences some curious facts concerning the "dunes," or shifting sands, existing on the French Mediterranean coasts. These sands, it must be understood, are first thrown upon the shore by the sea; when dry, they are carried inland by the winds, to the distance of several kilometres, covering fields and vineyards to the depth of two or three feet, suffocating vegetation, and transforming the richest cultivation into a desert waste. The only effectual means of counteracting this evil is to plant tamarisks along the coast so as to form a barrier; but instances are frequent where neither plantations nor walls have been sufficient to prevent the sands from covering roads and fields. Last August two houses, several stories high, about a mile from Agde (Hérault), were completely buried under the sands. The houses happened to be uninhabited at the time, so that no lives were lost; and, fortunately, a north wind succeeded to the opposite one which had brought the sands, and blew them away again. M. Marcel de Serres, in studying this phenomenon, has discovered that these shifting sands form two distinct zones; the first, consisting of very fine sand, contains very few shells or other organic matter; the second, on the contrary, contains a large proportion of shells, round shingles, and fragments of rock. This second zone remains near the coast; the former one, on the contrary, is carried inland, as before stated. Notwithstanding their disastrous effect, these sands, when mixed with rich mould, make an excellent soil for growing the vine.

**A JAPANESE JUGGLER.**—Here are some of his feats:—No. 1. He took an ordinary boy's top, spun it in the air, caught it on his hand, and then placed it (still spinning) upon the edge of a sword, near the hilt. Then he dropped the sword point a little, and the top moved slowly towards it. Arrived at the very end, and the hilt was lowered in turn, and the top brought back. As usual, the sword was dangerously sharp. No. 2 was also performed with the top. He spun it in the air, and then threw the end of the string back towards it with such accuracy that it was caught up and wound itself all ready for a second cast. By the time it had done this it had reached his hand, and was ready for another spin. No. 3 was still performed with the top. There was an upright pole, upon the top of which was perched a little house, with a very large front door. The top was spun, made to climb the pole, knock open the said front door, and disappear. As well as I remember, the hand end of the string was fastened near the door, so that this was almost a repetition of the self-winding feat. But feat No. 4 was something even more astonishing than all this. He took two paper butterflies, armed himself with the usual paper fan, threw them into the air, and, fanning gently, kept them flying about him as if they had been alive. "He can make them alight wherever you wish!" Try him!" remarked the Kami (Prince), through the interpreter. Mr. Hone requested that one might alight upon each ear of the juggler. No sooner expressed than complied with. Gentle undulations of the fan waved them slowly to the required points, and there left them comfortably seated. Now, whether this command over pieces of paper was obtained simply by currents of air or by the power of a concealed magnet Mr. Hone could not tell or ascertain. One thing, however, was certain—the power was there.—*Philosophical Ledger*

## THE COURT.

**THE Queen and Prince Consort, with the Prince of Wales, the Princess Alice, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and the Princesses Helena, Louisa, and Beatrice, left Osborne on Monday afternoon, and returned to Windsor Castle for the Christmas holidays. In attendance were the Duchess of Atholl, the Hon. Flora Macdonald, Major-General the Hon. C. Grey, Colonel the Hon. A. N. Hood, Captain Du Plat, Colonel the Hon. R. Bruce, and Major Lindsay.**

On Tuesday the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales came to London, and honoured with their company the play performed at the Westminster School. In attendance were Colonel the Hon. R. Bruce, Captain Du Plat, Major Lindsay, and the Rev. C. F. Tarver.

The Hon. Caroline Cavendish has arrived at the Castle as Maid of Honour in Waiting, and Lord Bateman and Major-General Berkeley Drummond have arrived as Lord and Groom in Waiting. During the Queen's absence from Windsor great preparations have been in progress for the performance of Costa's "Eli," in which upwards of 250 professionals, including her Majesty's private band, will be engaged. This performance will take place on New-Year's Eve.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales reached Dover, from Ostend, in the *Black Eagle*, at eleven o'clock, on the night of the 17th inst. The Prince was received by the naval and military authorities of the port, and conducted to the Lord Warden Hotel, where his Royal Highness passed the night. The Prince left Dover early on the following morning en route for Osborne.

His Excellency the Prussian Minister and the Countess Bernstorff have left town on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, at Hatfield.

The Earl and Countess of Derby's party at Knowsley has been broken up in consequence of the lamented death of the Countess of Wilton. The hospitalities at Knowsley during the approaching festive season have also been abandoned.

The Earl and Countess Spencer are still on the Continent, and are not expected to return to town until early in March.

Lord and Lady Ashburton have gone on a tour in the East, and do not intend to return to England until Easter.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Disraeli returned to town on Monday from a visit to the Earl and Countess of Derby, at Knowsley Hall. They have since left Grosvenor-gate for Torquay.

Sir Robert and Lady Emily Peel arrived in town a few days since from Drayton Manor. Sir Robert and Lady Emily intend to go to Nice until the meeting of Parliament.

## METROPOLITAN NEWS.

**EAST INDIA COMPANY.**—A general meeting of the East India Company was held on Monday and Tuesday. Mr. Crawshaw moved a resolution which did not accept Lord Stanley's proposals respecting the future responsibilities of the Company, and Mr. Arbuthnot moved an amendment which meant the acceptance of such proposals. The question in reality was whether the responsibility of the unclaimed dividends should rest upon the new India Board or the Company. Lord Stanley said the new Board, and Mr. Crawshaw said the Company. Mr. Crawshaw's motion was carried. It was further carried that counsel be consulted on the subject, and that Lord Stanley's offer of the use of the India House for the Company be accepted. Other motions were adopted having reference to the payment of salaries, to by-laws, and to the security fund. There was a great deal of personal recrimination.

**GEOLOGISTS' ASSOCIATION.**—A meeting was held at Messrs. Barton's Rooms, in Upper Wellington-street, Strand, on Friday evening, the 17th inst., for the purpose of organising a new society to promote the study of geology and its allied sciences. The means proposed are—the holding of periodical meetings for reading and discussing papers, and the exhibition of specimens; arrangements for facilitating the exchange of specimens between distant members; the formation of a typical collection of fossils suited to the wants of students; a library of reference; and the delivery of short courses of lectures. It was announced in the course of the proceedings that 120 applications for membership had already been received. The first meeting for actual work will take place early in the new year, when more detailed plans will be stated, and an inaugural address delivered by the president.

**ARCHITECTURAL PHOTOGRAPHIC ASSOCIATION.**—The exhibition of the works of this association has been opened at the Gallery of the Water-Colour Society, Pall-mall, and comprises between three and four hundred views from all parts of the world—Rome, Venice, and other places in Italy, Egypt, and Spain, not omitting some of the principal architectural beauties in our own country. We shall give a more detailed account of them in a future Number.

**THE LORD MAYOR,** we are happy to be able to state, was so far recovered on Monday as to be able to remove from his residence at Lewisham to the Mansion House, and on Tuesday he presided at the ward-mote of his own ward (Walbrook), and also at that of Mr. Alderman Finnis (Tower). In the evening he entertained at dinner the members of the Court of Common Council, the clergy, and several friends connected with the ward.

**THE WARDMOTES.**—The municipal elections in the numerous wards into which the City is divided took place on Tuesday. The question which chiefly occupied the attention of the various meetings was the proposed county rate for the erection of a new lunatic asylum. The opposition to this obnoxious rate was most emphatic, scarcely a voice being raised in its favour. The question of Parliamentary Reform was mooted in two wards, but in only one of them with success.

At the Court of Common Pleas on Tuesday Mr. McGeach, a tradesman of Shrewsbury, obtained £1000 damages against the North-Western Railway Company for injuries received by him in consequence of an accident on the 5th of October in last year.

**MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL.**—The winter examination of the scholars of this ancient foundation was on Tuesday afternoon terminated by the speech-day, usually called the Doctor's-day. At two o'clock the master of the company (Mr. Nash), accompanied by his wardens, the examiners (the Rev. R. W. Browne and the Rev. T. G. Hall), the head master (the Rev. Dr. Hessey), and many old members of the school, entered the school-room, which was filled by a large assembly, many of whom were ladies. Various speeches were delivered from Herodotus, Lucretius, Cicero, and other authors. A scene from the "Acharnians" was well put upon the stage by Messrs. Knapp, Irvine, and Thursfield; and the same youthful actors, with the addition of Messrs. Kitson and Baker, were no less effective in a scene from the "Taming of the Shrew." There was no French speech this year, in token of respect to the memory of M. Delille, the well-known and talented professor, who had long taught at Merchant Taylors', and whose recent death is sincerely regretted by the scholars. At the conclusion of the recitations Dr. Hessey alluded in feeling terms to the loss which the school had sustained by the removal of so talented a man and such a kindly and genial friend. The topic was further followed up by the delivery of Mr. Knapp, the second monitor, of a poem, for which we believe Dr. Hessey is responsible, and in which the salient points of M. Delille's character were touched upon. The school was then dismissed until Tuesday, the 18th of January.

**THE WEST CAMBERWELL COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.**—A very interesting meeting was held on Friday week in Willis's Rooms, consisting of the parents, friends, and patrons of the pupils of West Camberwell Collegiate and Commercial School, Northampton House, Denmark-hill, under the conduct of Mr. H. A. Mathews. The meeting, which was exceedingly numerous and respectable, was for the purpose of exhibiting the progress made by the pupils in elocution and languages, under the title of an "Occasional Public Exercise," and of distributing prizes to the most meritorious. The awardee of these was the Rev. Samuel Smith, A.M., the incumbent of St. George's, Camberwell. He was assisted by the Rev. Francis G. Statham, B.A., F.G.S., the incumbent of St. Peter's, Walworth. Part of the entertainment of the evening was musical, and it commenced with an introductory anthem, which was remarkably well executed. A great portion, then, of Milton's "Comus" was recited by six of the scholars. They were comparatively young, but they delivered the speeches for the most part with considerable emphasis, and with more variety of style than is usual with juvenile declaimers. More than one, indeed, displayed remarkable intelligence, energy, and earnestness, and gave decided promise of future excellence. So equal was the contest that the president found it difficult to award the prize. This was followed by the fifth act of "Coriolanus," in which the display of talent was even superior to that elicited by the Masque of Milton. The part of the Roman mother in particular was well done. Later in the evening a judicious abridgment of the tragedy of "Hamlet" was presented, ending with the closet scene in the third act. The young gentleman who supported the melancholy Prince acted the part with discrimination and power. Among the most successful recitals of the evening were the Greek and the German. The former were from Homer; and the latter consisted of a scene from Schiller's "Maria Stuart," and Herschfeld's "Dialogue between Alexander and the Robber." The correctness of the pronunciation was surprising in lads so young. Next in merit were the French exercises. The Latin were also good. They were principally from Virgil, Cicero, and Horace; but the differences were nearly as great between the speakers as the authors. At the conclusion, the Rev. F. G. Statham expressed his surprise at the attainment exhibited by the pupils; and pointed out the benefits that must arise from the system of collegiate education adopted in schools.

**THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.**—A conference of members and fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on Monday evening, when resolutions were carried unanimously to the effect that in the opinion of that conference the council, having excluded members and fellows from a voice in the election of their representative to the General Council of Medical Education and Registration, under the Medical Act, had thereby invaded the corporate rights of the members and fellows, and infringing the provisions of the Act; and further, that in the opinion of the conference a principle was involved in the election that would subvert the representative rights granted to the members and fellows by the Legislature in that Act. The meeting stands adjourned.

**THE "GREAT EASTERN."**—A special meeting of the Eastern Steam Navigation Company took place on Friday week—Mr. H. T. Hope in the chair—to confirm the resolution for winding up and selling the *Great Eastern* to the new Steam-ship Company. Some alterations, which had been made under high legal advice in the wording of the several resolutions gave rise to considerable discussion, but they were eventually agreed to. It was also proposed that the liquidators should be entirely unconnected with the new company; and Mr. Yates, the secretary of the Eastern Steam; Mr. Capper, the manager of the Victoria Docks; and Mr. A. Scully, solicitor, were appointed to act in the place of the persons previously named. At the same time Messrs. Hope, E. L. Betts, and S. Beale were constituted a committee of consultation. In the course of the proceedings it was mentioned that the price at which the *Great Eastern* is taken by the new company is £165,000.

**THE EVENING SERVICES AT ST. PAUL'S.**—On Sunday evening the fourth of the special evening services was held under the dome of St. Paul's. The number of persons who attended was larger than on any previous occasion, notwithstanding the wetness of the night. The preacher was the Rev. Dr. Hook, Vicar of Leeds. The preacher named for next Sunday (to-morrow) evening is the Rev. W. Cadman, Rector of St. George the Martyr's, Southwark.

**SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.**—A preliminary meeting was held at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Friday week, for the establishment of a new society under this title. The room was filled with ladies and gentlemen (more than 800 being present), who came in "droves," since the proceedings had somewhat the character of a conversation; and music, as well as a small collection of paintings and other works of art, had been provided for the entertainment of the company. The chair was taken, in the absence of the Earl of Carlisle, by Viscount Ranelagh, who shortly addressed the meeting upon the plan and the objects of the proposed society. He observed that the growing appreciation of art amongst all classes of the people was now made evident by frequent instances which had exhibited themselves of late years; and not only had a great change taken place in the relations between the public and professional artists of every kind, but the cultivation and practice of the various branches of fine art had become more common in private society, and the number of persons who were connoisseurs had largely increased. Under these circumstances it was now thought desirable to establish an institution embracing the professors and amateurs of all the fine arts, who would find in it a centre of union and a medium for the interchange of their ideas upon the subjects to which their attention was devoted. After mentioning some examples to show that the guidance and advice of trained artists were requisite to direct the taste of the unlearned, the chairman said that the operations of this society, which was not intended to interfere with any already existing, would be by lectures and discussions, by classes for study, by occasional exhibitions, by maintaining a permanent exhibition of engravings, and a library of reference, and also by granting medals, testimonials, and other rewards, to encourage and assist artists, as well as to educate the public taste. The management of the society would be independent of any clique, and there would be no favoritism or exclusiveness in bestowing the aid and countenance it might command. Mr. Henry Ottley, the hon. corresponding secretary, stated that when the principles and objects of the society were agreed upon, early in October last, it was considered desirable that the case should at once be laid before the public; but in consequence of the unavoidable absence from town of the Earl of Carlisle, who had accepted the office of president, it had been determined to postpone the formal inauguration of the society until the spring. The society proposed to occupy ground at present wholly unoccupied, and to supply an action of a kind and in a direction which has not yet been attempted, while its promoters would guard themselves most scrupulously against rivalry or antagonism with any existing art-body or art interest. It had been decided that the exhibitions of the society should be opened to the public free on two days in the week, and three days on payment, the remaining day in each week being reserved exclusively for members and their friends, when it was proposed that a musical performance should take place in connection with the exhibition. The funds derived from this source would be applied in pecuniary prizes to artists, or otherwise towards the promotion of the interests of art by grants of aid or relief. After Mr. Ottley's address, which was received with great applause, the noble chairman declared the society duly formed. The Rev. J. M. Bellet having addressed the meeting, on the motion of Mr. G. E. Adams, seconded by Mr. J. W. Walton, a vote of thanks was awarded to Lord Ranelagh. The company then left the large hall, and inspected the collection of works of art in the smaller rooms.

**THE GENERAL OMNIBUS COMPANY.**—The directors of this company have issued an advertisement, in which they notify that on the 1st January next "the business of the French London General Omnibus Company will pass into their hands, and that it will in future be conducted by an English board of directors instead of the *gerants* of a French company." It is also announced, in somewhat vague terms, that "the directors have under consideration an extensive plan for improving the system of working the omnibus traffic of the metropolis, which they hope shortly to put into operation." One of the "plans" upon which the company have acted appears to have been perfectly unsuccessful, for it is mentioned that, "with a view to avoid an expense, from which there does not appear to be any commensurate public advantage, and which does not appear to be appreciated by the inhabitants of the metropolis, the issue of correspondence and contract tickets will be discontinued on the 1st of January next." The company at the same time put forth a new and "reduced" scale of fares upon a portion of the routes occupied by them.—The alleged conspiracy of the General Omnibus Company against the Saloon Omnibus Company was proceeded with on Tuesday. One or two witnesses were heard in support of the charge of conspiracy, and another remand took place.

**A MAN WITH MANY WIVES.**—Gloucester Gale was taken before Mr. Beadon, at the Marlborough Police Court, on Monday, upon a charge of polygamy. The prisoner, who gives his age thirty-five, but looks older, is a slight-built man, has a somewhat sinister cast of countenance, and wears large whiskers and small moustache, which are of light, or sandy colour. A brief outline of this case may not prove uninteresting. It appeared that he married ten years ago in the name of Gale, a Miss Gee, of Turnham-green, and this lady, as far as can be ascertained, appears to have been his first wife. She always understood him to be a traveller, and therefore has never been surprised at the lengthened periods of his absence, and states that she certainly never had the most remote suspicion of his marrying any one else. The second marriage was solemnised at Islington Church, and then he married, in the name of George Gordon, a Miss Celia Mary Wye, of Kensington, a young lady of considerable property; and in this instance, it is said, he prevailed upon her to settle, in the event of survivorship, all that property upon himself, with the exception of a legacy to a relative of the lady as testatrix. This marriage took place in November last year. The third marriage is shown to have been on the 3rd of January of the present year, at Old Trinity Church, Sloane-street, Chelsea, in the name of George Thomas. The deceased one in this case was Miss Lydia Murch. The fourth marriage was to Miss Sarah Drevitt, on the 3rd of May last, at St. George's, Hanover-square. The fifth on the 13th of July, to Miss Martha Gover, at All Souls' Church, Langham-place; and the sixth took place on the 17th of August, in the name of Edward Gordon, to Miss Fanny Farrell, or Furrell. The prisoner was in the habit of representing to those he so infamously duped and imposed upon that he was the mate of a ship which traded to Malta, Oporto, and other foreign seaports, and that this sometimes obliged him necessarily to be absent a long time. He left one of his wives on a late occasion, and said he should be away a few days, having brought over from a foreign country a rare animal in a wild state, which no other person could touch or handle but himself, and that he was going to present it to the Queen. Miss Wye always thought him to be a collector for a large mercantile house, and was in no way surprised at his frequent absence. He appears, however, to have been more constant in his visits to this lady than to the others. She was the moneyed lady. The morning after his marriage with Miss Farrell, or Furrell, he sent her into Devonshire to hire a house and furnish it, telling her he would directly join her there. She never saw him afterwards. The further examination of the prisoner was referred to the Clerkenwell Police Court, and the officers conveyed the prisoner thither, accompanied by the witnesses.

**BIRTHS AND DEATHS.**—Last week the births of 890 boys and 880 girls (in all 1770 children) were registered in London. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1848-57 the average number was 1561.—The deaths registered in London in the week ending last Saturday were 1442. In the ten years 1848-57 the average number of deaths in the weeks corresponding with last week was 1180. The deaths in the preceding week were 1331; and, though those of last week are still numerous, it is satisfactory that the return shows a continued decrease in the mortality from the high point which it attained at the end of last month. Bronchitis carried off 264 persons, which is rather more than in the previous week, and exceeds the average by 131. The deaths of five nonagenarians, who were all widows, are recorded as having occurred at the following ages—90, 94, 95, 98, and 99 years.

At a meeting on Saturday last of the committee of the Royal Dramatic College a long letter was read from Mr. Dodd, containing many excuses for not having transferred the land, and refusing to do so without conditions. In consequence of Mr. Dodd's default several other offers of land have been received.



## "REBECCA."

THE subject which we have here engraved is a fine figure of Rebecca, by E. Davies, in the Gallery of Modern Sculpture in the South Kensington Museum. It represents the destined wife of Isaac, as described in the words spoken by the servant of Abraham (Gen. xxiv. 45), "And before I had done speaking in mine heart, behold Rebecca came forth with her pitcher on her shoulder; and she went down unto the well and drew water." The figure is of grand proportions, suitable to the idea of the mother of two nations specially appointed by the Lord. The attitude is boldly conceived, simple and noble in character; and there is much calm dignity in the turn of the head, and the expression. The drapery is gracefully disposed, and falls lightly into easy folds. Altogether the work is one of no ordinary merit, doing honour to the producer and to the arts of the country. In the number of this Journal for September 4 will be found some comments on the Sculpture Gallery at the South Kensington Museum and on the works of art which it contains.

## CHAPEL AND MAUSOLEUM IN MEMORY OF ASSHETON SMITH, ESQ.

IN the beautiful grounds of Tedworth Park, Wiltshire, there is a mortuary chapel and mausoleum now in course of erection to the memory of the late lamented Assheton Smith, Esq. We this week engrave Sketches of the Interior and Exterior. When the work is completely finished the remains of that "fine old English gentleman" will herein find their resting-place.

The chapel is about twenty feet square. It is built in the Roman Ionic style, with domed roof and cupola. The extreme height is about fifty feet. The inside of the chapel is octagon on plan. Sculptured figures representing the four Evangelists are placed at the angles, as shown in our Engraving, and their symbols are placed over them. The whole of the windows are filled with stained glass, and the floor is covered with elaborate mosaic pavement. The mausoleum is similarly paved and glazed, and is separated from the chapel by a handsome open-work bronze gate (drawn back in our Engraving to show the mausoleum). The whole building is beautifully designed and executed, and well placed amidst the fine Tedworth trees. It is an appropriate tribute to a worthy man, and reflects the highest credit on the taste and skill of the architect (Mr. Kendall, junior). The work is being executed in the most praiseworthy manner by the artisans attached to the estate.

## CHOTA HAZIREE—THE LITTLE BREAKFAST.

THE Sketch engraved upon the first page, from a photograph taken in India, illustrates one of the familiar phases of Anglo-Oriental life. The "chota haziree" is a meal which is not habitual with persons in this country, although something akin to it prevails in France, and, we believe, in Spain. It may be called the *avant-courier* of the regular process of restoration which goes on during the day in India. Any one who desires to retain such health and activity as Europeans can by care and the arrangement of their habits obtain in an Eastern climate, makes early rising the starting-point of their system. At an hour somewhat about that at which the market-gardeners who supply London are making their way towards Covent-garden market, gentlemen and ladies in India are mounting their horses or getting into their carriages for the early ride or drive. On their return, the light refectory which is portrayed in the Engraving—consisting of tea, toast, and occasionally fruit, succeeded in the case of the male sex by the inevitable cheroot or hookah—is partaken of in the lightest of dresses and in the airiest of verandahs, or housetops, as is the custom in the East. As the coolness of the morning has not yet passed away, and the frame is not yet suffering from lassitude, the dwellers in bungalows are enabled to enjoy their newspapers and books, or the gossip of the town or station, with few of the drawbacks and discomforts which await them during the heat of the day. The "chota haziree" is often prolonged to such an hour as only gives time to take the regular daily



"REBECCA."—BY E. DAVIES.—IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

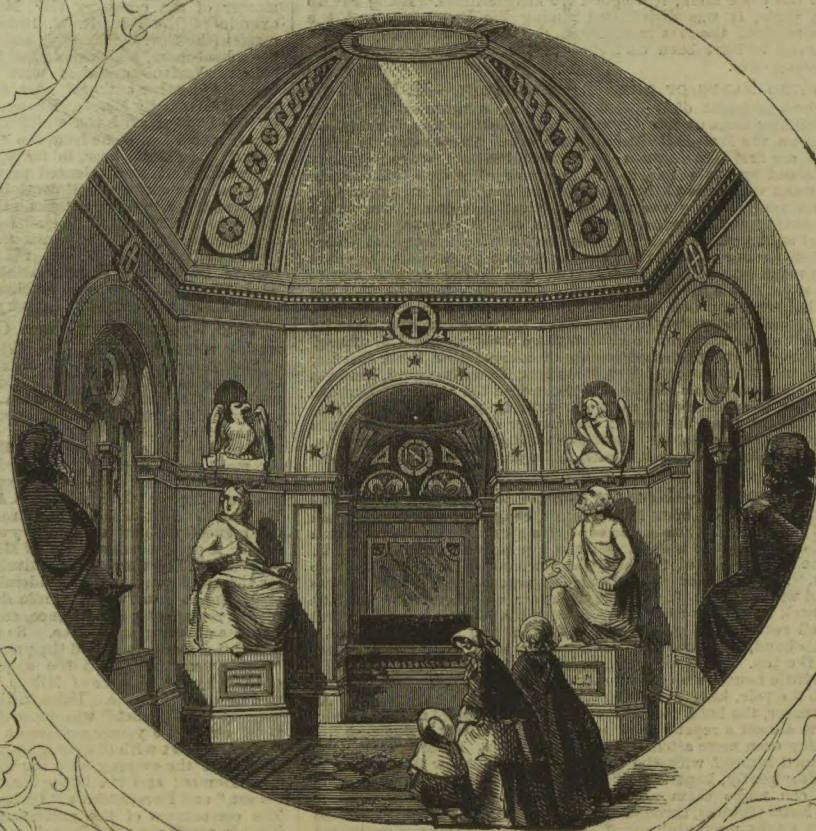
bath, and to perform the rather more serious duties of the toilette, if the "convenances" of the occasion require it, in order to be ready for the next breakfast, at half-past ten or eleven. This is an elaborate and abundant *déjeuner à la fourchette*, in which every possible dish, light and solid, is flanked, not only by tea and coffee, but by light wines, and the perennial bottle of pale ale. After the performance with knife and fork, spoon, cup, and glass, which this gastronomic display has stimulated, rest within doors, in large and lofty rooms, covered with cool matting—and in the hot season closed with "tattis," that is, matting on which water is kept constantly poured—and beneath the soothing influence of never-ceasing punkahs, is the order of the day until the hour of "tiffin." This luncheon is no less pronounced in every sense than the second breakfast; and, in fact, a little more solidified, and would not be misnamed if it were denominated dinner, but that the appropriation of that title would interfere with the rights of the meal which is served up between seven and eight in the evening, and for which any appetite that exists has been gained by another ride or drive after sunset. This is the last regular refectory of an Indian day, for we are told that suppers are not habitual, unless a ball or any other cause induces sitting up until after midnight.

Notwithstanding the intense heat which prevails at certain seasons of the year when the hot winds prevail, and which have been compared to the blast you would receive were you to open the door of an oven, a good deal of amusement goes on in the intervals of feeding above described, and which would seem to occupy so much of the day. At all seasons the evenings and mornings are on the whole cool and refreshing, and in the cold season there is ample facility for that sort of enjoyment to which Europeans are accustomed. About the middle of April the hot winds set in, when to great degree every one is confined to the house, rendered cool by artificial means of various kinds; after this comes four months of the rains; then a pause of a month, and then the cold weather, during which carpets are often found to be comfortable and desirable; and such a thing as a fire is not absolutely unknown. Besides the more or less romantic tiger-hunting in the jungle, which is inseparably associated with all our notions of Indian life, there are races, steeplechases, theatricals, fancy balls, and dinner parties, nay, even such unlooked-for athletic exercises as are comprised in cricket-matches. These are carried on with a vigour and persistency which is not at all consistent with our home ideas of Oriental languor. Every one shakes off dull sloth; every one opens his house, and hospitality is displayed after a fashion which far outdoes that of us cold, calculating islanders; and there is such a variety in the prevalent pastimes, and the season is so short—about four months—that no one has any time to "fall asleep in the sameness of splendour."

## SOIREE TO MESSRS. GIBSON AND BRIGHT AT THE FREE-TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.

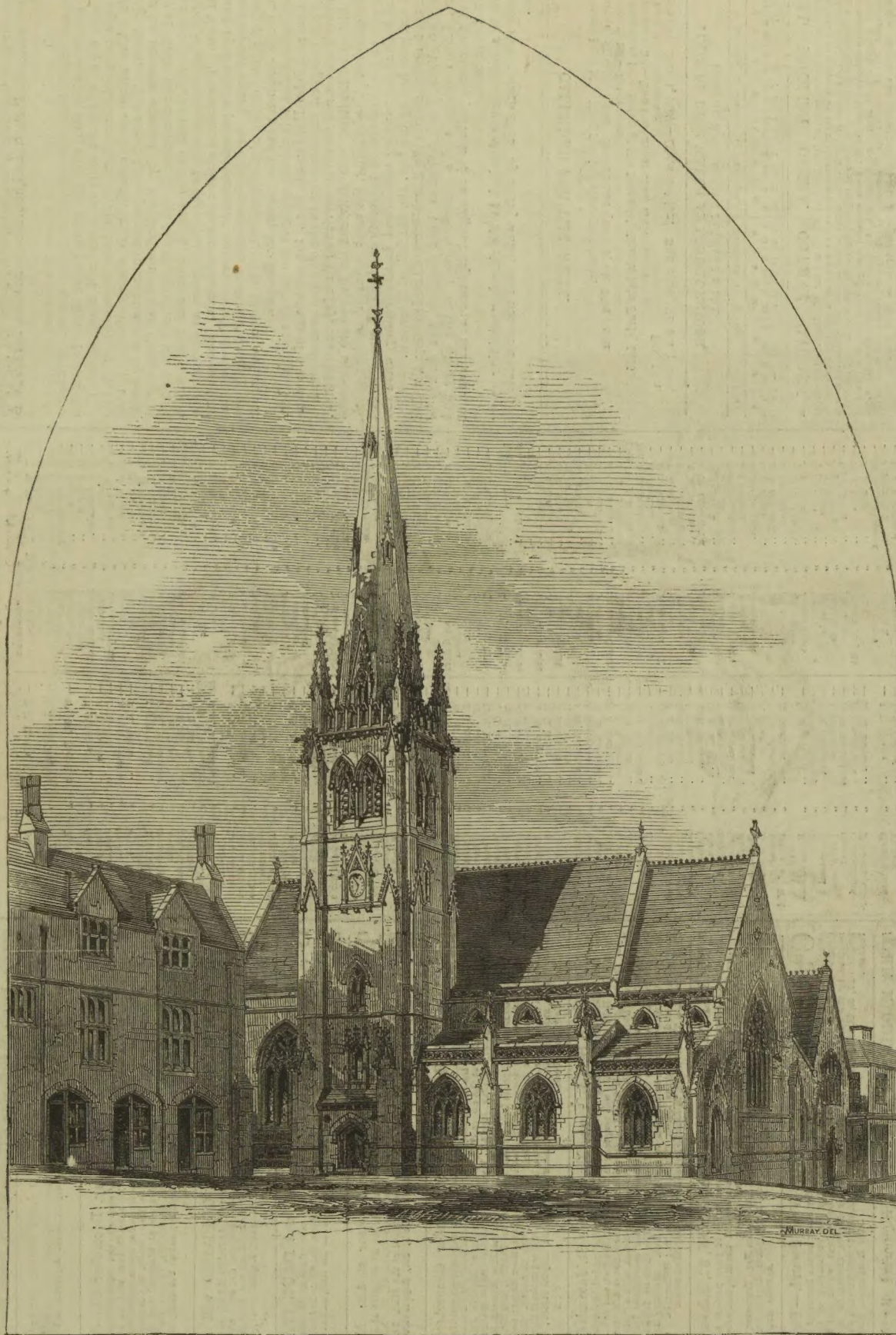
OUR last week's Number contained as full a report of this great demonstration as our space would allow, though not, perhaps, to the extent which its importance demanded. In pursuance of our duty, that of illustrating as well as chronicling the chief events of the day, we have given on page 595 an Engraving of this important gathering, and we now supply some additional details to serve as a pendant thereto.

A soirée was given on Friday, the 10th inst., to the Right Hon. T. M. Gibson, M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne, and Mr. John Bright, M.P. for Birmingham, "for the purpose," in the terms of the announcement issued by the committee who conducted the arrangements, "of congratulating the hon. member for Birmingham on his restoration to health; to celebrate the return of himself and his late colleague (the Right Hon. T. M. Gibson) to Parliament for the boroughs of Birmingham and Ashton; and to thank them for their patriotic conduct during the last session of Parliament, as well as for their long and faithful services as representatives for this city." The soirée was appropriately held in the magnificent Free-trade Hall, erected to commemorate the triumphs of the Anti-Corn Law League, to which both the hon gentle-



MAUSOLEUM AND MORTUARY CHAPEL IN MEMORY OF ASSHETON SMITH, ESQ., AT TEDWORTH, WILTS.





ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH, DURHAM.

men so materially contributed. It derived its chief interest from the fact that it was the first occasion on which the two ex-members for Manchester appeared in that city in public since their rejection by that constituency. The doors were opened at five o'clock, and the ladies and gentlemen who had obtained tickets, after partaking of tea, coffee, and other refreshments, which had been provided in the ante-rooms, proceeded to take their seats in the great hall, which soon filled rapidly with an eager and excited concourse of both sexes. Shouts of applause greeted the arrival of the principal persons, who successively took up their position on the platform. When the two ex-representatives of Manchester made their appearance, the grand organ gave out a sonorous welcome in the familiar notes of "Auld Lang Syne." By a spontaneous, and as it were electric impulse, the huge gathering caught up the touching strain, and, thrilling with enthusiasm as Messrs. Gibson and Bright entered the arena of their former triumphs, stood up simultaneously and accorded them a vehement, prolonged, and deafening reception. The heroes of this ovation, though evidently struggling to repress their emotion, were visibly affected by the demonstration of feeling of which they were the objects. Mr. George Wilson, the well-known president of the League of former days, presided on the occasion; and on his right sat Mr. Bright, and on his left Mr. Gibson.

The following resolutions were carried by acclamation:—

That this meeting presents to John Bright, Esq., M.P., its respectful and cordial congratulations on his restoration to health, and expresses its devout gratitude that he is thereby enabled once more to devote his great energy and eminent abilities to the service of the people.

That this meeting records its high satisfaction at the return to Parliament, by important constituencies, of the Right Hon. Thomas M. Gibson, M.P., and John Bright, Esq., M.P., and hereby tenders its warmest thanks to the electors of Birmingham and Ashton-under-Lyne for the obligation they have conferred on the nation by reversing a shameful verdict, and restoring those gentlemen to the House of Commons.

That this meeting expresses its admiration of the honest, consistent, disinterested, and patriotic conduct of the right hon. member for Ashton-under-Lyne, and the hon. member for Birmingham, during the whole course of their political connection with this city; thanks them most warmly for their public services on behalf of political, commercial, and religious freedom, and renews its earnest hopes that they may long be spared to labour for the advancement of the best interests of the British empire.

But it is not as an ovation to Messrs. Gibson and Bright that this meeting is alone to be viewed. It derives additional, perhaps its principal, interest considered as a Reform meeting, at which Mr. Bright, who has been chosen by a large section of the Liberals of the House of Commons to elaborate, and in the coming Session to propose, a new Reform Bill, first gave an exposition of its details. The points of Mr. Bright's charter appear to be a ratepaying franchise, the ballot, and a more equal apportionment of members to population.

#### ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH, DURHAM.

THIS church, the principal one in the city of Durham, having undergone a thorough repair, and been in part rebuilt, was reopened for Divine Service on Tuesday last. The old church had long been an eyesore in the city, and a committee was formed in 1854 for the purpose of restoring it. Designs were advertised for, and that by Mr. Pritchett, of Darlington, was selected. The committee were, however, for want of funds, unable to carry out their purpose until the beginning of last year, when the



ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH, DURHAM.—INTERIOR



patroness, Lady Frances Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry, placed £1000 at the disposal of the committee for restoring the chancel; and the committee then determined to rebuild, finding the structure in a much worse condition than when the restoration was first contemplated.

The church consists of nave with aisles, and chancel with aisles: total internal length, 98 ft.; breadth, 52 ft.; height, 55 ft. The tower is 18 ft. square outside, and, with the spire, 150 ft. high. It contains 650 sittings, all of which are to be cushioned and unappropriated. The style adopted throughout is the Late Decorated or Middle Pointed. The stone used externally is chiefly Penser; that internally, Caen. The chancel is separated from its aisles by handsome stone screens erected by the Durham Water Company in memory of their vice-chairman, Ralph Dixon, Esq. All the caps of the piers are carved, as well as the pulpit, desk, and font; and it is intended, when funds permit, to erect the reredos, as shown in the Internal View. The chancel-stalls have carved finials. The building is warmed by Haden's patent warm-air apparatus. The whole has been carried out under the superintendence of Mr. Pritchett, the architect, at a total outlay of nearly £5000. The mason and carver was Mr. W. E. Jackson; and the joiner, Mr. Robson.

We understand that it is chiefly owing to the exertions of the Rev. G. T. Fox, and John Henderson, Esq., the chairman of the committee, that this great improvement to the city has been effected.

The church was opened for divine service on Tuesday, the 21st inst., by the Bishop of Durham, who delivered an impressive discourse upon the occasion. The building, the most beautiful modern specimen of church architecture in the north of England, was crowded to excess both at the morning service and in the evening, when the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. McNeil, of Liverpool.

After the morning service the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Earl and Countess Vane, Lord Adolphus Vane Tempest, the Bishop of Durham, Miss Longley, and a numerous body of the clergy and gentry of the county partook of an elegant déjeuner at the house of the Rev. Incumbent.

There is a schoolhouse attached to the church, containing upper and lower rooms, each 30 ft. by 20 ft., which will accommodate 100 children.

### CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, Dec. 26.—First Sunday after Christmas.  
MONDAY, 27.—St. John. Moon's last quarter, 5h. 38m., a.m.  
TUESDAY, 28.—Innocents.  
WEDNESDAY, 29.—Entry of the Imperial Guards into Paris, 1855.  
THURSDAY, 30.—The Pretender died, 1715.  
FRIDAY, 31.—Sylvester. [5h. 59m.]  
SATURDAY, Jan. 1, 1859.—Circumcision. Sun rises, 8h. 8m.; sets,

### TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 1, 1859.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
6 15	6 41	7 5	7 31	7 58	8 24	8 56
9 31	10 3	10 31	11 3	11 31	12 3	12 31

### ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the sole Management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON.—Great Success of Balfie's New Opera, which will be repeated every evening with the New Pantomime. On MONDAY, DEC. 27, 1858, and Every Evening, until further notice, the performances will commence with the highly successful New and Original Romantic Opera, composed expressly for the present management by M. W. Balfie, entitled SATANELLA; or, the Power of Love. Count Rupert, Mr. W. Harrison; Hortensius, Mr. George Honey; Karl, Mr. A. St. Albans; Braccio, Mr. H. Corrie; the Visier, Mr. W. H. Payne; Pirato, Mr. Bartolomeo; Nobles, Messrs. Terrot and Kirby; Arimanes, Mr. Weiss; Lelia, Miss Rebecca Isaac; Stella, Miss Susan Pyne; Bertha, Miss Mortimer; Lady, Mrs. Martin; and Satanelle, Miss Louisa Pyne. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

After which will be produced a New Little Pantomime for Little People, called LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD; or, Harlequin and the Wolf in Granny's Clothing. With New Scenery by Mr. W. Harrison and Mr. Danon and Sons. Characters in the Pantomime: Music, Miss Mortimer; Italian Opera, Miss Cecilia Rando; English Opera, Miss Emily Burns; Pantomime, Miss Cranell. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY: The Very Wicked Baron (afterwards Wolf). Mr. W. H. Payne; Roberto (his head man), Mr. Frederick Payne; Corin (in love with Little Red Riding Hood, afterwards Harlequin), Mr. Henry Payne; Little Red Riding Hood (afterwards Columbine), Miss Clara Mayan; Old Granny (afterwards Pantaloon), Mr. Barnes; The Wolf, by a Great Brute (afterwards Clown), Mr. Fleckmore; Rustics, Guards, Footmen, &c., &c. Queen Moss-Rose (Protectress of Little Red Riding Hood), Miss Elsworth; Fairy Rosebud, Miss Frances; Cupid, Miss Williams; Wealthy (the Evil Genius aiding the Wicked Baron) Miss Morrell. Fairies, Sylphides, &c., by the Corps de Ballet. Five Sprites by Mr. Jameson and Sons. Doors open at 7 o'clock; commence at 8 o'clock. Private Boxes, 1s. to 2s. 3s.; Stalls, 7s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 3s. and 2s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatre, 1s. Box-office open daily from Eleven till Five, under the direction of Mr. J. Parsons, where places may be secured free of any charge for booking.

### BOXING NIGHT, December 27.—DRURY-LANE.

Farewell of Mr. and Mrs. BARNEY WILLIAMS, previous to their departure for America. The Grand Christmas Pantomime, by E. L. Blanchard, and the splendid Scenery by W. Beverley.

### THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—MONDAY, BOXING

NIGHT, and Tuesday, STOPS TO CONQUER; Tony Lumpkin, Mr. Barkstone. After which, a New Christmas Pantomime—UNDINE; or, the Spirit of the Waters; in which those unrivalled Pantomimists, Arthur Leclercq, Charles Leclercq, Herr Cole, Louis Leclercq, Mrs. Leclercq, and Fanny Wright will appear. The Scenery painted by Mr. Frederick Fenton, and the entire Pantomime produced under the direction of Mr. Leclercq. On Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the New Comedy of THE TIDE OF TIME, and the PANTOMIME.

### ROYAL PRINCESS' THEATRE.—FAREWELL SEASON

OF MR. CHARLES KEAN AS MANAGER.—Monday, December 27th (Boxing Night), THE JEALOUS WIFE. After which will be produced a new Grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled THE KING OF THE CASTLE; or, Harlequin Prince Diamond and the Princess Brighteyes. Harlequin, Mr. Cornack; Clown, Mr. Hallus; Pantaloon, Mr. Paul; and Columbine, Miss C. Adams. Tuesday and Friday, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Thursday, MACBETH; Wednesday and Saturday, THE CORICAN BROTHERS; and the Pantomime every evening.

### ASTLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—The Grand Comic

Christmas Novelty is HARLEQUIN BARON MUSCHAUEN: preceded by the imitable SCENES in the ARENA, and the INDIAN REVOLT. Two Performances of the Pantomime on Boxing Day—viz., at Two and Seven o'clock. Stage Manager, Mr. E. Phillips.

### GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Shoreditch.

Grand Morning Performance. On MONDAY, Boxing Day, at Half-past Twelve, will be performed the Great National Standard Pantomime, with splendid scenery, costly dresses, and effects, with Grand Transformation Scene, Clown, by the celebrated TOM MATTHEWS.

### MR. ALBERT SMITH'S CHINA.—ARRANGEMENTS for

CHRISTMAS.—The New Entertainment will be given on Monday Afternoon and Evening, Dec. 27; Tuesday Afternoon and Evening, Dec. 28; Wednesday Afternoon and Evening, Dec. 29; Thursday Afternoon and Evening, Dec. 30; Friday Afternoon and Evening, Dec. 31; Saturday Afternoon and Evening, Jan. 1. The Afternoon Representations will take place at Three o'clock, and the Evening ones at Eight o'clock. Stalls, 3s.; can be secured every day at the Box-office, EGYPTIAN HALL, between Eleven and Four. The Area is 2s., and the Gallery, 1s.

### ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Patron, His

Royal Highness the PRINCE CONSORT.—Instructive Lectures and Elegant Entertainments, for both Young and Old, have been prepared for the CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS. Dissolving Views, illustrating the Marvellous Exploits of Don Quixote—Wonders of the Microscope.—Lectures on the Philosophy of Music, on the New Chemical Light, and on the Humorous Melodies of Old England.—Juvenile Amusements Scientifically Demonstrated.—Splendid Ornamental CHRISTMAS-TREE.—Gifts for the Juveniles from the Wheel of Fortune.—New Plantations for Children.—Happy Performances by Frederick Chatterton Esq.—Adornments of Food and Bon-bons explained. Managing Director, R. L. LONGBOTTOM, Esq.

### HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Dale-street, LIVERPOOL,

Open every Evening at Seven.  
The Greatest Equestrian Company in Europe. Magnificent Scenes in the Circle.  
Gorgeous Military Tableau.  
N.B. DAY PERFORMANCE EVERY SATURDAY at Half-past Two.

### MR. CHARLES DICKENS will give TWO CHRISTMAS

READINGS at ST. MARTIN'S HALL, Long-acre. On the Evening of BOXING DAY, Monday, December 27, 1858, and on TWELFTH-NIGHT, Thursday, 6th January, 1859, Mr. Charles Dickens will read, each night, his CHRISTMAS CAROL and the TALE from PICKWICK. The doors will be opened for each Reading at Seven. The Reading will commence at Eight, and will last Two Hours and Twenty Minutes. The Christmas Prices are—Stalls (numbered and reserved), Four Shillings; Centre Area and Galleries, Two Shillings; Back Seats, One Shilling. Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's, Publishers, 183, Piccadilly; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre.

### GRAND GERMAN FAIR (the original and only one) and

Promenade Musical NOW OPEN at the PORTLAND GALLERY, Regent-street, opposite the Royal Polytechnic. Admission free.

### SIXTH YEAR OF THE PRESENT ENTERTAINMENT.

THE SISTERS SOPHIA and ANNIE, in their Original Entertainment, entitled SKETCHES from NATURE, will appear at NOTTINGHAM, Dec. 27, 28, 29, and 30; DERBY Dec. 31.

### THE OHIO MINSTRELS every Evening at the ADELAIDE

ROOMS, Lower Arcade, Strand. Commence at Eight o'clock. Day Performance on Monday at Two o'clock.

### SIXTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF CABINET

PICTURES and WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, the contributions of BRITISH ARTISTS, is NOW OPEN, at the FRENCH GALLERY, 130, Pall-mall. Admission, 1s. Catalogue 6d. Open from Ten till Five.

## NAVAL CADETS.—ROYAL NAVAL ESTABLISHMENT,

Eastern Parade, Southsea, conducted by Mr. THOMAS EASTMAN, R.N.

The following Gentlemen have passed from this Establishment since its foundation in 1851:—

Mr. T. M. Maguay ..	H.M.S. Penelope	— P. E. Bertie ..	Duke of Wellington
— L. B. Bolly ..	Trafalgar	— H. T. Skeffington ..	Duke of Wellington
— C. G. Harvey ..	Penelope	— W. W. Poynder ..	Duke of Wellington
— E. M. Ommamney ..	Impregnable	— F. Phillips ..	Corwallis
— E. Daint ..	Bellerophon	— A. Bloxsome ..	Sanspareil
— G. F. Lyon ..	Bellerophon	— R. Moffat ..	James Watt
— F. G. Gambier ..	Prince Regent	— A. Bannystyne ..	Orion
— F. Cooke ..	Britannia	— E. A. Ward ..	Duke of Wellington
— W. N. Tufnell ..	Prince Regent	— J. J. C. Small ..	Hastings
— H. F. Wood ..	Queen	— F. H. W. Mayow ..	Imperieuse
— H. E. Davies ..	Queen	— W. H. Bond ..	Alarm
— H. L. Robinson ..	Queen	— R. Baker ..	Imperieuse
— J. H. Barker ..	Queen	— H. S. Bailie ..	Majestic
— J. H. Barker ..	Queen	— Hon. C. F. Wellesley ..	Royal Albert
— H. S. Kerr ..	Queen	— Mr. A. C. W. Lennox ..	Duke of Wellington
— Hon. F. G. Crofton ..	Queen	— A. G. R. Hall ..	Sanspareil
— Mr. H. E. Garrett ..	Queen	— E. J. Bellett ..	Royal Albert
— C. Beadon ..	Queen	— S. P. Fuller ..	Imperieuse
— S. R. Huntley ..	Queen	— J. C. East ..	Havannah
— H. H. Boys ..	Queen	— W. H. E. Jervis ..	Duke of Wellington
— C. E. Buckle ..	Queen	— G. H. A. Cox ..	Alarm
— S. Osborne ..	Queen	— S. Gascoit ..	Calcutta
— H. W. Fitzroy ..	Queen	— H. B. Stewart ..	Royal Albert
— G. Henley ..	Queen	— T. F. Falcon ..	Simpson
— J. M. Elphinstone ..	Queen	— C. T. de Michele ..	Imperieuse
— E. G. Maddock ..	Queen	— H. A. Monteith ..	Imperieuse
— D. A. Stanley ..	Queen	— A. W. S. Lyon ..	Imperieuse
— E. J. Seymour ..	Queen	— E. J. Botelet ..	Imperieuse
— E. B. Burnby ..	Queen	— E. B. P. Kalso ..	Imperieuse
— W. Martin ..	Queen	— H. Parker ..	Imperieuse
— F. Vander Meulen ..	Queen	— C. L. M. Innes ..	Imperieuse
— C. Farquharson ..	Queen	— A. Musgrave ..	Imperieuse
— E. Rice ..	Queen	— W. E. Mitchell ..	Imperieuse
— Second Lieutenant ..	Queen	— H. Lawson ..	Imperieuse
— Mr. H. H. Boyle ..	Queen	— Lord Montagu ..	Imperieuse
— T. H. Herbert ..	Queen	— Mr. T. H. Lacom ..	Imperieuse
— C. E. Pearse ..	Queen	— W. H. C. Selby ..	Imperieuse
— W. H. De Burgh ..	Queen	— J. C. Smith ..	Imperieuse
— A. C. H. Paget ..	Queen	— W. Collins ..	Imperieuse
— S. J. Duggan ..	Queen	— L. N. Moncrieff ..	Imperieuse
— J. G. P. Leacock ..	Queen	— C. C. Rising ..	Imperieuse
— C. S. Woodruffe ..	Queen	— A. H. Narkham ..	Imperieuse
— H. W. Rochford ..	Queen	— N. Manklyn ..	Imperieuse
— C. E. McDougall ..	Queen	— C. Mason ..	Imperieuse
— E. S. Crompton ..	Queen	— W. E. Bnyon ..	Imperieuse
— Lord W. Kerr ..	Queen	— R. L. Byng ..	Imperieuse
— Mr. H. W. Birch ..	Queen	— T. H. Haydon ..	Imperieuse
— E. L. Green ..	Queen	— H. C. Wallis ..	Imperieuse
— E. Pilkington ..	Queen	— J. R. Marden ..	Imperieuse
— D. B. Evans ..	Queen	— J. Anderson ..	Imperieuse
— O. H. Blake ..	Queen	— W. E. Garnett ..	Imperieuse
— W. W. Smyth ..	Queen	— R. E. Kather ..	Imperieuse
— E. Amelin ..	Queen	— H. B. Scallan ..	Imperieuse
— R. Evans ..	Queen	— H. D. Evans ..	Imperieuse
— E. R. Lambert ..	Queen	— C. G. Whitehead ..	Imperieuse
— E. C. Haworth ..	Queen	— A. Master ..	Imperieuse
— R. E. Frier ..	Queen	— W. F. Elwyn ..	Imperieuse
— Hon. V. A. Montagu ..	Queen	— E. C. Davies ..	Imperieuse
— Mr. J. M. Boyd ..	Queen	— E. Hotham ..	Imperieuse
— H. Freeling ..	Queen	— J. C. Brunell ..	Imperieuse
— E. G. Vincent ..	Queen	— A. B. Thomas ..	Imperieuse
— E. Kenna ..	Queen	— G. A. W. Birch ..	Imperieuse
— W. H. Maxwell ..	Queen	— P. Briggs ..	Imperieuse
— A. M. Fairlie ..	Queen	— J. Hamilton ..	Imperieuse
— S. B. Stratfield ..	Queen	— G. B. Greville ..	Imperieuse
— G. Hesketh ..	Queen	— E. Drummond ..	Imperieuse
— J. H. Colt ..	Queen	— P. Stor ..	Imperieuse
— J. W. Dennison ..	Queen	— R. D. Campbell ..	Imperieuse
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— G. R. Hope ..	Queen	— J. C. Montgomery ..	Imperieuse
— A. B. C. Booth ..	Queen	— R. H. Cornwall ..	Imperieuse
— J. Houghton ..	Queen	— J. Patterson ..	Imperieuse
— J. H. Croft ..	Queen	— D. H. Bosquet ..	Imperieuse
— J. Haydon ..	Queen	— B. Macnaghten ..	Imperieuse
— C. J. Wise ..	Queen	— H. H. Rawson ..	Imperieuse
— J. E. Bruce ..	Queen	— J. L. Heane ..	Imperieuse
— J. Buchanan ..	Queen	— Y. F. Parker ..	Imperieuse
— W. F. Allen ..	Queen	— T. J. Bell ..	Imperieuse
— A. E. Kay ..	Queen	— C. W. Jones ..	Imperieuse
— W. H. Moynaux ..	Queen	— J. W. Brackenbury ..	Imperieuse
— J. Hamilton ..	Queen	— W. G. Le Cocq ..	Imperieuse
— H. J. Fitzgerald ..	Queen	— V. L. Cameron ..	Imperieuse
— D. G. Tandy ..	Queen	— H. J. Jennings ..	Imperieuse
— C. G. Spencer ..	Queen	— J. T. Kellett ..	Imperieuse
— F. L. Wood ..	Queen	— J. H. J. Jones ..	Imperieuse
— F. C. Law ..	Queen	— F. Dodsworth ..	Imperieuse
— E. B. Wadlow ..	Queen	— A. Grenfell ..	Imperieuse
— Hon. J. C. Mills ..	Queen	— C. J. Schofield ..	Imperieuse
— Mr. H. M. Ommamney ..	Queen	— C. Blake ..	Imperieuse
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— C. B. Charleswood ..	Queen	— W. Hudleston ..	Imperieuse
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— C. F. Johnson ..	Queen	— Hon. E. Ellis ..	Imperieuse
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— A. Van Strauben ..	Queen	— G. M. Loch ..	Imperieuse
— R. P. Moutray ..	Queen	— G. W. Wickham ..	Imperieuse
— W. Otter ..	Queen	— O. P. Tudor ..	Imperieuse
— A. Jekyl ..	Queen	— G. E. Beadon ..	Imperieuse
— H. L. G. ..	Queen	— T. E. Miller ..	Imperieuse
— J. E. Johnson ..	Queen	— C. Laprimaudaye ..	Imperieuse
— F. B. Benda ..	Queen	— P. Tyrwhitt ..	Imperieuse
— H. B. V. Jennings ..	Queen	— A. R. Cooper ..	Imperieuse
— C. Gifford (Jr) ..	Queen	— J. James Watt ..	Imperieuse
— G. J. Elphinstone ..	Queen	— E. G. Abis ..	Imperieuse
— G. J. Elphinstone ..	Queen	— A. E. Mallock ..	Imperieuse
— G. F. Fletcher ..	Queen	— H. Rose ..	Imperieuse
— C. Cardale ..	Queen	— H. A. Mandeville ..	Imperieuse
— V. C. Scholefield ..	Queen	— R. H. Lloyd ..	Imperieuse
— G. Farish ..	Queen	— H. H. Howitt ..	Imperieuse
— T. G. Price ..	Queen	— Mr. H. E. Eyre ..	Imperieuse
— E. S. Richards ..	Queen	— A. Kinsman ..	Imperieuse
— W. Farquhar ..	Queen	— J. C. Wilkinson ..	Imperieuse
— D. Littlejohn ..	Queen	— W. T. Dewa ..	Imperieuse
— C. Wodehouse ..	Queen	— R. H. P. ..	Imperieuse
— Hon. H. H. Moynaux ..	Queen	— Lord Douglas ..	Imperieuse
— Mr. H. M. Doughty ..	Queen	— Mr. H. W. Alleyne ..	Imperieuse
— W. H. Lee ..	Queen	— R. W. Wodehouse ..	Imperieuse
— W. H. Gordon ..	Queen	— C. H. Fitzmaurice ..	Imperieuse
— W. H. Hornby ..	Queen	— C. A. Tucker ..	Imperieuse
— F. Edwards ..	Queen	— A. G. Fullerton ..	Imperieuse
— G. E. Keating ..	Queen	— C. D. Stewart ..	Imperieuse
— H. Stephenson ..	Queen	— S. V. Nepean ..	Imperieuse
— F. Trowe ..	Queen	— J. B. Loy ..	Imperieuse
— C. M. Dundas ..	Queen	— W. R. Clutterbuck ..	Imperieuse
— J. A. J. ..	Queen	— L. G. Goodrich ..	Imperieuse
— L. A. J. ..	Queen	— H. S. C. Hamall ..	Imperieuse
— A. L. Clarkson ..	Queen	— F. C. Reada ..	Imperieuse
— E. S. M. Osborne ..	Queen	— H. A. Gardner ..	Imperieuse
— W. Price ..	Queen	— C. J. Hives ..	Imperieuse
— C. L. Oxley ..	Queen	— L. H. Robinson ..	Imperieuse
— H. J. Fairlie ..	Queen	— W. F. Clinton ..	Imperieuse
— C. E. T. Russell ..	Queen	— T. James ..	Imperieuse
— W. Brown ..	Queen	— R. H. Armit ..	Imperieuse
— F. V. Smith ..	Queen	— A. H. Barnard ..	Imperieuse
— F. L. M. Dyer ..	Queen	— F. S. D. ..	Imperieuse
— A. F. M. Lake ..	Queen	— R. H. Thornton ..	Imperieuse
— G. E. Martin ..	Queen	— C. R. Pelly ..	Imperieuse
— F. Hoves ..	Queen		
— A. W. Warty ..	Queen		
— Hon. H. G. F. Meade ..	Queen		
— Mr. M. A. Shelley ..	Queen		

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Mr. J. and S. E. FULLER respectfully invite the Admirers of Water-Colour Drawings to visit the new Gallery, which embraces the best of the Two Water-Colour Societies. Admission on presenting card. Pictures, Drawings, and Photographs tastefully Mounted and Framed.

## CONSTANT EMPLOYMENT GUARANTEED.—WANTED,

directly, LADIES and GENTLEMEN, in Town or Country, to assist, at their own residences, in the highly artistic pursuit, connected with the Crystal Palace, Pantheon, and the Royal Polytechnic, which the daily and weekly press have spoken highly of, and protected by registration; and now being used for home and export purposes. The art is perfectly easy to learn, and taught by correspondence. Terms moderate, and constant employment guaranteed, by which a handsome and permanent income is secured. Applications will not be attended to after the end of this month. Full particulars sent by post free five stamps.—LAWRENCE'S SHOW-ROOMS OF FINE ARTS (34) Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square (near Rathbone-place). Established 1840.

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price 2s. each, can be attached by the most inexperienced hand. Immense saving effected, as proved by photometer. It obviates all disagreeable noises and flickering of the flame by effecting perfect combustion, thereby preventing escape of gas, and is destructive to works of art, and likewise injurious to health. One, as sample, sent post-free on receipt of 50 postage stamps; all particulars sent on receipt of one—Diplo, 69, Fleet-street, London.

## TO LADIES.—HAIR CORONETS, 3s., 3s. 6d., and 5s.

FRIZZETTES, 2s. and 2s. 6d. per pair, with instructions for dressing. Post-free on receipt of amount in stamps, and colour of hair.  
W. WALLER, Colfeur, 90, Great College-street, Camden New Town.

## TO PARENTS and GARDIANS.—WANTED, a respectable

Young as an APPRENTICE. He will have an opportunity of learning a thorough knowledge of the business in the manufactory as well as in the sale-shop. Apply to W. W. WALLER, Colfeur, 90, Great College-street, Camden New Town.



In the morning I made a sketch of the interior of the Morgue, the bodies remaining much the same as when I visited it many years since. It is always a painfully-interesting spot, but so many iniquities are made of it by pupils about it that, painful as it was, I thought it my duty to peep through the barred grating, and get a slight sketch of their situations.. I am curious how long these mummy-like figures seem to preserve their attitudes. Drying in the positions in which they had been surprised by an untimely death, they appear always to retain it, until they moulder away and crumble on the floor, where their skulls and bones are still to be seen.

My next visit was to the far-famed dogs, which still continue as great objects of interest as ever. I am happy to say they now appear in good





MONT CERVIN (OR MATTERHORN) FROM ABOVE GUMONT, VAL TOURNANCHE.—FROM A DRAWING BY GEORGE BARNARD.

health, having recovered from the epidemic of some years since. Their numbers have likewise been recruited since that fatal avalanche when so many perished, when under the charge of the faithful Victor. One of the finest, five years old, was named Turk, a black-muzzled fellow; another, of two years, was called Pluto; a third, a fine young puppy, nearly full

grown, of ten months, I longed to bring away with me. However useful these dogs are, you must not suppose that they go out by themselves and bring home little chubby boys in fancy dresses clinging on their backs, as represented in a French print, or even carry warm cloaks strapped round them and little kegs of spirit to restore warmth; their chief use is going

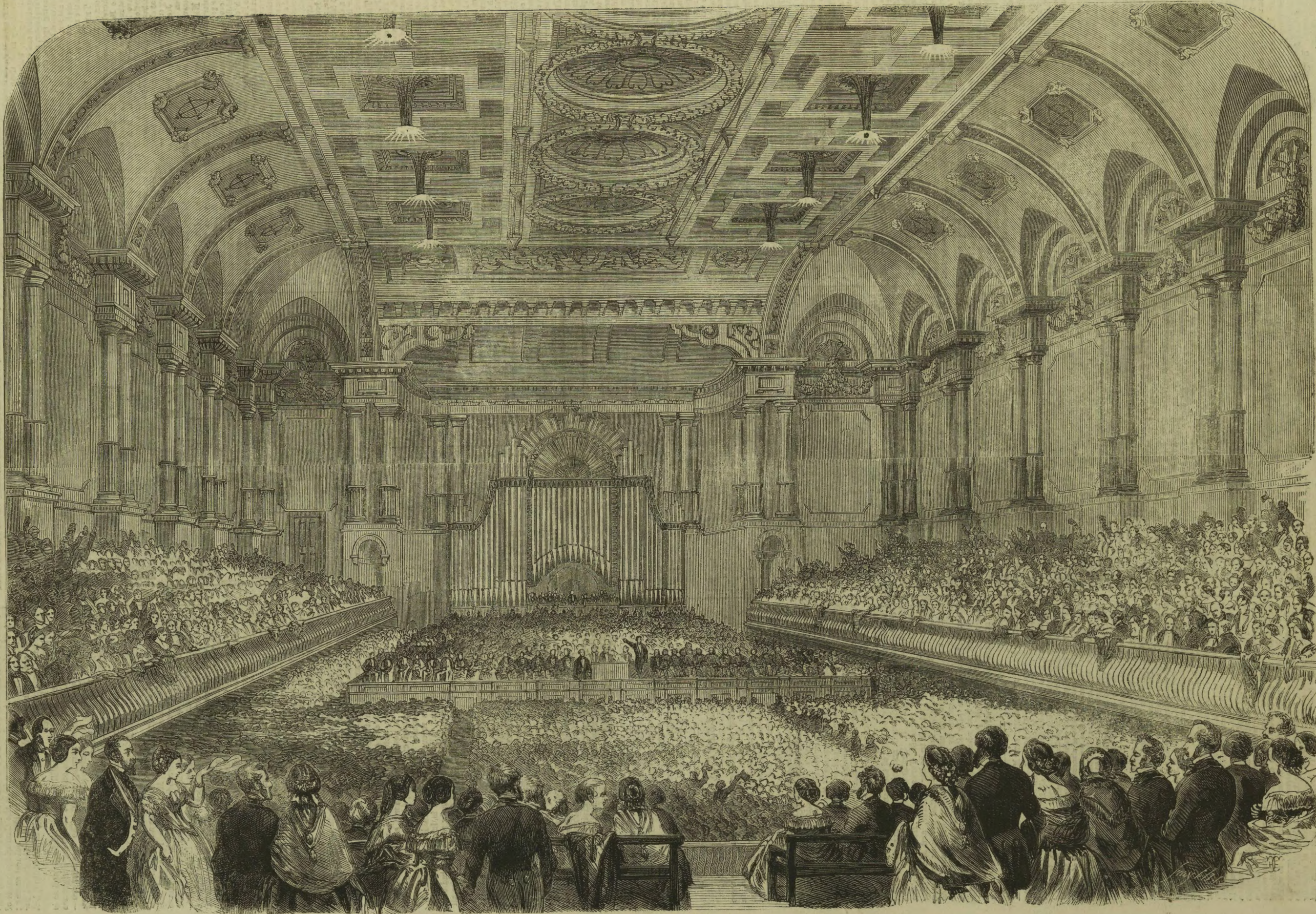
the rounds with the domestics or monks after a storm, or to discover the buried travellers; in this they are very useful, and it is said that they can smell those thus overwhelmed even when buried fifteen or twenty feet beneath the snow, and greatly assist in scratching down in the direction in which they lie.

G. B.



THE ASCENT OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.—LOADING WOOD FOR THE HOSPICE NEAR ST. PIERRE.—FROM A DRAWING BY G. BARNARD.





MESSRS. GIBSON AND BRIGHT AT THE FREE-TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.—SEE PAGE 590.



## COUNTRY NEWS.

**MR. BRIGHT, M.P., AT GLASGOW.**—A public meeting was held on Tuesday evening at the City Hall, Glasgow, to hear an address from Mr. Bright, M.P., on the subject of Parliamentary Reform. The hall was completely filled, there being about 2700 persons present. The chair was taken by Mr. Walter Buchanan, M.P. Mr. Bright's speech was mainly a repetition and enforcement of the views he had expressed at Birmingham, Manchester, and Edinburgh. Mr. Bright sat down amidst loud cheering, having spoken an hour and a half. Brief addresses were afterwards delivered by Messrs. Dalglish, Ewing, and Buchanan, who each promised to aid Mr. Bright in the House of Commons. On the motion of Professor Nichol, a committee was appointed to adopt measures to advance the object of the meeting.

**THE DEAN OF ELY.**—The Very Reverend Harvey Goodwin, Dean of Ely, preached his farewell sermon to his parishioners at St. Mary's Church, Cambridge, on Sunday evening last. It is proposed to present to the Rev. H. Goodwin, on the occasion of his leaving Cambridge, some testimonial of the affectionate regard which the members of the University have long felt towards him. It is thought that the restoration of some portion of St. Edward's Church would be most in accordance with the wishes of Mr. Goodwin and of those who have known his ministrations in that church. A committee has been formed to carry out this object; and any suggestion in aid thereof will be gladly received by Mr. C. P. Pratt, of Jesus College, or Mr. W. Maples, of Clare College. An account has been opened for the purpose at Mortlock's bank, in the name of the treasurer of the fund, Mr. W. R. Churton, of King's College, Cambridge.

**NEW DOCKS ON THE TYNE.**—On Friday, the 17th inst., the water was let into the great basin of the Jarrow Docks, on the Tyne, in the presence of the directors of the North-Eastern Railway, and a considerable concourse of spectators. They will be opened for trade about the middle of February. The docks, which are situated at the high end of Shields harbour, about a couple of miles from the sea, are the property of the North-Eastern Railway Company, and are intended mainly for the shipment of coals from the Durham coal-field. They cover about fifty acres of Jarrow Slake, an ancient bend of the Tyne. The coals will be shipped by jetties, each of which will have nine shipping-places, one at the end and four at each side. There is about twenty miles of standage for waggons; and a jetty is set apart for ballast purposes, which is supplied with four of Armstrong's hydraulic cranes. Of ashlar work in free-stone, built into the dock, the quantity exceeds 600,000 cubic feet; the granite measures from 15,000 to 20,000 feet; and the rubble masonry upwards of 80,000 cubic yards. The cellular iron gates of the sixty-foot tidal-lock, and eighty-foot entrance-gate, manufactured by Messrs. R. Stephenson and Co., weigh from 500 to 600 tons; and their heel-posts work in hollow granite quoins. There will be a depth of twenty-five feet in the dock sills at high water, and twenty-four in the inner. The engineer-in-chief is Mr. T. E. Harrison, and the work has been carried on under the direction of Mr. R. Hodgson.

**THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL ON TEMPERANCE.**—Sir Fitzroy Kelly, M.P., presided at a temperance meeting held in the Corn-Exchange, Ipswich, on Friday evening, the 17th inst. In addressing the meeting Sir Fitzroy said, "It was with great satisfaction that he appeared to give his countenance and support to a movement which was making great—and he hoped its friends would shortly be enabled to say completely successful—progress among many classes of the people. The movement was one in which he could not but feel that the well-being, the happiness, and the best and dearest interests, both temporal and eternal, of our fellow-creatures were involved. His friend the late Mr. Baron Alderson had declared his conviction, after many years' experience at the bar and on the bench, that four-fifths of the crimes committed in England might be traced to intemperance, and he (Sir F. Kelly) was sure that, if this degrading vice could be removed from society, an amount of innocence, virtue, and general happiness would follow such as no man would be sanguine enough to foretell. Impressed with this belief, he had felt it a sacred duty, amidst many other occupations which left him little time to attend such meetings, however important their objects might be, to lend the temperance movement what aid he could. He was not aware to what extent the movement had succeeded in the county of Suffolk, but he had rejoiced to hear from time to time that the principles of temperance were advancing, and were supported and practised to a considerable extent in the borough of Ipswich." Sir Fitzroy's observations were warmly applauded.

**THE SANITARY CONDITION OF WINDSOR.**—Mr. Austin has reported the results of his inspection of the town of Windsor in reference to its sanitary condition. After going fully into the subjects of the water-supply, drainage, and ventilation of the sewers in the town generally, he says, "The principal part of the Castle, being drained quite distinctly from the town sewers, is apparently safe from any contamination arising from the present great depth of these works; but two other portions of the Castle buildings, the Royal Mews on one side and the Horseshoe Cloisters on the other, are drained into the town sewers, and, being about the highest points of the whole system, must be especially exposed to danger until proper means of ventilation shall be generally provided." In addition to the general defect of a want of ventilation in the drains, several nuisances exist in the town—pigsties, dunghoops, neglected surfaces, and deposits in gulleys. He considered these defects arose from the employment of incompetent services in the superintendence of the house-drainage of the town, and of the want of attention on the part of the surveyor to the proper working of the general system of drainage. Unless these defects are remedied the works which have been executed at so large an expenditure will remain a source of danger and annoyance. Mr. Austin recommends that a thoroughly competent and active surveyor should be immediately employed by the local board to make a house-to-house inspection throughout the town, to ascertain the drainage, &c., of every house, and report to the board.

**SHOCKING DEATH THROUGH STEALING RUM.**—A few days ago a seaman, named George Johns, one of the crew of the *Shamrock* schooner, lying in the Gloucester Docks, alongside another schooner named the *Bliss*, which had a cargo of rum, bored a hole in one of the rum puncheons for the purpose of stealing some rum; but as the liquor did not run out sufficiently fast he bored a vent-hole in the top of the cask. The rum spilt over him, saturating his clothes, and as he had a light with him his clothes caught fire, and he became enveloped in flames. He rushed on deck and endeavoured to escape to his ship, a part of which he set on fire. The man lingered in great agony until the next evening, when he died.

**THUNDER-STORMS.**—A brief but violent storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by heavy rain, passed over the city of Worcester on Saturday afternoon last. The storm also passed near to Birmingham. When (says the *Birmingham Daily Post*) the rain had ceased, about a quarter to five, suddenly two flashes of forked lightning, succeeding each other almost instantaneously, and followed by a distant peal of thunder, burst from the clouds in the west. The sky in that quarter was lit up by a lurid light barred with ribs of fiery red, and fringed with banks of ink-black clouds; just such a sky as one sometimes sees in the pictures of Martin and Danby. Immediately after the thunder the rain fell very heavily, succeeded later in the evening by a shower of hail.

**VIOLATION OF THE FACTORY ACT.**—At the Accrington Court House, on Thursday week, Messrs. Watson Brothers, of Church, were fined £2 with costs in each of two cases for allowing young persons to work after six o'clock in the evening.

**REWARD OF GALLANTRY.**—The President of the United States has sent to Mr. John Gill, master mariner of Plymouth, a handsome medal, in remembrance of his praiseworthy conduct in April, 1854, in rescuing during a storm in the Atlantic seventy-four passengers—men, women, and children—from the distressed ship *Black Hawk*, of New York, from Liverpool, with 730 passengers, the remainder of whom were saved by other vessels.

**WRECK ON BARNSTAPLE BAR.**—At daybreak on Saturday last a large brig was discovered stranded on the back of Northam Burrows, about a mile from the shore, off the port of Barnstaple, in heavy breakers and thick fog. The call of "Man the life-boat" was readily responded to by a crew of seven men of the establishment belonging to the Royal National Life-boat Institution, which has here three first-class life-boats, with carriages and two houses—one on each side of the estuary. Within an hour one of these fine boats had buffeted the broken waters and was within hail of the vessel, which proved to be the brig *Felicity*, of Milford, with a crew of seven men, all of whom were rescued and safely landed at Appledore. The vessel shortly after went to pieces.

**THE POISONINGS AT BRADFORD.**—At York, on Tuesday, Charles Hodgson, chemist, was indicted for the manslaughter of Elizabeth Mary Midgley, at Bradford, on the 30th of October, by negligently selling arsenic instead of "terra alba," which was manufactured into lozenges, of which lozenges the deceased partook. The bills against his assistant Goddard, and the manufacturer Neal, had previously been ignored by the grand jury. Goddard was the principal witness. He stated that his master directed him to a cask in the corner of the room, but the arsenic cask which he went to was not in a corner. His master had previously pointed out to him the arsenic cask, and told him to "be mindful" of it. Hereupon Baron Watson, who presided, directed the jury to acquit the prisoner. How could it be said that there was any negligence here? There must be criminal negligence to convict the prisoner. He did not know what a man could do more than he had done, except not keep arsenic. He had warned his young man that the cask contained arsenic, that it was poison, and had directed him to go to another place for the article required. The jury acquitted the prisoner accordingly. There were several other charges of manslaughter against the prisoner, to which he pleaded not guilty; and, as the prosecution offered no evidence, he was also acquitted on these charges.

**THE EXMOOR FOREST MURDER.**—At Taunton, on Tuesday, William Burgess, forty-three, was arraigned on an indictment charging him with the wilful murder of his daughter, a child six years of age, at Exmoor, on the 15th of July. The particulars of this shocking case have appeared in this Journal. Burgess was found "guilty," and sentence of death was passed upon him.

## CHESS.

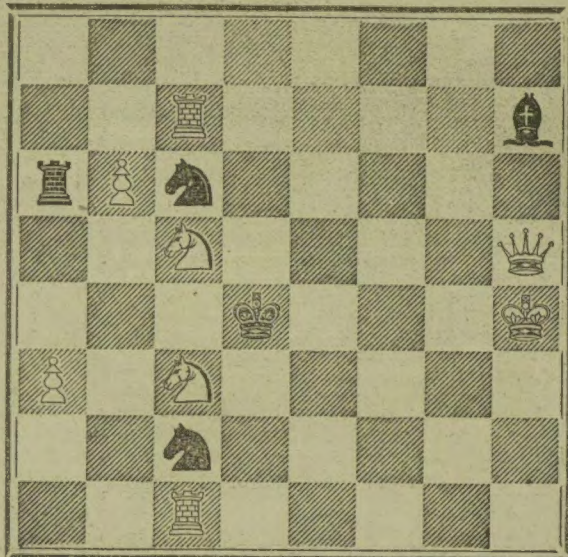
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\*\* Our customary notices to correspondents are unavoidably deferred from lack of room.

PROBLEM No. 775.

By G. M.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN PARIS.

Game played between Messrs. MORPHY and JOURNOUD.

(Gioco Piano).

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. Q to K R 4th	Kt to K Kt 3rd
2. K Kt to K B 3rd	Q Kt to Q B 3rd	20. Q takes K B P	Q takes Q P
3. K B to Q B 4th	K B to Q B 4th	21. Q to K B sq	B takes B
4. Q Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	22. Q B P takes B	Q R to Q R 4th
5. P to K R 3rd	Q B to K 3rd	23. Kt to K Kt 4th	P to K B 4th
6. K B to Q Kt 3rd	K Kt to K B 3rd	24. B to K 3rd	Q to Q 6th
7. P to Q 3rd	Q to Q 2nd	25. Kt to K R 6th (ch)	K to K R 2nd
8. Castles	Castles on K side	26. Q to Q B sq	K R to Q 2nd
9. K to R sq	P to K R 3rd	27. B to K Kt 5th	Q to K Kt 6th
10. K Kt to K R 2nd	P to Q 4th	28. Q to K 3rd	Q takes Q
11. P to K B 4th	Q P takes K P	29. B takes Q	P to K B 5th
12. K B P takes P	Q Kt takes P	30. Kt to K R 4th	P takes B
13. Q Kt to Q R 4th	(It takes K Kt looks promising, but it would not have been sage play.)	31. Kt to K B 6th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
14. Q Kt takes B	K B to Q Kt 3rd	32. Kt takes R	R to Q 4th
15. P to Q 4th	Q R P takes Kt	33. R to K sq	R takes Kt
16. K R takes K Kt	Q Kt to Q B 3rd	34. R takes K P	R to Q 5th
17. Q B takes K R P	P takes R	35. K to K R 2nd	Kt to K R 5th
18. Q to K sq	K R to Q sq	36. P to K Kt 4th	K to K B 3rd
	Kt to K 2nd	37. P to Q R 4th	K to Kt 4th
		38. K to K Kt 3rd	R to Q 7th

And White resigned.

**BLINDFOLD CHESS IN PARIS.**—Mr. Harrwitz has just performed the extraordinary feat of playing, in emulation of Mr. Morphy, eight games simultaneously without the aid of chessboard or men—winning six, losing one, and one being drawn. The rooms were crowded with chess amateurs, among them being the Duke of Brunswick, Prince Galitzin, Count de Casablanca, Herr Andersen, the famous Prussian player, &c. The play began a little after seven p.m., and terminated about half-past two in the morning. At the end Mr. Harrwitz was loudly applauded and warmly congratulated. He appeared very little fatigued, was in high spirits, and was heard to say he thought he could play a dozen games in the same way just as easily as he had played eight.

## NATIONAL SPORTS.

EVERYTHING in the racing world is hopelessly stagnant, but the stables are busy with their yearling trials, and many of the trainers seem more than usually satisfied. In Yorkshire, the admirers of the Zetland stable are torn with doubts as to whether Viking or Ralpho is the best, and some pin their faith on Sequidille for the Oaks. Admiral Harcourt's horses have not yet found a purchaser; and we hear that old Melbourne, who is rising twenty-five, is to be shot forthwith. Barnton is just the sort of horse to supply his place in breeders' eyes. Colonel Peel's mares, foals, and yearlings are advertised for sale, and Canute has changed hands.

In the north the Hurworth and the Baby have had good sport, and foxes are remarkably plentiful. Jackson, the whilom owner of Saunterer, is perpetually with them and the Bedale, and goes as straight as a line. Colonel Wyndham's had a capital hour and forty minutes on Friday, with blood at the end: the first part very quick. Mr. Heathcote also had a great thing with a stag from the Holm Wood, near Dorking, on Saturday, and took him within six miles of Brighton. Such is Mr. Heathcote's dash, that if the stag had crossed to France he would have felt it his bounden duty to follow him over then and there rather than be beaten. Captain White showed on the 8th the best day's sport ever seen in Suffolk. It was a by-day, and they ran through the heart of their country, and to ground at last in a rabbit hole at Clacton, near the sea. On Wednesday the Wynnstay had a fine hunting run, and killed their fox at five o'clock. The day, however, was saddened by the death of an old Waterloo officer. His horse had fallen with him at a grip, and it is thought that he received a concussion of the brain, as he remounted, and soon after dropped from his horse in a lane, and died almost immediately. The quite unexpected death of Lady Walton at an early hour on Friday last has cast a great gloom over Melton Mowbray, from which her remains were removed to Heaton for interment on Tuesday. No scarlet went out from that town on the day of her death, and some left for a week. Latterly she has not often been seen at the cover side, but at one time her pony-carriage, with the grays, was constantly there; and, being a first-rate whip, she seldom missed seeing nearly the whole of many rare runs.

We are delighted to hear that a subscription has been set on foot to present a testimonial of regard to Tom Sebright. The old man is in his seventieth year, and going well; but, from reasons only too well known, his circumstances are hardly such as could be wished for. He was born at Stowe-on-the-Wold, and his father, who died there in his eighty-sixth year, is still fondly remembered, along with his beloved Jasper, by the veterans of the New Forest. Tom was entered at fifteen by Mr. Musters, who then lived at Annesley Hall. From thence he went to Sir Mark Sykes for two seasons, and was then engaged by "The Squire." That memorable pair crossed the Humber, and hunted the Burton and Southwold countries, and then the venue was changed to Quorn. When they were in the Burton country Sir Richard Sutton, who was then a lad at a private tutor's, was "blooded" by The Squire on a grey pony which belonged to Tom; and, as fate would have it, he followed them in after years as master in both countries. Tom had fourteen seasons with The Squire, and with his rare whips, Dick Burton and Jack Stevens, hunted the hounds while his master was laid up, twice over, with a tedious broken leg. No huntsman, save and except Will Goodall, has ever earned such fame over Leicestershire; and it was Mr. Musters' constant saying, that to compare him as a huntsman to his own pupil, Tom Sebright, was the highest compliment that could be paid him. This is now his thirty-seventh season at Milton, and, whether we look at him as a horseman on Patriot, Martingale, or Reformer; or (putting the Quorn Furriers aside) as a breeder of hounds, with Singer, Jason, Monarch, Marmion, Fatal, or Ottoman, he has had but very few equals, in or out of kennel. Only one charge can be brought against him, and that is that he has

been the innocent cause, whenever he has met at Bythorn toll-bar, of causing the Cantabs to cut more nine o'clock lectures, in the very teeth of impositions and gateings, than any man of his day. Mr. Percival, of Wansford, who is the secretary to the subscription, cannot, therefore, expect much sympathy from the Cambridge heads of Colleges, who, like the foxes, regard Tom as their natural enemy; but their absence from the list will, we are sure, be quite atoned for by the hearty co-operation of fox-hunters, not only in the Milton, but every hunt in the kingdom.

The Barrator and Riot litter are still showing good form, and so is Mr. Brown's Bedlamite and Matilda one; but the young Judges are beginning to go off in their running again. The meetings are—Ombersley on Tuesday, Caledonian (O) and Kenilworth on Tuesday; Hornby, Broughton, Epsom (O), and Seorton, on Tuesday and Wednesday; and Aston, near Oswestry, on Thursday.

## MUSIC.

The opening of COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE as an English Opera-house, under the management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison, has been the musical occurrence of the week. They have obtained the theatre, we understand, for three years, for a winter season, before the house opens under Mr. Gye for Italian opera. The interior has undergone some alterations. The stalls are reduced to three or four rows; and there are two tiers of public boxes, as in our English theatres. "Playhouse prices," too, are adopted.

The theatre opened on Monday with Balfe's new opera, "Satanella," which, as its title indicates, is a tale of diablerie of a most extravagant kind. The subject seems to have been taken (not from Cazotte's "Diable Amoureux," as has been said, but) from an old French ballet called "La Tentation," in which the heroine was enacted by Mdle. Duvernay, the famous danseuse. The story of Balfe's opera is excessively complicated and confused, and, if detailed, would not prove either edifying or interesting. A ruined nobleman, *Count Rupert*, who has gambled away all his property, betakes himself to an old haunted tower, his only remaining possession. Here he finds, in an old book of magic, a spell to raise the devil, which he forthwith puts in practice. His infernal majesty, absurdly called *Arimanes*—a name borrowed from the Persian mythology (but when the whole is absurd an absurdity more or less does not much matter)—instantly makes his appearance, attended by a female spirit, whom the devil gives to the Count as a Page, in order that she may be his evil genius, and tempt him to his destruction. *Satanella*, however, actually falls in love with her human master, who is himself in love with another; and after various struggles with jealous hatred of her rival, pure and generous love at length prevails. She causes the union of the lovers, and, as a reward for her virtue, is rescued from the thralldom of the devil, and taken up to heaven. All this diablerie is interlarded with a great deal of comic matter, which is exceedingly prosy and tedious, and if the greatest part of it were cut out the piece would be all the better.

There are a great many beautiful things in Balfe's music, but it is very unequal, and a good deal of it betrays hasty production. What is good, however, is very good. Several of the finales and other concerted pieces are masterpieces of construction, brilliancy, and dramatic effect. The songs have the fault, usual in English operas, of want of connection with the subject. They seem as if they were sung on the stage in order that they may sell at the music shops. Some of them, sung by Miss Pyne, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, and Mr. Harrison, are very pretty, and, doubtless, will become popular. The opera is magnificently got up in respect to scenery, costumes, and decorations; and the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, is not very much inferior to that of the Royal Italian Opera. Miss Louisa Pyne is a captivating little devil, and sings with a brilliancy not to be surpassed. Miss Isaacs, in the part of *Lelia*, acts and sings admirably, and will be a great acquisition to the company. Mr. Harrison, as *Count Rupert*, exerts himself with his usual energy. Weiss's great talents are utterly thrown away in the part of *Arimanes*. On the first night the house was crowded to excess. The audience were loud in their applause; the composer [and the principal performers were repeatedly called for, and there was every indication of a complete success. Whether the success will be permanent remains to be seen. To secure it we imagine the piece must be much curtailed by the excision of a great deal of the comic matter.

## THEATRES, &amp;c.

**PRINCESS.**—On Saturday the performances at this house were varied by the introduction of "The Jealous Wife." The version adopted in the representation is judiciously reduced to three acts, and presents in a more intense form the business indicated by the title, and gets rid of a tedious and ill-harmonised underplot. Mr. and Mrs. Kean have both acquired a reputation in the leading characters of *Mr. and Mrs. Oakley*, and they give to each a novelty of treatment on which we have more than once remarked. The vehemence of the dominion-loving woman is what Mrs. Kean undertakes to illustrate, and does so with a power that astounds the audience as well as her husband. The helplessness of the hen-pecked man is the point that Mr. Kean seeks to hit, and which he really presents after the most ludicrous fashion. Occasionally the comedy, thus acted, will no doubt be of good service to the management.

**STRAND.**—Mr. Frank Talfourd has placed a small adaptation from the French on these boards, under the title of "The Rule of Three." The title applies to three specimens of the scape-grace genus invading the happiness of a married couple, and being worsted in the encounter. *Mr. Augustus Flutter* (Mr. H. Swanborough), the cousin of the lady, *Mrs. Thistleburn* (Miss M. Ternan), *Mr. Hector Templeton* (Mr. W. Manley), who pretends to be her admirer, and *Mr. Brassy Glittermore* (Mr. Parselle), a former lover, who pretends to be a married man, are the three units that compass the "rule." The plot, such as it is, is ended by *Glittermore* being unmasked. For further explanation the play itself must be consulted, since more depends on what is said than what is done. It is, in fact, a drawing-room trifle, and commends itself by a certain air of quiet elegance. The audience recorded a verdict in its favour.

**BILL OF FARE AT THE SOIREE TO MESSRS. GIBSON AND BRIGHT.**—The curious in such matters will, perhaps, be gratified by a perusal of the following bill of fare, which is classed according to the purchases made from different firms and individuals.—In all 2400 meat pies, 4000 tarts, 2500 preserve sandwiches; 6000 buns, 1200 sponge cakes, 80 lb. biscuits; 450 dozen meat sandwiches; 20 pecks of Blenheim and a barrel of American apples, and 6 cwt. of grapes; 30 pecks of pears and 30 of apples; 800 dozen oranges; 4 cwt. of raisins, 80lb. of almonds, 25lb. of tea, 50lb. of coffee, 300lb. of sugar. There were also purchased 150 dozen wine glasses, 200 dozen tumblers, 150 dozen plates, 130 dozen dishes, 30 dozen jugs. There were hired 1000 cups and saucers and 100 tea urns, as well as a number of filters that were placed in different parts of the hall. To conclude, there were provided 30 dozen bottles of sherry and 20 dozen of port; but partakers of wine had to pay extra for it.

**"CHALK AND WATER."**—An action for slander was brought by Jenkins against Larnier in the Court of Queen's Bench, at Guildhall, on Monday, before Lord Campbell. The plaintiff and defendant were rival milkmen, having each a milk-walk in the neighbourhood of Golden-square, and the slander complained of consisted in the defendant calling the plaintiff a rogue and a thief. Defendant was the older star of the two in the *videlicet* of Golden-square, where he had long flourished, and had the walk to himself without a rival. The plaintiff had previously been established in another hemisphere, where he cried his milk; but, having sold the goodwill of his walk, he unexpectedly appeared one morning above the horizon of the defendant's lonely track, crying out, "Now, ladies, ladies, here's your new milk—your genuine milk; milk from the cow—milk with the cream on it, and all free from chalk and water!" Flesh and blood could not stand this, and the defendant, who had made a walk for himself, and who thought he had established it as his own right of way, met the plaintiff face to face, and denounced him as "a thief, a rogue, a vagabond, and a swindler." The defence was, that the words complained of were not uttered by the defendant with the intention of injuring the plaintiff in his character, but rather under irritation, to which defendant was provoked by plaintiff's unnecessary manner of crying his milk over defendant's legitimate milk-walk. Lord Campbell said he thought that in this case the defendant had no intention of seriously imputing dishonesty to the plaintiff. The jury were of that opinion, and accordingly found a verdict for the defendant.



## EPITOME OF NEWS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

The Prince Regent of Prussia has conferred upon his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales the Order of the Black Eagle.

The subdeanery of St. Paul's Cathedral has been conferred upon the Rev. W. C. F. Webber, incumbent of St. Botolph, Aldersgate.

The Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian has become an honorary member of the Cork Royal Yacht Club.

The Legislative Chambers of Piedmont are convoked by Royal decree for the 10th of January next.

The cordon of the White Eagle of Russia has been conferred on M. Thouvenel, the French Ambassador.

The Hon. Mr. Talbot has been appointed Serjeant-at-Arms to the House of Lords, in the place of Colonel Percival, deceased.

The *Birmingham Journal* states that Mr. Scholefield, M.P., is expected to return to this country from America in January.

It is reported at Plymouth that the Channel fleet will remain during Christmas at Queenstown, and then repair to Lisbon.

An observatory is, by order of Prince Napoleon, about to be built in the vicinity of Algiers.

The Turkish Government has formed a commission at Constantinople to draw up a new Ottoman dictionary.

A letter from Vienna states that the reinforcements which the Austrian Government has sent to Lombardy amount to about 8000 men.

The Count de Paris arrived at Seville on the 17th, on a visit to the Duke de Montpensier.

Letters from Teheran state that a magnificent reception has been given to Ferukh Kahn, and that he is already occupied in preparing important reforms, both civil and religious.

Letters have been received from the party of young Englishmen travelling to the Red River Settlement, dated Fort Garry, October 23. All were quite safe.

The deliveries of tea in London estimated for last week were 883,001lb., which is an increase of 61,524lb. compared with the previous statement.

Rear-Admiral the Hon. Fred. T. Pelham, C.B., is mentioned as likely to succeed Captain the Hon. James R. Drummond, C.B., to the vacant Junior Lordship at the Admiralty.

The Rev. J. H. Coward, M.A., Minor Canon of St. Paul's, and Rector of St. Benet's, Paul's Wharf, has been appointed Chaplain to the Vintners' Company.

The *Etd Presente*, a journal published at Venice, has received a warning for habitually opposing the views of the Government, either openly or by covert allusions.

The *National Era* states that it is the purpose of Senator Sumner to return to America in the latter part of this month, and resume his seat in the Senate.

On Saturday last Lord William Graham was returned for Herefordshire without opposition. The noble Lord avowed himself to be an advocate of "Conservative progress."

We understand that Mr. Moxon's tender for the first portion of the London Main Drainage has been accepted by the Metropolitan Board of Works. The amount of the contract is stated to be about £170,000.

Letters from Melbourne mention that the Patent Slip has been opened, and found to work most satisfactorily; but it was not of sufficient power, it was feared, for the largest class of vessels.

It is reported that the Royal Commissioners for 1861 are about to plant their three great roads—viz., Exhibition-road, Cornwall-road, and Prince Albert's-road, with lime-trees.

Sir John Burgoyne has devised a plan for a more complete and comprehensive fortification of Dover harbour and its surrounding coast, which will shortly be carried out.

The fifth annual meeting of the United Association of Schoolmasters is to be held at the house of the Society of Arts, on Monday and Tuesday next, the 27th and 28th of December.

At the North Riding (Yorkshire) Sessions, held at Middlesbrough last Friday, a gentleman was fined 20s. and 10s. costs for smoking in a first-class carriage on the Stockton and Darlington line of railway.

A Circular has been issued by Messrs. Roberts, Curtis, and Co., announcing the accession of Mr. Weguelin, M.P. for Southampton, and Mr. W. C. Curtis, to their firm.

At the Whittington Club and Metropolitan Athenæum, Arundel-street, Strand, the drawing-room parties on Tuesday evenings are resumed. A juvenile ball will be held on the 11th of January.

Letters have been received at Melbourne by a leading firm announcing that 368 pure alpacas, belonging to Mr. Ledger's flock, had been shipped from Valparaiso for distribution in Melbourne and Sydney.

A St. Petersburg despatch states that the health of the Dowager Empress of Russia had so much improved, that no further bulletin would be issued.

David Hughes, the solicitor who absconded some months since with liabilities and defalcations to the amount of £200,000, has been arrested in Australia. He had only £500 upon him.

A Greek manuscript of the third century has just been discovered near Mount Athos, in Greece. The manuscript is a treatise on gymnastics, written by Philostratus.

Mrs. Eckett, a widow lady, at Derby, has lost her life by fire. Her dress ignited, and she ran out of the house into the street, the draught of course increasing the intensity of the fire.

A verdict of manslaughter has been returned against a road surveyor at Neyland for having allowed a heap of stones to be placed in the centre of the road, by which the gig of Mr. Hawkins, a commercial traveller, was upset, and fatal injuries inflicted on that gentleman.

A grey heron was shot a few days ago in the Habra, a subdivision of Oran, in Algeria. Attached to one of its legs was a ring in copper, bearing the Royal crown of Holland, and (in English) the inscription, "Royal Hawking Club, 1850. Loo, Netherlands."

The electric cable has been successfully laid down between the Isle of Syra, in the Greek Archipelago, and the Phalera Harbour, at the Piræus. The point of departure is at the tomb of Themistocles. Two English steamers did the work on the 9th inst.

The *Wiener Zeitung* of Vienna contains an Imperial ordinance relative to the colour of the uniforms of the commanders in the navy, the cut of their coats and continuations, the number and position of the buttons, &c.

A Treasury Warrant abolishes, after the 1st of January next, various fees heretofore taken from suitors in the Courts of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, by the ushers, court-keepers, messengers, assistants, and other subordinate officers of those courts.

A Circular Memorandum has been issued directing that for the convenience of stowage on board ship the size of the packages of officers' baggage shall not exceed three feet six inches in length, two feet in width, and two feet three inches in depth.

On Thursday week a lecture was delivered to the members and friends of the Wilton Literary Institute, by M. H. Marsh, Esq., M.P. The subject was "Australia," and the hon. gentleman (having resided in the colony many years) treated it in an interesting and amusing manner.

The schooner *Isabella*, of and belonging to Plymouth, went ashore near Penzance on the evening of the 18th instant, and became a total wreck. The master, mate, and one of the sailors are reported to have been drowned.

The unfortunate man Edward Tombes, who is charged with the murder of Charles Canty by cutting his throat, still remains in Newgate, and it is the opinion of the medical officers of the prison that he is in a hopeless state of insanity.

The old system of charges for booking and fees to box-keepers will, we are glad to hear, be discontinued by Miss Louisa Pynne and Mr. Harrison at Covent-garden Theatre. Programmes, too, will be delivered, free of cost, to all who enter.

The Right Hon. Sir John S. Pakington, Bart., M.P., is to preside at the ensuing anniversary festival of the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, Victoria Park, which is arranged to take place at the London Tavern in March next.

General Peel has decided, with the concurrence of his Royal Highness the General Commanding-in-Chief, that the governor of a military prison of the first class shall, in future, have relative rank as a Major, and the governors of military prisons of the second and third classes as Captains. This decision does not confer any right to command troops.

The number of visitors at the South Kensington Museum last week was as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 1722; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 3144; on the three students' days (admission to the public 6d.), 415; one students' evening, Wednesday, 43; total, 3329.

## DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—ENGAGING FOR THE PANTOMIME.

Our Artist has supplied us this week with a curious scene enacted last week at the stage-door and under the colonnades of Drury-lane Theatre. It was altogether a remarkable occurrence, of which the causes have not yet, as far as we know, been sufficiently explained. But the fact was that every available place was occupied round about the theatre by a crowd of persons desirous of being engaged in the forthcoming pantomime. The theme of the piece may be more than usually attractive. The ballad story of "Robin Hood" is undeniably popular, and his merry band, it might have been expected, would be more than usually numerous. Stage-managers sometimes multiply accessories in a remarkable manner; witness the crowd of witches they uniformly import into "Macbeth." However this may be, on the first three days of last week a large multitude of applicants surrounded Old Drury with the strong desire, and some with the reasonable expectation, of being engaged. Such was the state of emulation, the pressure, and the crush, that it was necessary to call in the aid of the police. One portrait we recognise distinctly, that of the hall-keeper, who appears to be in considerable trouble, waving off the crowd with all the energy at his command. But nothing will do. Grown man and woman, and ambitious urchin, not unprotected or uncouraged by his female guardian, are still resolute to earn their shilling and eightpence each per night, and are not a little riotous in their demand. We trust that the management has made a judicious selection from the throng, and that many who were deserving have benefited by the occasion. The opportunity may even be favourable for the eliciting of talent that might otherwise never reveal itself. Such occasions, at any rate, exhibit intimations of the great amount of the surplus population, and give evidence that greater numbers are willing to work than can get work to do. In this way theatrical establishments are often very useful, and supply resources to the unemployed that could not be otherwise obtained. Our Artist's Illustration, if interpreted after this fashion, it will be seen, has much statistical value.

A SCENE IN OUDE.—Mr. Russell thus describes the scene round the camp:—"All around us the dense masses of rich green foliage, the trees in every field, and the dim dotted outline of groves which hem the horizon, show the fertility of the soil, which is evinced by the tall crops of coarse grain with which Oude is at present densely covered. Those crops or fields of corn (cates, as they are called in Anglo-Indian speech) are excessively rich, varying in height from five to seven or eight feet, very close and thick, impassable to cavalry, difficult to infantry, and admirably adapted to afford cover to a fugitive enemy. Look out on the plain outside the camp, and you see fields of those cereals, interspersed with square patches of sandy soil of a pale, yellowish dun colour. In each field of growing crops there is a rude platform, on which sits patiently some man or boy all day to frighten away the birds by loud cries, or the animals by hurling stones against them. No fence or boundary-hedge is visible; a line of hard-baked earth, a few inches high, is the mark which divides one man's land from that of another. Clumps of trees dot the landscape, dark, dense, thick-stemmed, underneath which repose wearied animals and men. The crops are gloriously green; but it is strange to see all this greenness springing out of a bare, barren-looking sand. Grass there is none—no rich sward refreshes the eye; and up to the very edge of the cates there is still the sand. Of the fields which are not bearing crops now many shine in the sun almost like glass, and on looking at the surface you see that it is plastered smooth and slab. The process by which this is effected may be seen going on all over the country. It is simple: a log of wood with a fine surface planed smooth is fastened to one or two oxen, a man holding on by the tail of one of the animals, or balancing himself, stands upright on this log and drives the cattle over the moistened surface of the field, beneath which the young seed is lying. If long after the rains the soil is dry, water is sprinkled by hand, and the same process effected. The ploughing is more primitive—a mere scratching with a big pin fastened to two small oxen. Although there is no great reason to dread attack, all military precautions are observed, and our pickets may be seen in distant tops around. The British subaltern on his pike is pretty sure to fill up a proportion of the part of the landscape devoted to animated nature; but far and wide, through field and lea, and swamp, in jeel or forest, are spread the inevitable camp followers—those locusts whom nothing blights save peace with its blessed canker."

GOVERNMENT EMIGRATION.—The Government emigrant-ship *David Miller*, 862 tons, Captain Robert Baillie, which sailed from Liverpool on the 4th of June, with 38 married couples, 123 single women, 101 single men, 86 girls between the ages of 1 and 12, 27 boys between the same ages, 5 female, and 6 male infants, (making a total of 374 souls, equal to 331½ statute adults,) arrived at Sydney, New South Wales, on the 24th of September. Five deaths (two adults and three children) and two births occurred during the voyage.

The Government of New South Wales have deputed an agent to visit England to confer with the Colonial Office, in conjunction with some representatives of the colony already in this country, on the best means for establishing a mail steam service *via* Panama.

## MONETARY TRANSACTIONS OF THE WEEK.

(From our City Correspondent.)

It having been stated that both Russia and Austria will shortly become large borrowers of money in the Stock Exchange, Home Securities have been flat throughout the week, and prices have had a drooping tendency. The Unfunded Debt, however, has continued firm, and the March Bills have been done at 39s. premium.

The Money Market has been somewhat active, and the rates of discount have ruled quite as high as in the previous week, notwithstanding that the bankers continue to hold large amounts of unemployed capital. In Lombard-street the lowest quotations for the best sixty-days' paper are 2½ to 2½ per cent, at which advances are made with less freedom than for some time past. At the Bank of England the minimum rate is unaltered; and in the Exchange loans have been granted for short periods on Government security at 1½ to 2 per cent. The exchange at Shanghai by the last mail having shown an adverse rate, as regards this country, of from 4 to 5 per cent, the last packet for the East took out £230,000, almost wholly in silver, for Calcutta and China. This additional demand has had the effect of enhancing the value of Mexican dollars, which have become very scarce, to 61½d. to 61¾d. per ounce. Bar silver is steady, at 61½d. The next mail for Bombay will, we understand, carry out about £150,000. The imports of bullion have been over half a million sterling; but with the exception of about £50,000 the whole have been taken for the Continent. Although the exchanges have shown no material alteration at St. Petersburg, however, the quotation has suddenly risen about 3 per cent, or to a point that will check exports of gold to this country. At New York it remains at 109½ to 109½. The last steamer for the West Indies took out £122,720 in gold.

An adjourned meeting of the South Australian Banking Company has been held, at which it was stated that £50,000 has been lost in the colony within the last twelve months, being about the entire profits for 1877.

Two new associations have been brought forward—viz., "The Madras Irrigation and Canal Company," and "The Canada Landed Credit Company." To the former the Council of India have guaranteed a minimum interest of 5 per cent.

The Stock Exchange will, it is expected, be closed on Monday next by order of the Committee.

There was only a moderate business done in English Stocks on Monday. Bank Stock realised 25½ and 27; India Stock, 230; The Three per Cent. Reduced were 97½; the New Three per Cent. 97½; Long Annuities, 1885, 184; India Debentures, 99½; India Bonds, 18s. prem.; Consols for Account, 96½; 97, and 96½; Exchequer Bills, March, 36s. to 33s. prem.; Exchequer Bonds, 100½. On Tuesday prices were a shade lower, the Reduced having been done at 97½ and 98½; the New Three per Cent. 97½, 98½; Long Annuities, 1880, 184; 1885, 184; India Debentures, 100, 99½, and 100; Ditto, Bonds, 18s. to 18s. prem.; Consols for Account, 96½; 97, and 96½; Exchequer Bills, 36s. to 33s. prem.; and the Bonds, 100½. Consols were somewhat firmer on the following day, at 96½, 97, and 98½ for Account, ex div.; the Reduced and the New Three per Cent. were done at 97½; Bank Stock was flat, at 24½; and Exchequer Bills sold at 36s. to 33s. prem. The Government broker has continued to make daily investments of £10,000 and £15,000 in Reduced Annuities.

We have no important changes to report in the Foreign House. The business transacted in it has been only moderate. Mexican Stock, notwithstanding the warlike tone of the President's Message as regards Mexico, has maintained its value. Turkish Scrip, *Mist Issue*, has been done at 1 and 1½ dis.; Ditto, *Second Issue*, 1 and 1½ dis. The *Chilian Loan* has ruled flat, at 1½ prem. Brazilian Five per Cent. have made 110½; Brazilian Four-and-a-half per Cent. 102½; Ditto, 108, 104; Buenos Ayres Six per Cent. 80; Ditto, Deferred, 18; Chilian Six per Cent. 101; Ecuador New Consolidated, 105; Grenada New Active Two-and-a-half per Cent. 21; Ditto, Deferred, 6; Peruvian Four-and-a-half per Cent. 92½; Ditto, Unlabeled, 82; Portuguese Three per Cent. 48; Russian Four-and-a-half per Cent. 103; Swedish Five per Cent. 90; Spanish Three per Cent. 48; Ditto, New Deferred, 31½; Turkish Six per Cent. 36; Turkish Four per Cent. 104; Dutch Four per Cent. 104; and Peruvian Four-and-a-half per Cent. Dollar Bonds, 70½.

Joint Stock Bank Shares have ruled steady, and prices generally have been well supported. Bank of Egypt have been done at 54; City, 64; English, Scottish, and Amsterdam Chartered, 171; London and W. I. minister, 48; National Provincial of England, New, 104; Oriental, 104; Ottoman, 11; Union of Australia, 64; and Union of London, 104.

Miscellaneous Securities have been done in to a limited extent as follows:—Channel Islands Telegraph, 10; Electric Telegraph, 113; Submarine Telegraph, Scrip, 1; English and Australian Copper Smelting Company, 11; European and American Steam, 14; London General Omnibus, 14; Peel River, Land, and Mineral, 23; Scottish Australian Investment, 184; South Australian Land, 1; Canada Government Six per Cent. Bonds, January and July, 117; Ditto, March and September, 114; New Brunswick Bonds, 113; New South Wales Government Debentures, July, 1883, 102; South Australian Government Six per Cent. Bonds, 113.

A new scheme for uniting the Kent and Brighton lines with the Northern and Western lines at Hammersmith has been started. The proposed capital is £700,000, in £10 shares; and the London and North-Western Company have agreed to take £100,000. The Railway Market has been flat, and a slight fall has taken place in the value of most lines. The following are the official closing quotations on Wednesday:—

ORDINARY SHARES AND STOCKS.—Ambergate, Nottingham, and Boston Junction, 61; Birkenhead, Lancashire, and Chester Junction, 67; Caledonian, 87½; Chester and Holyhead, 44½; Eastern Counties, 61; Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee, 28½; Great Northern, 100½; Ditto, B Stock, 134; Great Western, 56; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 93½; London and Brighton, 113½; London and North-Western, 90; Ditto, Eighties, 63; London and South-Western, 10; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, 38; Midland, 102½; Ditto—Birmingham and Derby, 75; Newport, Abercromby, and Hereford, 12; North British, 53½; North-Eastern—Berwick, 94½; Ditto, York, 77; North Staffordshire, 13½; North-Western, 131; Portsmouth, 12½; South-Eastern, 75; Stockton and Darlington, 33½; Ditto, 1888, 53.

LOANS LEASED AT FIXED RENTALS.—East Lincoln, 143; Midland; Bradford Preference Stock, 99; Wilts and Somerset, 93.

PREFERENCE SHARES.—Eastern Counties Five per Cent. 114; Great Western Five per Cent. 100½; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Six per Cent. 122; Norfolk Five-and-a-half per Cent. 103; North British, 111; North Staffordshire, 24; Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton Six per Cent. 122; Stockton and Darlington Six per Cent. 32.

BRITISH POSSESSIONS.—Ceylon, 41; East Indian, 100; Great Western of Canada, 163; Ditto, New, 63; Ditto, 1873, 105½.

FOREIGN.—Dutch-Rhenish, 11½; Great Luxembourg, 7½; Maria Antonia, 14; Northern of France, 40; Paris and Lyons, 35½.

## THE MARKETS.

CORN EXCHANGE, Dec. 20.—The supply of English wheat on sale here to-day was only moderate. Good and fine qualities moved off steadily, at full quotations; but low and damp parcels met a very inactive demand, at previous currencies. Foreign wheat was in slightly improved request, on former terms. For barley there was a slow inquiry, and prices ruled irregular, but changed but slowly, and the currencies had a drooping tendency. We were fairly supplied with oats, which met a dull inquiry, at barely late rates. Both beans and peas were very dull, but we have no change to notice in the quotations. The flour trade was quiet, at last week's currency. From abroad the imports continue on a very moderate scale.

Dec. 22.—Fine English wheat and barley were in fair request, at full quotations. All other kinds of produce moved off slowly, at Monday's currency.

English.—Wheat, Essex and Kent, red, 38s. to 42s.; ditto, white, 38s. to 43s.; Norfolk and Suffolk, red, 38s. to 41s.; ryegrass, 30s. to 33s.; grinding barley, 25s. to 27s.; distilling ditto, 27s. to 29s.; malted ditto, 31s. to 42s.; Lincoln and Norfolk malt, 55s. to 63s.; brown ditto, 52s. to 54s.; Kingston and Ware, 60s. to 68s.; Chevalier, 60s. to 71s.; Yorkshire and Lincolnshire feed oats, 18s. to 21s.; potato ditto, 25s. to 31s.; Tynghall and Cork, black, 18s. to 22s.; ditto, white, 20s. to 23s.; tick beans, 35s. to 40s.; grey peas, 37s. to 38s.; mangel, 40s. to 43s.; white, 40s. to 42s.; boilers, 40s. to 44s. per quarter. Town-made flour, 37s. to 40s.; town households, 34s.; country marks, 26s. to 28s. per 280lb.; French ditto, 32s. to 34s. per sack; American, 19s. to 23s. per barrel.

Arrivals this Week.—English: wheat, 10800; barley, 2300; malt, 800; oats, 930; flour, 520. Irish: barley, 100; oats, 350. Foreign: wheat, 2250; barley, 6000; oats, 6040; flour, 820 sacks.

Seeds.—Red clover seed has been in improved request, at full prices. Canary has given way 2s. per quarter. In the value of other seeds no quotable change has taken place. Linseed, English, 22s. 6d. to 24s. 6d.; Calcutta, 5s. to 55s.; hempseed, 40s. to 42s. per quarter; coriander, 22s. 6d. to 24s. 6d.; brown mustard seed, 13s. to 15s.; ditto white, 12s. to 14s.; fava, 13s. to 15s.; per bushel. English rapeseed, 38s. to 40s. per quarter. Linseed cakes, English, £10 10s. to £10 10s.; ditto, foreign, £12 10s. to £10 10s.; rape cakes, £10 10s. to £10 10s.; per ton; canary, 71s. to 75s. per quarter; red clover, 55s. to 56s.; ditto, white, 55s. to 56s. per cwt.

Bread.—The prices of wheaten bread in the metropolis are from 6½d. to 7d.; of household ditto, 4d. to 6d. per 4-lb. loaf.

Tea.—Public sales of 15,000 packages have been held this week, and they have gone off irregularly. Blackish leaf kinds, however, have sold at full prices. Privately the market is firm, and common sound Congou is worth 11d. per lb.

Sugar.—West India sugars have changed hands steadily, at full prices; but other raw qualities have moved off slowly, at a slight reduction in value. Refined goods are inactive, at 52s. 6d. to 54s. 6d. per cwt. for brown lump.

Coffee.—Nearly all descriptions have been in improved request, and fully previous rates have been paid in every instance. The show of samples is very moderate.

Rice.—Low and middling qualities have moved off steadily, at full quotations; but good and fine parcels have sold slowly, at previous currencies. The stock is 83,000 tons.

Provisions.—For nearly all kinds of butter there has been an improved inquiry, and prices have had an upward tendency. Bacon is in better request, at a slight advance in the quotations. Prime hams are scarce, and in request. Most other kinds of provisions are a slow inquiry.

Tallow.—A moderate business is doing in this article, and prices rule firm. P. Y. C., on the spot, 9d. to 10s.; for the spring, 50s. 6d. to 58s. 9d. per cwt.

Oils.—Lined oil is flat, at 23 10s. per ton on the spot. Olive oils are quiet, at £20 15s. for Castor oil, £10 10s. for Spanish, and £8 10s. for Mogador. No change in the value of rape; but fine cream is held at 40s. Spirits of turpentine move off slowly at 37s. 6d. per cwt. Rough is held at 11s.

Spirits.—Rum is in moderate request, at full quotations. Proof Leewards, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 8d.; proof East India, 1s. 6d. to 1s. 7d. per gallon. There is a fair sale for brandy, at fully previous rates. Geneva is selling at 2s. 2d. to 3s. 6d.; and plain German spirit, proof, 1s. 2d. per gallon.

Hay and Straw.—Meadow hay, £2 13s. to £4 10s.; clover ditto, £4 to £5 5s.; and straw, £1 5s. to £1 10s. per load. Trade dull.

Coals.—West Lumley, 15s. 6d.; Whitworth, 15s. 3d.; Holywell, 15s. 6d.; Tanfield Moor Bales, 12s. 6d.; Wylam, 15s. 6d.; Hutton Hartley Main, 14s.; Nixon's Marbury, 21s. per ton.

Wool.—Good and useful new wools continue in steady request, at full prices. All other kinds move off slowly, at late rates. Mid and East Kent pockets, 70s. to 120s.; Woad of Kent 52s. to 68s.; Sussex, 50s. to 62s. per cwt.

Wool.—The trade generally continues in a most inactive state. However, compared with last week, we have no quotable change to notice in prices.

Potatoes.—The supplies continue seasonably large, and in fair saleable condition. Sales progress slowly, at 4s. to 10s. per ton.

Metropolitan Cattle Market.—Full average supplies of fat stock have been on offer this week for the time of year. The trade generally has ruled heavy, at drooping prices: Beef, from 3s. 2d. to 4s. 10d.; mutton, 3s. 4d. to 5s.; veal, 3s. 4d. to 5s.; pork, 2s. 10d. to 4s. 2d. per lb. to sink the offal.

Negatives and Leadings.—An extensive business has been transacted in each kind of meat, this week, at very full prices: Beef, from 3s. 4d. to 4s. 8d.; mutton, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 8d.; veal, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 8d.; pork, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 8d. per lb. by the carcase. ROBERT HARRIS.

## THE LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, DEC. 17.

## BANKRUPTCY ANNOUNCED.

W. WELLER, Woolwich, stone-mason.

BANKRUPTCY ANNOUNCED.

G. ROGERS, Abchurch-lane, City, stockbroker.—F. E. BEAR, Crown-row, Mile-end, telegraphist.—G. H. VENABLES, Clapton's Mills, Buckinghamshire, paper-maker.—S. UNWIN, Nottingham, draper.—W. JACKSON, sea, Kingston-upon-Hull, soap manufacturer.—T. HASTINGS and S. IERON, Kingston-upon-Hull, drapers.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

A. GILLESPIE, Edinburgh, merchant.—J. SMITH and CO., Hibernian, Dumbarton-shire, coal agents.—A. WALLACE, Glasgow, writer and builder.—W. MILLER, junr., Springfield, Glasgow, merchant.—G. CAMERON, Glasgow, seed merchant.—W. BLAIR, Inverclyde, near Brodie, in the Island of Arran, grocer.—ELIZABETH CUTBERTSON, Edinburgh.—R. ROSS, Willowbank, near Wick, Oathness-shire, shipowner.

TUESDAY, DEC. 21.

BANKRUPTCY ANNOUNCED.

R. S. BULL, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire, baker and confectioner.

BANKRUPTCY ANNOUNCED.

W. RICHARDS, Oxford-street, wirework and blind manufacturer.—G. FYE, Foundation street, Ipswich, flax dresser and manufacturer, and dealer in fax and patent machinery. A. MONTGOMERY, Great Western-street, City, and High-street, Clapham, merchant.—R. JASON, Bryan-street, Caledonian-road, wholesale stationer.—J. HATFIELD, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, boarding and lodging house keeper.—J. DAVIES, Tackbrooke-street, Pimlico, builder.—W. A. DAY, Hadow House, near Mayfield, Sussex, brickmaker.—F. SHARON, Acre-lane Nursery, Acre-lane, Lambeth, nurseryman, seedsman, and florist.—J. HART, Queen's Head, Water-lane, Blackfriars, licensed victualler.—W. SMITH, Rumbold, fish merchant and fish curer.—E. SHARP, Finchbeck, Lincolnshire, miller.—J. THOMSON, Slip Inn, Stainmore, Brough, Westmoreland, licensed victualler.—J. HYSLOP, Wellington, Somersetshire, draper.—W. BAKER, Chesapeake, City, and Reform-street and Saville-street, Hull, Yorkshire, horse and cattle food manufacturer and corn merchant.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

J. RATCHER, Banff, plumber.—YOUNG, FOTHERINGHAM, and CO., Glasgow, shipowner and export provision merchants.—J. MATHEW, Fintona, Elginshire, innkeeper and farmer.

\* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each Announcement.

BIRTHS.

On the 19th inst., at Harwich, Essex, the wife of Oliver John Williams, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 1st of November, at West Twenty-fourth Street, Madison-square, New York, United States of America, the wife of Charles Anderson, Esq., formerly of Glasgow, Scotland, of a daughter.

On the 11th November, at Poona, Bombay, the wife of Edwin Arnold, Esq., M.A., Principal of the College, of a son.

On the 18th inst., at the Rectory, Devizes, the wife of the Rev. P.



## SKETCHES IN CHINA BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT.



HEADS OF THE PEOPLE.—A SKETCH AT THE REV. MR. HULEATT'S RICE DISTRIBUTION AT CANTON.

THE Sketches which are here engraved were received by the last Overland Mail from our Special Artist and Correspondent in China, who, in a letter dated Canton, Oct. 23, writes thus respecting them:—

The rice distribution is still carried on by the Rev. Mr. Huleatt on a reduced scale. Seven or eight hundred people three times a week receive a catty of dry rice. That crowd contains within it the concentrated essence of human misery. Starving wretches are there—living skeletons. Other poor creatures crawl to the distribution on their hands and knees. And then the blind form the main body of the army of beggars. On the day I took the Sketch there were five hundred and ninety-nine of the blind alone. The Sketch of a Thief being Whipped through the Streets I took a

few days ago. A man with a gong goes in front, and is followed by the thief, with his tail cut off, his back bared, receiving chastisement from a rattan cane.

## THE HYDRAULIC LIFT.

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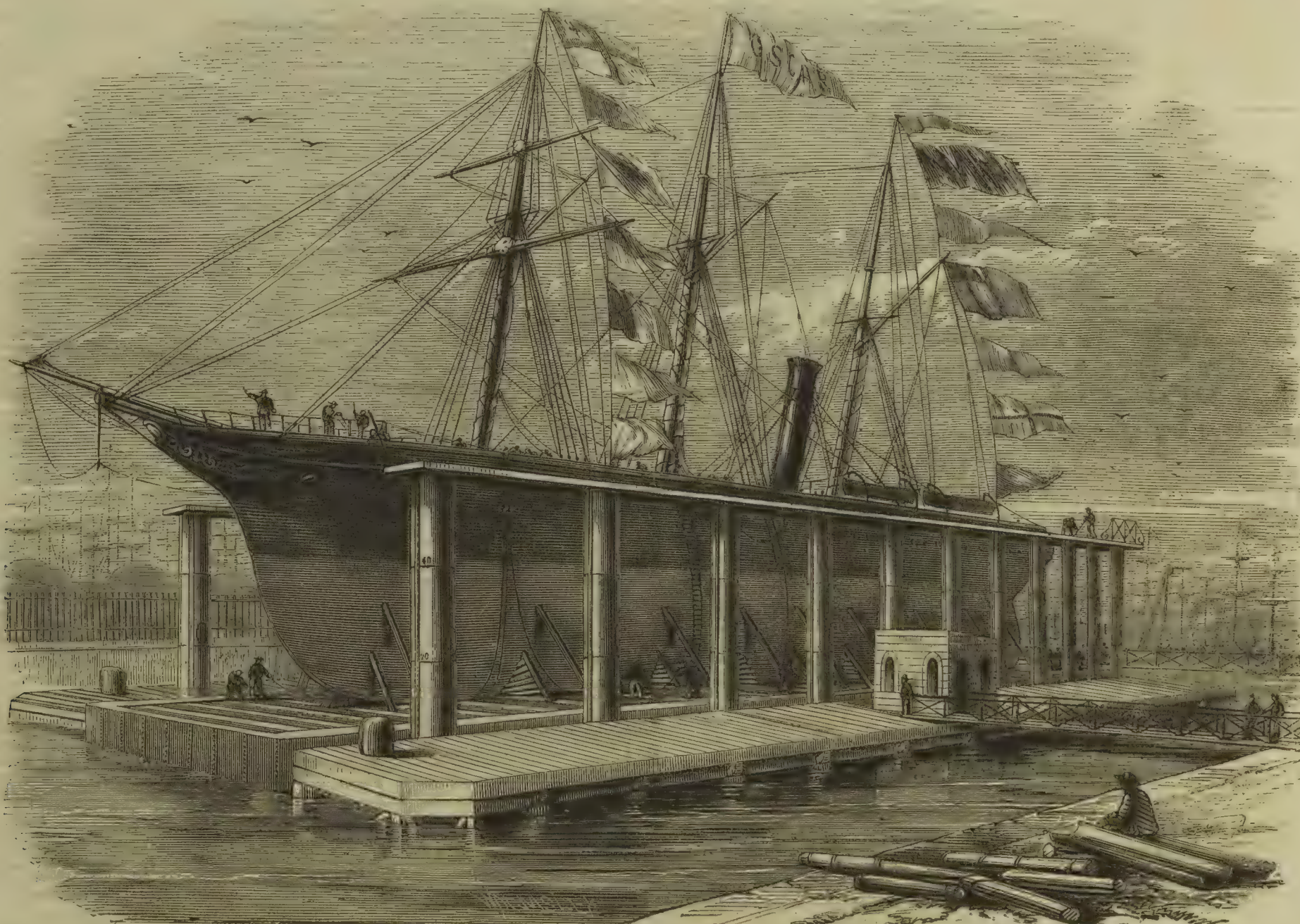


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Edition, 2s.; The Debutante Schottische, Second Edition, 2s. 6d.; and The Fairy Queen Waltzes, Second Edition, 2s. Post-free for stamps, from the Author, Mrs. LIGHTFOOT HALL, Wiltshire.

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PRODUCTIONS.  
EXHIBITED IN THE SHOW-ROOMS of his ESTABLISHMENTS,  
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Every article is warranted of the very best description, great care being taken to avoid the introduction of cheap and inferior goods, which for the moment please the eye and gratify the pocket, but which a very brief period of time amply proves to be a deception to the purchaser, and a just source of discredit to the shopkeeper.

Ladies' Dressing-cases in wood or leather, plated fittings, with brushes, combs, and instruments complete .. from 1 8 0 to 25 0 0

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AND TRAVELLING BAGS.—112, Regent-street, and 4, Leadenhall-street, London. Bronzes, vases, pearl and ivory work, medicinal manufactures, dressing bags and dressing cases, toilet cases, work boxes and work tables, inkstands and fans; the largest stock in England of papier-maché, elegant writing-desks, envelope cases, despatch boxes, bagettes, baggammon, and chess tables. The premises in Regent-street extend fifty yards into Glasshouse-street, and are worthy of inspection as a specimen of elegant outfit. Everything for the work and dressing cases—best tooth brushes, 5d. each; best steel scissors and penknives, 1s. each. The usual supply of first-rate cutlery, razors, razor-strops, needles, &c., for which Mr. Mech's establishments have been so long famed.

## CHRISTMAS, 1888.

MESSRS. MAPPIN invite attention to their ELEGANT STOCK of NOVELTIES for the PRESENT SEASON, now on View at their SHOW-ROOMS, 67 and 68, King William-street, London.

12 Ivory-handle Silver-plated Fish-eating Knives (in Mahogany Case) .. 24 2 0

12 Pairs Ivory-handle Silver-plated Desserts (in Case) .. 4 0 0

Lady's Travelling Toilet Bag .. 2 12 0

Elegant Tea and Coffee Service, Electro Silver-plated .. 6 4 0

Silk Velvet Case, containing Four Pairs Silver-plated Scissors .. 1 5 0

Lady's Morocco Kent Case, with Silver-plated Bottles .. 1 0 0

Lady's Rosewood full size Dressing Case, completely fitted with Bottles, Cutlery, Brushes, &c., &c. .. 4 0 0

Gentleman's solid Leather Dressing Case, fitted .. 1 0 0

Gentleman's solid Leather Dressing Case, more completely fitted .. 2 2 0

A Set of Three Paper Maché Tea Trays .. 1 11 0

A costly Book of Engravings, with Prices attached, forwarded by Post, on receipt of 12 stamps.

MAPPIN BROTHERS,  
67 and 68, King William-street, London.  
Manufacturers, Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

## PRESENTS! PRESENTS! PRESENTS!!!

CHRISTMAS, 1888.  
JAMES SPENCE and CO. have now on show a very large and choice assortment of FRENCH and GERMAN NOVELTIES in LADIES' BAGS, Reticules, Purse, &c., &c., all adapted for presents, and at about half the usual price.

Invited on invited.  
77 and 78, St. Paul's Churchyard.

## EDWARDS' Celebrated DRESSING-CASE

BUSINESS and MANUFACTORY is REMOVED from King-street, Bloomsbury-square, to 166, NEW BOND-STREET, where may be seen the most extensive Stock in London of First-class Dressing and Writing Cases, Travelling Bags, and useful elegancies, suitable for Bridal and other Presents.

## THE FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY'S

Advertisements may be seen in last week's Number of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.  
Handkerchiefs Embroidered with Ladies' Christian Names, in Chintz Colours, 1s. 4d.; in White, 11d. Post-free.

A very superior French Hemmed Striped Handkerchief, 5s. 9d. the half-dozen. By post free.

THE FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, Oxford-street.

## MRS. HISCOCK'S LADIES' and

CHILDREN'S UNDER CLOTHING.  
Boys' Shirts, Linen fronts .. 3s. 6d.; six for 21s.  
Chemises, Young Ladies' .. 2s. 6d.; six for 11s.  
Ladies' Night Dresses (full size) .. 5s. 6d.; six for 27s.  
Everything of excellent materials and needlework.  
Lists forwarded free.

54, Regent-street (opposite Swan and Edgar's).

## QUILTED GROS DENAPLES PETTICOATS,

in Scarlet, Cobalt Blue, Crimson, Myrtle, Pituita, Black, Violet, &c., &c., carriage-free. These Petticoats, quilted by hand, are very elegant and extremely light and warm.

Mrs. HISCOCK, Ladies' Outfitter, 54, Regent-street.

## LADIES' COLOURED FLANNEL MORNING

DRESSES, in Scarlet, Crimson, China Blue, Pituita (the new colour), Sky Blue, Pink, Claret, Cerise, &c., &c., trimmed with ribbon or shawl bordering, 8s. each. Silk Girdle included.

Mrs. HISCOCK, Ladies' Outfitter, 54, Regent-street.

## MUSLIN EMBROIDERY, BRAIDING, &amp;c.

The newest designs on best material, at  
MRS. WILCOCKSON'S,  
44, Goodale-street, Tottenham-court-road.  
Price List free. A Collar, five stamps.

## MRS. PHILIPS'

COMPLETE SETS of BABY LINEN,  
of the best patterns, materials, and needlework,  
TEN GUINEAS EACH.

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COMPLETE MARRIAGE OUTFITS,  
prepared from the newest and most approved designs,  
TWENTY GUINEAS EACH.

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COMPLETE INDIA OUTFITS,  
and Ladies' Outfits for any Colony, equally moderate.  
PHILIPS and SON,  
37, Regent-street, W. (fourth house above the Polytechnic).

## JUST RECEIVED from PARIS, and are now

on Sale at the following Reduced Prices,  
870 Elegant and Useful FLOUNCED SILK ROBES  
4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., to 5s. guineas.  
Novelties in Checked, Striped, and Glacé Silks,  
13s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. the Dress.

Black and Half-mourning ditto at the same reduced prices.  
\* Patterns for Inspection postage-free.

27s. All orders amounting to £5 and upwards carriage-paid.

Observe the address—DEECH and BERRALL,  
The BEEHIVE, 63 and 64, Edgware-road, London, W.

## QUILTED EIDER-DOWN PETTICOATS

are strongly recommended to those who wish to combine elegance with economy. To be had only of W. H. HAYSON and CO., 1, Maddox-street, Regent-street, dépot for the Eider-down Quilt and Patent Spring Pillows.

## VALENCIENNES LACE, made with genuine

linen thread, scarcely distinguishable from the real French very durable, yet sold at one-third of the price. Samples post-free.

JAMES and EDWARD, Upper Eaton-street, Eaton-square, E.W.

## IRISH POPLIN WAREHOUSE,

Established A.D. 1753.  
WILLIAM FRY and CO., 31, Westmoreland-street, Dublin, Irish Poplin Manufacturers to her Most Gracious Majesty, respectfully beg leave to invite the attention of Ladies to their beautiful assortment of the above far-famed fabric, pattern books of which they send post-free.

P.S. Poplins sent, carriage paid, to any part of the United Kingdom.

31, Westmoreland-street, Dublin, Dec. 20, 1858.  
Wm. Fry and Co. having observed a very incorrect statement in an advertisement of this Paper, Dec. 18th, from a manufacturer of Irish Poplins relative to the truthfulness of above advertisement, hereby insert a copy of an original letter from one of her Most Gracious Majesty's Household, and shall leave the public to judge whether their statement be correct or not, or if our gracious Queen is so exclusive as to purchase Poplins from only one of her subjects while others have attained to excellence in this particular branch of Irish industry.

W. Fry and Co. have had the honour to execute her Majesty's commands for Poplins on other occasions, but consider the insertion of one letter will suit their present purpose.

W. Fry and Co. also state that they have never directly or indirectly stated that any Poplin Manufacturer contemplated retiring from business.

"St. James's Palace, Dec. 4, 1843.

"Mr. Edward Browell requests Messrs. W. Fry and Co. will acquaint him with the amount only of their bill for goods supplied to her Majesty, and he will remit payment of the same."

ENORMOUS IMPORTATION of INDIA SHAWLS.—The recent disturbances in India appear to have had little influence over the commerce of the interior, as affecting the importations of produce into this country. The charming and delicious valley of Cashmere supplies the cultivated taste of European ladies with the most gorgeous and beautifully-wrought shawls. The sale just concluded was one of the largest on record; and, notwithstanding a prevalent opinion to the contrary, owing possibly to the quantity of shawls imported, has passed off with complete success. We understand Messrs. FARMER and ROGERS, of Regent-street, have in anticipation of a further advance in prices, speculated largely at the sale, and these purchases, in addition to those made by private contract, must greatly enhance the interest attached to this important branch of their celebrated emporium."

Morning Post.

Farmer and Rogers, 171, 173, 175, Regent-street, W.

## CHALES des INDES, dessins magnifiques et

de la plus belle qualité, qui viennent d'être importés par Messrs. FARMER and ROGERS, Regent-street, où se trouve la plus grande collection de Châles Cachemires dans l'Europe. Tout est marqué en chiffres connus.—THE GREAT SHAWL EMPORIUM, 171, 173, and 175, Regent-street.

## FASHIONABLE CLOAKS and JACKETS.—

Seal-skin Mantles, 21s. Seal Jackets, 10s. 9d., 18s. 6d. Novelties in Cloth Cloaks, 15s. 9d., 25s. 6d. New-Shape Cloth Jackets, 9s. 11d., 12s. 9d., 18s. 6d. Our celebrated Burnous (Cloak, 21s. Rich Velvet Mantles, quilted throughout, 42s. 5 guineas. Opera Cloaks, all Colours, 13s. 9d., lined Silk, 21s. Drawings of the Cloaks and Jackets post-free.

THE LONDON and PARIS WAREHOUSE, 324 and 325, High Holborn.

## SHEPHERD CHECK FLOUNCED DRESS,

lined, elegantly trimmed with velvet, and material for Bodice, 14s. 6d.; made up with Paris Jacket, 18s. 6d.

CASHMERE CHECK DRESS, ducasse side trimmings, with material for Bodice, 14s. 6d.; with French Jacket, 18s. 6d.

NEW BARATHEA CASHMERE FLOUNCED DRESS, soft as French merino, lined, richly trimmed with velvet, and material for Bodice, 25s. 6d.; with Jacket, 25s. 6d.

THE NEW PLAINED LINSEY DRESS, made complete, 25s. 6d. RICH STRIPED MOIRE ANTIQUE DRESSES, 22s. 6d.; 25s. 6d. CLAN TARTAN POPLINS, 21s. the Dress.

Drawings of the Dresses and Patterns post-free.

THE LONDON and PARIS WAREHOUSE, 324 and 325, High Holborn.

## 1s. 6d. — WHITE KID

GLOVES,  
BAKER and CRISP,  
Paris Glove Warehouse,  
221, Regent-street (corner of Maddox-street).

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!!!

on Ladies' Pocket Handkerchiefs, beautifully worked by the Nuns in the Convents of Aix-la-Chapelle. Post-free for 1s. 6d. each, in Chintz colours (in grain). Remember me—My Love to You—Forget-me-Not—Think of Me—Ever Thine—

Many Happy Returns—Many Happy Returns of the Day—A Merry Christmas—

A Happy New Year—Compliments of the Season. Also, every Lady's Christian Name, in Chintz, 1s. 6d.; in White, 1s. each.

BAKER and CRISP, 221, Regent-street (corner of Maddox-street).

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!!!

1200 Black Silk Aprons, with Coloured Bayadère Satin Stripes, all at 1s. 6d. each, worth 4s. 6d. Post-free for 4 extra stamps.

Also the Marie Antoinette apron, Moire Antique, beautifully trimmed and made with Genoa Velvet and Silk Girdle, 5s. 6d., post-free.

BAKER and CRISP, 221, Regent-street (corner of Maddox-street).

## IRISH TABINETs, for Wedding, Evening,

and Walking Dresses. Two Guineas the Dress, worth £5. Patterns sent post-free.—BAKER and CRISP, 221, Regent-street (corner of Maddox-street).

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Established in 1778.

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Trimmed and Furnished.  
Ready for use, or sent home free of carriage.

Trimmed and Furnished to correspond.

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which are sent home throughout the kingdom free of carriage.

UNDERCLOTHING FOR HOME, INDIA, AND THE COLONIES, for Ladies and Children of all ages.

SENT POST-FREE, Descriptive Lists of which are sent home throughout the kingdom free of carriage.

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FABRICS for Walking, Evening, and Wedding Dresses; Family Mourning, India Outfits, &c., sent post-free to any part of the world.

Address to KING and CO., Regent-street, London.

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At KING'S, 243, Regent-street.  
Swiss Muslins, embroidered with wool .. £2 5s. 6d. Full Dress.  
Flounced Tarlatane .. .. 0 6 0  
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Double-Skirt Muslins .. .. 0 15 6  
Tarlatane, trimmed with ribbons .. 1 6 0  
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At KING'S, 243, Regent-street.  
White, Sky, Pink, and Malze (Glacé Silks) £1 12 6 Full Dress.  
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Light Moiré Antiques .. .. 2 18 6  
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at Half Price.  
Rich French Glacé Silks .. .. £1 5 6 Full Dress.  
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Glacé Striped Silks, 10s. 6d. the full Dress of 12 yards.  
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New Jasper Silks, £1 10s. 6d.  
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French Faconés, £1 10s. 6d.  
Jasper Poul de Soies, £2 2s. 6d.  
Double-Skirt Silks, £2 18s. 6d.  
New Jasper Flounced Silks, £2 10s. 6d.  
And the New Poul de Soies Robe, with Velvet Scarf to match, £3 3s. 6d.  
Patterns sent post-free.

Address to King and Co., 243, Regent-street, London.

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at PETER ROBINSON'S FAMILY and GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE.  
P. R. begs respectfully to inform Ladies and Families that they may effect a great saving, both of time and expense, by forwarding their orders to his Warehouse. He holds his goods ready at the most reasonable prices, and guarantees the wear of every article. His stock of Family Mourning is the largest in London, both of goods made up ready for immediate wear, and in the piece; and a note descriptive of the mourning required will ensure its being sent forthwith, either in town or to any part of the country, free of carriage.

SKIRTS, trimmed deeply with Crape, from one guinea to ten.

MANTELS, from 1 guinea to the richest qualities.

BONNETS, in the greatest variety, from 10s. 6d. to 2 guineas.

WIDOWS' CAPS, best quality, 3s. 6d.

Assistants sent to any part to take orders, or Samples and Patterns free.

Address, PETER ROBINSON, FAMILY and GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, 103, Oxford-street, London.

## SUPERIOR BLACK SILKS.—

Black Silks, in every make, from 30s. to 60s. Wear guaranteed.

Rich Black Flounced Robes, from 21 guineas.

Shawl of Grey and Half-Mourning at Half Price.



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TO THE CHRISTMAS

# CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

TO

# ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

No. 952.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1858.

[Vol. XXXIII.]

## MERRY GAMES FOR MERRY PARTIES.

BY A BACHELOR OF A CERTAIN AGE.

I was at Brown's the other evening—you know Brown, of course? A friend of Jones and Robinson's, and, I assure you, a highly respectable man; has an office in Leadenhall-street, and a villa at

Brixton; a wife, portly but not pompous; two daughters (nice girls, Maria and Jemima); and a son and heir, Ensign Brown, who will soon be a Field Marshal, if he has the opportunity. Well, Brown is very fond—and so am I—of what he calls "a family party;" two dozen or so, young lads and lasses, with a sprinkling of good-tempered seniors who play a rubber while "the young people" have a polka,

or "polk" themselves when they can get partners. We don't dine, and we don't sup; but we have a substantial tea, I assure you, and during the evening manage to demolish pyramids of sandwiches, and a bowl or two of negus. Brown has a pleasant way of making people feel at home; and so we do away with etiquette and social necessities, and the like, and thoroughly enjoy ourselves, catching, ere she flies,



THE SHEPHERD'S CHRISTMAS: A SKETCH ON BRIGHTON DOWNS.—DRAWN BY E. DUNCAN.—SEE PAGE 605.



the Cynthia of the minute," whatever that may mean. We don't confide ourselves to quadrilles, which, by the way, I have always looked upon as mechanical absurdities, or to the polka and the varsoviana, and we introduce very few sentimental ballads, and prudently eschew operatic duets. Brown can't dance now, he weighs eighteen stone, and I—but that has nothing to do with it. The fact is, we keep up the good old family games, which bring young people together without any non-sensical fuss, and which, while they exercise the physical, have a beneficial influence upon the intellectual faculties. I know those games are voted "slow" by young puppies in all-round collars and long-tails, and condemned as "vulgar" by the aristocracy of Clapham; but I beg leave to ask any right-minded individual whether kissing a pretty girl in "forfeits" is altogether "slow"—and as for its vulgarity—zounds, if I don't wish I could be vulgar every day in the year! [On second thoughts, I cancel the last sentence. It might be considered objectionable by Marian—hem!]

Well, I was at Brown's the other evening—in fact, the evening before last—and so were the Trimmers, and the Johnsons, and young Henry Walters, and Lilian Seymour (the dark-haired girl you so often see with Walter Hastings), and Marian, and a score or so of happy faces. Oh, what fun we had! What polkas, all bounding merriment and careless glee! What country dances, up the middle and down again with the speed of an express train! And the jokes, and the stories—all old; there's no fun in new ones—and the negus, and the sandwiches—and the sly flirtations, which everybody knew, and the stealthy clasp of loving hands, which everybody saw. And then the games, "parlour pastimes," they call them in good society; you never saw such fun; you never did, I assure you!

Now, it is of and concerning these games I wish to speak. I am rather tired myself of Blindman's Buff and Hunt the Slipper—that is, I think a change, now and then, desirable; and, probably, you are of my opinion. Well, the other evening at Brown's, Nelly Johnson (and a dear, merry elf she is, upon my word) taught us some capital amusements, which were new to most of us. I thought them so good that I made a solemn vow to introduce them wherever there were a dozen or so of young people looking out for fun and kisses. Possibly some of you may know them; possibly, to many, they may be associated with antediluvian traditions; but even those who know them will find some little pleasure in recalling them; and those who do not know them will, I feel confident, thank me for contributing, however humbly, to their stores of Christmas gaiety.

HUNT THE RING AND PORCO.

Nelly Johnson told us of a capital variation of the venerable game Hunt the Slipper:—Place your chairs in a circle and seat yourselves—all, that is, save the player who has to "hunt." Put a ring upon a piece of cord or ribbon long enough to go all round the circle. The ring is then slipped from one hand to another upon the ribbon, which every person holds, and the hunter has to detect its place of concealment. When successful he takes the place of the unlucky individual in whose hand the ring was detected.

Porco, or Italian Blindman's Buff, is not a bad amusement:—You all move in a circle round the blindfold player, who with a wand touches whom he pleases, and at the instant imitates the bray of a donkey, the roar of a lion, or the peculiar sound of any other animal. The person touched must repeat the imitation, and, if his voice betrays his identity, assume the position of blindman. There are several other versions of this lively sport.

PROVERBS.

Do you know "Proverbs"? Marian—(excuse the "dash") is a capital hand at them. Who will leave the room? You? Very well; be off; and mind you, don't put your ear to the keyhole! Now, let us all gather round the fire and choose a proverb. "A Rolling Stone Gathers no Moss." That will do. Now each, as you are sitting, take a word. A—rolling—stone—gathers—no—moss. That's you, and you, and you, and you, and you, and "moss" comes to me. Come in, Fanny! Now, Fanny, we have chosen a proverb, and you must guess it from the answers we give to the questions you are pleased to put to us. In our answers the different words will, in their proper order, be introduced.

Fanny. Well, Walter, what do you think of the state of affairs in Peru?

Edward (whose stupidity is crass). I don't think about it.

Kate. Why, you have not introduced your word at all!

Edward. Eh? What? Well, I think it is a regular muddle.

Fanny. Do you object, Mr. Howard, to crinoline?

Howard (rather bewildered). Hum—ha—no; it's all very well when it doesn't come scolding and flaunting and rolling in a gentleman's way. (Howard seems much relieved, and flatters himself he is not to be taken in—not he!)

Fanny (after a pause). Dear me, Tilly, why do you wear your hair à la Eugénie?

Tilly (completely nonplussed). That's not a fair question, Fanny.

Myself (with some determination). All questions are fair.

Fanny. Come, Miss, répondez vite.

Tilly. Well, if my forehead's as smooth and as round as a stone, why should I not display it? (Murmurs of admiration at Tilly's ingenuity.)

Fanny (smiles mischievously, but continues). Now, Mr. Newman, tell me quickly, and tell me truly, have you proposed to Tilly?

Mr. Newman (blushes and looks pleased, yet foolish). Oh, Miss Fanny, what "a tease" you are!

Myself. That answer, Mr. Newman, is radically defective.

Mr. Newman. It can't be done.

Myself. It must be done.

Mr. Newman. Well then, Miss Fanny, I cannot propose until my heart gathers a little more determination. (Bravo, Newman!)

Fanny. Julia, dear, have you seen Ensign Brown lately?

Julia. To your impertinent question, love, it is enough for me to reply in the negative—no!

Fanny. Now, good old soul, tell me, did you ever ask a lady for a lock of hair?

Myself (inwardly puzzled). Hum—well—let me see—yes; I once secured a charming tress of gold from sweet Miss Moss!

Fanny (triumphantly). A rolling stone gathers no moss! Ha, ha, ha! It is your turn now to leave the room, Sir. Come, march!

THE WEATHERCOCK.

And now let me tell you all about the French game of "The Weathercock." The four corners of the room are supposed to represent the four quarters N. S. E. W. The players stand in a line, and obey the commands of the person chosen to represent the Wind. When he calls out "North," they all turn to the north; or, if you wish to make the game more difficult, to the opposite quarter—the south. If he says "Tempest," everybody turns round thrice. When he cries "Variable," the players bend backwards and forwards until

the Wind issues some fresh command. For every blunder a forfeit of course is exacted.

MUSICAL GAMES.

Do you know any musical games? Here is a laughable one. Place back to back two lines of chairs, always taking care that there be one chair less than there be players in the game. The presiding goddess at the piano strikes up a merry measure, to which the hearts and feet of the players "keep time" as they dance in single file round the chairs. Suddenly, when least expected, the musician pauses. Then must the players betake themselves instantly to their seats—the last to do so being, of course, unable to find a chair vacant, and having to pay the penalty of a forfeit for his sluggishness. Another chair is removed, the music recommences, the dance recommences; and, when the musician again pauses, there is another rush to the chairs. The game lasts until all the players but one have forfeits—care being taken to remove a chair at each fresh turn, so that the number will always be one less than the number of players.

Nelly Johnson taught us another, in which, however, all could not join, because all were not musical, but which entertained even those who were spectators. She called it a "Burlesque Concert," and appointed (for reasons of her own, she said, the artful puss!) young Frank Maynard conductor. He did his spitting admirably, I can tell you. Such waves of the baton, such upturning of the eyes, and such a display of white wristbands! He commenced singing very softly, and with exaggerated expression, a line from "The Convent Cell." He was followed by his amateur chorus, who were bound to imitate exactly his manner, and to sing loudly or softly, slowly or quickly, just as he did. Suddenly he burst into "Suoni il tromba," when young Simpkins broke down and was duly fined. In Madame Gassier's waltz two girls fell out, and were incontinently expelled. "Wait for the Waggon" posed Katie Brown and Henry Walters; and when—after sundry snatches from Balfe, Stephen Glover, Loder, Bellini, and Verdi—he arrived at the Brindisi in "La Traviata," he was only accompanied by Nelly Johnson. Of course much of the fun derivable from this burlesque concert depends upon the skill and humour of the conductor.

There is another kind of burlesque concert which always affords considerable amusement. The conductor imitates first one musical instrument and then another—for instance, the violin, using a stick as a bow; the Jew's-harp, the cornet-à-pistons, the ophicleide, and the drum. Each player takes one particular instrument, and is bound, when the conductor imitates that instrument, to follow him immediately. Thus, if the conductor gives a specimen of the violoncello, the player who has undertaken that instrument must instantly imitate him. If he imitates the wrong instrument, plays one moment longer than the conductor, or plays when it is not his turn, he is called upon for a forfeit. Be sure, good friends, there is endless fun in this encounter of sharp wits.

THE GAME OF FLOWERS.

Nelly Johnson has invented a new game, which she calls "The Game of Flowers." It is a pretty variation, I think, on the old game "I love my love with an A." You all form a circle, with Flora, the goddess of flowers, in the centre, and dance round quickly while she sings the following song:—

To pass away the hours,  
The merry, merry hours,  
We'll into the garden go,  
Where the dainty blossoms glow—  
The dainty, dainty flow'rs—  
And we will be the flow'rs.

Chorus. Choose, choose, which will you be,  
Lily or Violet, tell to me?

THE GAME OF FLOWERS.

Allegro.

To pass a-way the hours, The mer-ry, mer-ry

hours, We'll in-to the gar-den go, Where dain-ty blos-soms

glow, The dain-ty, dain-ty flow-ers; And we will be the

flow'rs! Choose, choose, which you'll be, Li-ly or vi-o-let,

tell to me! Choose, choose, which you'll be! Li-ly or vi-o-let,

tell to me. Choose, choose, choose, choose, choose, choose

The eldest player answers, "Lily," or "Violet," according to taste; and the dance is repeated, with the chorus only.

Chorus. Choose, choose, which you'll be,  
The Rose or the Lily, tell to me?

The second player chooses a flower, and again the dance goes round, each time a different flower being named by the goddess, and repeated by the chorus. When every player has chosen a flower the goddess says,—

How does it look? How does it smell? How does it blow?  
When does it die?

The person addressed must answer immediately, in one word, and must not repeat the answer given by any other player. If there is any hesitation or blunder he pays a forfeit and is turned out of the circle, who dance round, singing,

Off! off! you don't know  
How the beautiful blossoms grow

Upon my word, young people, this is a very interesting game, and demands some slight exercise of one's mental as well as vocal powers.

ROUNDS.

Do you know aught about the French "Rondes," or "Rounds"? No! Then with one or two of these we will finish up our merry evening. The round known as "L'Avocat de Paille" must be danced

\* A pianoforte accompaniment is requisite. The tunes here given are very simple; but, of course, they may be varied at the pleasure of the singer, or pianiste.

by an uneven number—seven, or nine, or thirteen—who go round and round to the music, until the musician suddenly pauses, when every one runs and takes a partner, with whom he dances round the room, the music being immediately renewed, until the tune is ended. Of course, one person is left without a partner, and has to pay a forfeit. This may be repeated until you are exhausted, and is capital fun, I assure you. In some of the rounds the gentleman kisses the lady whom he is fortunate enough to obtain as a partner. It is customary for the dancers to sing in noisy chorus some trifling song or nonsense-verse something similar to the following, which are imitated from the French. The merriment is much increased when this plan is adopted:—

I.  
If a heart you wish to win,  
Your wooing should at once begin!  
Do not you too long delay,  
Or Miss Right you'll never find.  
Then what a goose, the girls will say, } Repeat.  
Are you, a lover left behind!

And think not she will be as true  
As needle to the pole to you!  
Why, bless you, she will speed away  
As fickle as the changeful wind;  
And what a goose, the girls will say, } Repeat.  
Are you, a lover left behind!

II.  
Ladies must not dream they'll be  
Sought after like Eurydice!  
Men their love-vows soon forget,  
And "other lips" soon learn to woo:  
Oh, do not grumble, then, or fret, } Repeat.  
They'll cry, a simpleton are you!

III.  
Tis but right a dance like this  
Should finish with a loving kiss!  
If you think so, dance away,  
And a pretty partner find—  
Or, what a goose, the girls will say, } Repeat.  
Are you, a lover left behind!

IF A HEART YOU WISH TO WIN.

Grazioso.

If a heart you wish to win, Your woo-ing should at

once be-gin! Do not you too long de-lay, Or Miss Right you'll

ne-ver find; Then what a goose, the girls will say; Are

you a lov-er left be-hind. Then what a goose, the

girls will say, Are you a lov-er left be-hind? Sym.

The following is to a different measure, and may be introduced for variety's sake. It is similar to the French round known as "La Boulangerie":—

The farmer's wife's a buxom dame,  
A buxom dame is she!  
And she has fowls, and pigs, and more—  
Oh! had I but the farmer's store,  
How happy I should be!

The farmer's wife's a buxom dame,  
And she has daughters three!  
Oh! had I but the youngest—more  
I'd ask not from the farmer's store,  
And happy I should be!

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

Allegro ma non troppo.

The farm-er's wife's a bux-om dame, A bux-om dame is

she; And she has fowls, and pigs, and more! O,

had I but the farm-er's store, How hap-py I should

be . . . How hap-py I should be! . . . O,

had I but the farm-er's store How hap-py I should

be! . . . O, had I but the farm-er's store How

hap-py I should be! . . .

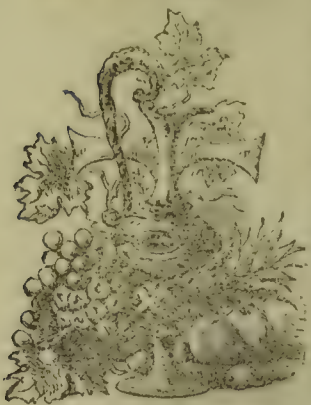
Don't you think Nelly Johnson a clever girl? She greatly contributed to our merry evening, I can tell you; and she will always be glad, I fancy, to help you, my friends, in providing

MERRY GAMES FOR MERRY PARTIES.



## COLOURED SUPPLEMENT.

## FAIR AND FRUITFUL ITALY. BY G. LANCE.



THE painting of still life, fruit, flowers, and other every day objects, though not claiming to rank in the very first class of art, is of high importance as an accessory to grand historic art itself, and indispensable in a decorative sense, having regard to the general effect and completeness of a picture gallery. The ancient Greeks, as we know from the stories recorded of the grapes of Zeuxis and the curtain of Parrhasius, prized this accomplishment highly, having regard in all they did to formative beauty and material excellence. And even the early Italian masters, in the latter period of the Revival, learned to acknowledge the charm which the introduction of fruits and flowers could give to the most sacred subjects; and, as is well known, the school of Ghirlandajo, in which Michael Angelo received his first instruction, began to substitute these as an embellishment to their pictures, in place of the meaningless gilding which previously had been the prescriptive background of all their works. But it was in the Dutch and Flemish schools that this branch of art attained its highest eminence. Snyder, the friend and assistant of Rubens, confined himself chiefly to animals of the chase, dead and alive, fruit, &c., which he was frequently employed to introduce into the pictures of the great Flemish master, whilst the latter often returned the compliment by painting the human figures in his animal groups. Other eminent animal and still-life painters of this school are John Eyt, Weenix, Houdekoster, Andriessoon, Wm. van Aelst, &c. John Breughel was the first who practised flower-painting with distinguished success,—hence he was called Flower Breughel; and after him came J. David de Heem, and his scholars, Rachel Ruysch and John van Huysum. The works of all these masters are generally highly esteemed and fetch large prices. And indeed why should they not be so? Do they not present to us in their very similitudes some of the prettiest objects in nature—objects most grateful to the senses of sight, of taste, and of smell, and not mere servile copies of them, but studies, learnedly and tastefully grouped with an eye to harmony and effect in the composition of forms and colours? It is mere affectation to say that such works as these are of no meaning, and void of attraction to the eye of taste: if they be so, Nature herself is robbed of half her charms, and Beauty of its most pleasing forms of development.

Since the days of the Dutch painters, whom we have enumerated above, no one has more distinguished himself in animal and still life, but especially in fruit subjects, than George Lance. Year after year he provides a sumptuous banquet of the choicest fruits of all sorts and climes, which the public with avidity devour with their eyes, and which the cognoscenti hasten to secure as ornaments to their dining-halls, as fitting and lasting provocatives to appetite at the real festive board. This accomplished artist, who has thus adopted a most pleasing speciality, evinces as much judgment in the selection of his originals as skill and masterly handling in realising their delicate texture, and their marvellous melting hues. There is in some of his peaches and grapes, for instance, a peculiar crispness in the outer coat, combined with a clear indication of the juicy pulp beneath—a realness in the evanescent bloom which still clings to the surface, which the best of the Dutch painters seldom achieved. In the introduction of accessories, also, as the rich goblet, the carved vase, the crystal ewer, and in his *entourage* and backgrounds, Mr. Lance shows himself thoroughly master of the poetry of the situation and of the resources of his art; and in all his detail and finish are admirable. Look, for instance, at the magnificent tribute from "Fair and Fruitful Italy," which we have great pleasure in presenting as an intellectual dessert to our numerous readers at this festive season, and in the reproduction of which Messrs. Leighton have surpassed all their former efforts, and well-nigh exhausted the resources of the beautiful art of colour-printing. The melon, with its puckered skin and twisted stalk, as just plucked from the stem; the grapes, green and purple, just ripe to melting; the pears and peaches, whose coats are smoother and more glossy; the plum, with the bloom yet upon it;—all these are created, with wondrous truthfulness, and, thrown together in admired disorder, produce a combination of colour which for richness and massive grandeur it would be difficult to surpass. To all this *ture* of gorgeous hues let us add the pure white of the damask napkin comes in happily as a set-off. This splendid dessert rests within the recess of a fine circular arch, through which we catch a glimpse of the blue Italian sky. On the left, in front, is a handsome sculptured vase, in ivory and gold, which stands out boldly prominent against the rich maroon drapery which closes in the background. This fine picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1857.

Mr. Lance has not always exclusively tied himself to that one class of subjects with which his name is most closely associated. He has occasionally attempted figure subjects, and in a way to convince us that he might achieve considerable eminence in that line if he thought proper. In 1836 he produced his picture of "Melancthon's First Misgiving of the Church of Rome," avowedly in competition for a prize offered by the Liverpool Academy for "the best historical picture of the season," which prize he won. This picture, it will be recollected, was exhibited in the Art-Treasures Exhibition at Manchester. It represents the fat prior of a convent fast asleep in his chair after a luxurious repast, a holy book falling from his hand, and Melancthon, who has just entered the apartment, looking on, filled with astonishment and misgiving at the sight, so contrary to the austere theories of monastic life. The success of this picture led to others of a somewhat similar character, as "The Village Coquette," "The Lady in Waiting," and "The Biron Conspiracy"—the last being of the strictly historical class.

Some curious revelations were elicited before the committee on the affairs of the National Gallery as to certain repairs effected by Mr. Lance in the Valesquez "Boar Hunt" before it came into the possession of the nation; but we have not space, nor do we think it necessary here, to go into the particulars of this transaction, in which, as far at least as the artist was concerned, no ground for cavil or complaint existed, whilst the work itself was executed in a manner to redound the highest credit to his pencil. We may add, that amongst the pupils of Lance are W. Duffield, a distinguished follower in the same line; and John Gilbert, who, by his richness of colouring and nice discrimination of textural detail, always does credit to the instructions of his preceptor.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Green grow the turf, light fall the snow,  
Upon his grave, where'er it be,  
Who taught our infant minds to know  
Cock Robin's "mournful history."

For who can tell, in after years,  
How many kindly thoughts arise  
From those sweet, sympathetic tears  
His story brought to Childhood's eyes.

Of times around the Squatters' fires,  
When all are mute and think of home—  
And heaven-called babes and age-spent sires—  
Loved ghosts! across the memory come.

And once more people all the place,—  
The wooded knoll, the velvet slope,  
And chimney ingle, when each face  
Was full of love, and life, and hope!

When all that made the happy past  
Comes crowding on the throbbing brain,  
The tale heard first, forgotten last,  
"Cock Robin's Death," is heard again;

And he, whose ship treads underfoot  
The hills of the upheaving sea,  
When night's o'er all and messmates mute,  
And no one keepeth watch but he,

Will often in the dark profound  
See the dear home he has on land—  
His loving wife, and gathered round  
A little, silent, listening band.

Awhile he wonders what the spell  
Which holds that rebel group in thrall?  
Love lends him ears, and he can tell  
Who "rang the bell," who "bore the pall."

O, ever welcome, friendliest bird!  
Sweet minstrel of the winter time,  
Thy happy song that hath no word  
Shames—how it shames!—my votive rhyme!

Thou, resting on a snow-clad spray,  
A Christmas carol singest me,  
As thou wouldst trill thy heart away  
In thy melodious ecstasy!

MARK LEMON.

## "THE TURKEY GUARDIAN." BY T. SALMON.

WHILST we are all enjoying our turkey, boiled or roast, with various sauce of celery, chestnuts, or truffles, let us not forget the little "Turkey Guardian" who has attended to the feathered delicacy in its youth, and marshalled it the way it should go in search of provender. To this end the young village lass is armed with a long staff, or wand, having sometimes a little streamer of red or white ribbon at the end of it, which she waves in front of the turkey brood, and so conducts them from field to field, and home again at last. Mr. Salmon has treated this every-day incident of farm life with great simplicity and effect. The "Turkey Guardian" is humbly atired: she goes shoeless on her mission, and performs it with fidelity as a matter of course, but purely as a matter of duty. Not for her are those majestic birds reared; and she knows it. The plumage of the turkey tribe has been executed with great richness and truthfulness by the artist, in which he has been ably seconded in the print by the Messrs. Leighton.

## THE SHEPHERD'S CHRISTMAS.

THE wild winds whistle round him,—he heeds not the blast;  
The chill snow-wreaths encrown him,—his soul's with the past.  
Soft! he hears the glad strain, as its tones pealed on high  
From the home of his youth in the winters gone by.  
Hark! the voice of its cheer, through his dreaming it thrills  
As he stands, a poor shepherd, forlorn on the hills.

"Gather round! Let the draught in your beakers flow bright!  
'Tis the wassail of wassails we welcome to-night!  
Summon hither your hounds from their fast on the wold;  
Turn the ox to the stall, and the sheep to the fold:  
To the weakling leave care, and the sorrow that kills,  
And rejoice, O ye shepherds, that watch on the hills!

"Gather in from the storm—gather in from the snow—  
But yet spare one brief thought for the children of woe;  
While ye bask in the blaze of the warm Christmas light,  
Breathe one sigh to the dark and the houseless to-night;  
And to Him who each spirit with thankfulness fills,  
Him who stood, the "Chief Shepherd," alone on the hills.

"O, our peace will be greater, our joy none the less,  
For the one gracious memory our bosoms confess;  
There is strength in the knowledge, and hope in the thought,  
Of how well, in old time, the Arch-Tempter was fought;  
Like a tale of the wild wolf, with terror it thrills,  
How that Shepherd met Sin, face to face, on the hills!

"Ye remember, old comrades, how faithful, how long,  
We have sought our lost lamb the blank heather among?  
What though frozen and footsore, though wearied and worn,  
Still we cared not, if back the found treasure was borne.  
But O, what were our struggles, and what were our ills,  
Unto his, the True Shepherd's, who wept on the hills?"

"With an eye turned to Heaven, that looked on its Son,  
Did he plead for the lost, though that lost were but one;  
Then, with heed to the coming of God's blessed day,  
He took calmly the "cup" that would "pass not away."  
How that word every impulse of selfishness stills—  
'Twas for us the Good Shepherd prayed low on the hills!

"But yet chant we our wassail! With music's rich sound  
Let the voice of that anguish in triumph be drowned.  
'Tis the birth night of glory, the crowned of the year;  
Then with love and with reverence hallow it here.  
'Tis the Light of the Living our homestead that fills  
While we hail the Great Shepherd who died on the hills!"

He awakes with a start—the night melts into day  
To the sound of the wassail-song fading away.  
The loved voice that spoke hope to his childhood is gone,  
And he knows that he stands on the moorlands alone;  
But the sense of forlornness no longer it chills:  
He remembers Thy Shepherd, Great God, on the hills!

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

## BETHLEHEM.



TRAVELLER in Palestine treads upon "hallowed ground;" but the shrines he visits, and the high places he reverences, are not associated with those memories which in other lands awaken his interest. The red battle-field, the old mossy tower and the battlemented wall do not recall the names of those who were great captains in their day, and upon whom partial Time has bestowed something of the heroic. He does not tread in the track of some invincible phalanx led by a ruthless conqueror, or wend his way towards the birth-place of some great poet or astute statesman. Not that Palestine is without its traditions of war and warriors, of sages and bards, but that they are swallowed up in an all-absorbing history; and the pilgrim's mind is steadily fixed upon one sublime remembrance, his heart is touched by one sacred passion, and it is in the spirit of hope and faith he pursues his pilgrimage.

There is a calm, sequestered graveyard at Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, where no sounds are heard but the mysterious voices of the sea, and the rising and lapsing winds. Few are the graves, still fewer those of note or interest; but there is one—a simple, modest stone—which has often attracted the writer's admiration. A plain cross of iron is placed over it horizontally, so that, when the sunlight streams in through the sheltering elms the shadow falls upon the grave in the semblance of a cross. Thus, the bones of him whose pious zeal this beautiful memorial perpetuates lie ever in the shadow of the cross. And even so, to my fancy, the glorious land of Palestine sleeps ever in its shadow. Not a plain, not a brook, not a hamlet, but to the eye of Faith the cross is hovering over it! Day by day, and year by year, on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, on the awful Mount of Transfiguration, by the waters of the sacred Jordan—most blessed of all rivers!—on the hills that hang over Jerusalem, and in the darkness of the Garden of Gethsemane, the Cross was builded up, and baptised with many tears, until it was raised upon the hill of Calvary, and the great mystery of the Incarnation was fulfilled! They sleep—these meadows, these hills, these valleys—they sleep in the Shadow of the Cross.

Where now the pomp which Kings with envy view'd?  
Where now thy might which all those Kings subdued?  
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;  
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;  
No prophet-bards, the glittering courts among,  
Wake the full lyre and swell the tide of song:  
But lawless Force and meagre Want are there,  
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear;  
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,  
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

But though the glory of Judea has departed, and the poet's description of its desolation is scarcely over-coloured, yet there is no other land which so attracts the love and reverence of the Christian, and surely no land to which his thoughts can more fitly travel on a Christmas-eve.

And not with other feelings than those of joy and hope. For it is not to the sorrowful height of Calvary, with its memories of human crime and human hardheartedness, that we turn; but to the holy places of Bethlehem, where, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight years ago, the Divine Love first became visible in human form to human eyes. Ah, that solemn Christmas night, when the Star travelled onward through the wondering heavens until it rested over the lowly roof, and streamed in through the casement, of the house of Joseph of Arimathea! The writer, recently turning over the pages of the "Dictionnaire Encyclopédique," chanced upon an allusion to Bethlehem which seemed to him most admirable from its simple brevity. The passage runs as follows:—"Bethléem, petite ville de la Palestine, où naquit dans une crèche, et au milieu de la nuit, Jesus Christ"—where was born, in a manger, and at midnight, Jesus Christ! In these words, few but significant, is summed up the history of the human race.

There are two Bethlehems in Palestine, but the birthplace of our Saviour is, and was, distinguished as Bethlehem Ephrath or Ephratah. This word Beth-lehem (*House of Bread or Flesh*) refers, in all probability, to its situation in a fertile and corn-growing district. The prefix "Beth" (*House*) is common enough to many Hebrew words, and corresponds with the German *hausen*, as in Nordhausen, and the English "house," as in Waterhouse. Bethlehem is pleasantly situated upon a hill about six miles south-east of Jerusalem, and three miles from the famous "Pools of Solomon." On its left slopes a considerable valley, Beat Jal, or the Yellow House, through which there runs a rippling brook. Stretching away to the eastward, for nearly twenty miles, are ample plains, crowned with the olive and the vine, until a ruder, rougher soil bears witness to the evil influence of the waters of the Dead Sea.

The memorable town which witnessed the birth of David, as well as of him whom the son of Jesse dimly foreshadowed, stands favourably distinguished among the cities of Palestine for its external beauty and internal cleanliness. An accurate observer tells us that "the houses, even the meanest, are all roofed; and those small cupolas abound which give to the towns and the houses of the Holy Land an air of comfort, and even of importance, in strong contrast with the dreariness of the uniform flat roofs, or oftener roofless mud walls, of Egypt. Bethlehem is inhabited mostly by Christians, Roman Catholic and Greek. There is but one small mosque; few Mohammedans; no Jews. The dress of the Christian women here is singularly graceful and becoming; probably little varied in fashion from those of Naomi and her daughter-in-law, who 'clave unto her, and said, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' The young women wear a light veil, or rather hood, not covering the features like the Turkish or Egyptian cinnar, but descending on each side of the face, closed across the bosom, and showing the front of a low but handsome head-dress, usually composed of strings of silver coins plaited in among the hair and hanging down below the chin as a sort of necklace. The mothers and old women wear a longer and darker robe."

Bethlehem has its historical, no less than its scriptural, associations. Here the Emperor Hadrian, earnest in his attempt to root out "the new heresy," and to desecrate its holiest places; raised a statue and a shrine to Adonis, and ordained a series of splendid ceremonies. The statue, according to Jerome and Eusebius, was destroyed, some seventy years later, by the Empress Helena, mother of the great Constantine, who erected over the grotto wherein the





BETHLEHEM.—FROM LABORDE.

Saviour, it is supposed, was born a splendid church, dedicated to St. Catherine, which is still extant. Here, too, the devout Eusebius and the eloquent Jerome taught and practised the Christian faith.

At the easternmost extremity of the town, says Lord Nugent, in his "Lands Classical and Sacred," on the edge of a steep rock overhanging a plain of several miles in extent, stands the Franciscan Convent of the Nativity, containing within its precincts what is said to be the place where the Saviour was born into this world. It is spacious, and surrounded with lofty walls. The principal gate is small and low, with a strong iron door; and the whole building closely resembles a fortress. Within it stands St. Helena's Church, which has many points of similarity with the Church of St. Paul at Rome. The arched roof—said to be fashioned out of the cedarwood of Lebanon—rests upon two double rows of twenty-eight tall

Corinthian pillars of marble; and the walls are adorned with gorgeous, if not particularly artistic, paintings and mosaics.

Beneath it, in a subterraneous chapel, is the place where the Nativity was accomplished, marked by a star of silver on the pavement, and the inscription, "Hic de Virgine Mariâ Jesus Christus natus est" (Here, of the Virgin Mary, Jesus Christ was born); and the "presepio," where of old "the manger" rested, now represented by an alabaster trough, "inclosed within a shrine hung with blue silk, and embroidered with silver." Lamps of gold and silver, and plates of glittering metals, cast a radiance upon the walls and pavement of these hallowed sanctuaries.

Opposite the shrine of the manger is the chapel which marks the spot where the Magi and the wise men of the East deposited their offerings and worshipped the God-child. And in the same crypt are the chapel and tomb of Santa Paula and Santa Eustachia, two

illustrious Roman ladies, who, in the third century, established in the sacred town a convent of nuns. Here, too, repose the remains of Jerome and Eusebius, contiguous to the cave wherein Jerome lived for nearly fifty years, and translated into Latin the inspired pages of the New Testament.

There are other things to interest the traveller in Bethlehem and its vicinity—the mountain passes of Engedi; the field of the Shepherds, where they abode on the memorable night; the tomb of Rachel, who was "buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Jerusalem;" the village of Rama, where there was "a voice heard, lamentation and weeping, and great mourning," for Rachel bewailed her children; the fountain whence three mighty men of Judah drew water for the longing David;—these must command the reverence of all to whom the pure religion of Christ is not a vanity and a sound.



"THE STAR IN THE EAST."—PAINTED BY H. WARREN.—THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.—SEE PAGE 609.





THE CHRISTMAS TREE.—DRAWN BY J. A. PASQUIER.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Without the city walls the view to the right embraces the blue peaks of the mountains of Hebron, where, in the cave of Machpelah, was laid the dust of Abraham, and the valley of Mamre, where Isaac sojourned. Still further off rise the heights of Engedi and Adullam; the rock which overhangs the cavern where David concealed himself

from the wrath of Saul; the Frank Mountain, supposed to have been the "Bethulia" of Judith; and far away the fertile plains and vine-garlanded valleys of Judea.

Such is a brief outline of the holy places of Bethlehem, whither in this sacred Christmas time our thoughts may well be borne, to recall,

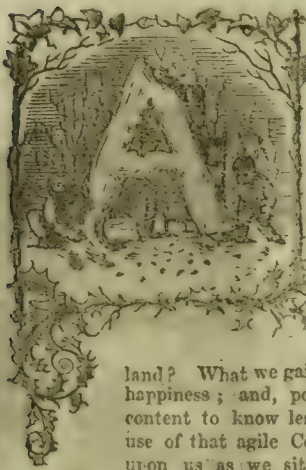
amidst the rumours of war and the voices of battle now gathering with full menaces around us, that prophetic song of the angels which shall yet in the fulness of time be accomplished—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and goodwill towards men!"



CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS AT THE POLYTECHNIC: THE ELECTRIC MACHINE.—DRAWN BY H. O. HINE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.



## CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.



GAIN and again do we regret that we cannot preserve that freshness of feeling, that capacity of receiving pleasure, which seem the especial prerogative of childhood. Why does the world render us so amazingly clever, so dreadfully cynical and witty, that we see into everything—see the nothingness of everything, detect the motions of the puppets which once we gazed upon in mute wonder, and the coarseness of the scene-dauber which once was to us a veritable landscape from Faeryland? What we gain in knowledge assuredly we lose in happiness; and, positively, one would sometimes be content to know less and enjoy more. What is the use of that agile Columbine smiling so sweetly down upon us as we sit indifferently in our comfortable cushioned stall? We know very well that her complexion plexion is a delusion, and that when her trappings are off she is a very ordinary, hardworking, somewhat slovenly female. The sand in the circus cannot blind our eyes. We recognise in the "bounding horse of the wilderness" a tutored hack, and in the "elastic aerial rider" the seedy gentleman who, half an hour ago, was tossing with the "Miltonic phenomenon" for a pot of porter. It is all, to us, mere dust and ashes. We can almost unravel Wiljalba Frikell's greatest mysteries, and are very much of the old opinion, there is nothing new under the sun.

Such, indeed, is the penalty we pay for acquiring experience, which, if it prevents us from being cheated by others, also—and this is the ground of our complaint—prevents us from being cheated by ourselves. It is all very well for fast writers and would-be wits to sneer at shams, and cut up conventionalities; but the child who believes in fairies, and has a wholesome dread of ghosts, is wiser, in a certain sense, than you or we are, O, cynical philosopher!

Therefore, when we feel, like Wordsworth, that "the world is ever with us," that we are growing of the earth, earthy; that our perceptions of the beauty and truth of God's universe are becoming dull—we rush into the society of children—into the company of hearty, happy, silly children who love flowers and birds, pet rabbits, clowns and pantomimes, strange, wonderful legends and mystic elfin traditions—not the abominably clever little men and women produced by "the forcing system," who have no relish for the simple joys of childhood. We join them in their revels; we listen to their prattle; we make their pursuits ours, their pleasures ours, and, as far as we can, their nature ours. It is as if we were in the company of angels unawares. Our heart grows purer, our mind grows healthier; something of a new life and a new spirit, however evanescent, lifts us above ourselves. Who is it speaks of children as "birds without wings from Paradise"? His must have been a wise and kindly nature—the comparison is so apt, so true; for, do they not, with their pleasant voices, make a sweet and happy music, which seems like an air from heaven, like the tender strain of some angelic choir?

And now, at this Christmas time, the children beat us hollow in their enjoyment and innocent delight. To them, the happy children, all is equally fresh and wonderful, and the stage and the drawing-room are very realms of enchantment! How exquisite the music! How dazzling are the lights! What a marvellous thing is the Christmas-tree, with its boughs all garnished with fairy gifts! Was there ever such a dance as the polka? Was there ever such a true-hearted, tender, little beauty as Florence? Or such a noble gallant as Master William? And, then, the blindman's-buff, and the kiss-in-the-ring, and the sweet, warm, exhilarating negus, and the frosted mountain of plum-cake! Do not sneer at these as trifles: are they not as good as stars, and ribbons, and ever so many crosses?

Leigh Hunt—good, genial Leigh Hunt—has drawn a very pleasant picture of children in the Christmas holidays. "I am more delighted," says the wise and tender humorist, "in watching the vivacious workings of their ingenious countenances at these Christmas shows than at the sights themselves. . . . Stretching half over the boxes at the theatre, adorned by maternal love, see their enraptured faces, now turned to the galleries, wondering at their height and at the number of regular-placed heads contained in them; now directed towards the green cloud which is so lingeringly kept between them and their promised bliss. The half-peeled orange, laid aside when the play begins; their anxiety for that which they understand; their honest laughter which runs through the house like a merry peal of sweet bells; the fear of the little girl lest they should discover the person hid behind the screen; the exultation of the boy when the hero conquers. But, oh, the rapture when the pantomime commences! Ready to leap out of the box, they joy in the mischief of the clown, laugh at the thwacks he gets for his meddling, and feel no small portion of contempt for his ignorance in not knowing that hot water will scald and gunpowder explode; while, with head aside to give fresh energy to the strokes, they ring their little palms against each other in testimony of exuberant delight."

You must see the children, too, at the Polytechnic—as our Artist has seen them—if you would fully understand how happy the little ones can be. And the fond maiden aunt, and the friend from the country, and papa and mamma, honestly and innocently proud of their offspring—you must see them too, if you would fully realise the humanising influence of Christmas holidays. We have seen in our time many sights, from the Queen (God bless her!) walking unguarded through twenty thousand of her subjects to the Lord Mayor parading in dismal mockery of the past through the wondering City on the ninth of November; and we have been moved to admiration by the one, to laughter by the other; but we know not any spectacle on which we gaze more willingly—and we gaze with mingled feelings of admiration and amusement—than on Paterfamilias and Materfamilias surrounded by the said "familias" at the theatres or the Polytechnic! Oh the laughter and the fun!—real, hearty, unsophisticated fun!—and the happy faces, and the radiant eyes! Oh the happy hours and the pleasant dreams! Oh the wealth of love, and affection, and gratitude garnered up in trusting hearts, to prove, mayhap, the brightest memories of the after life, and to make, when most needed, "a sunshine in a shady place"!

We like the Polytechnic hugely. We liked then, and we like now, its entertaining melange of wonderful inventions, and more wonderful dissolving views; of diving-bells and electric eels; of lectures and songs; of the *utile cum dulce*! Only, good Mr. Longbottom, at Christmas time, give us as much of the *dulce* as you can, and as little of the *utile*. We know how agreeably you sugar the pill; but, just now, we don't want the pill at all. D.

## THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.



preserved for this festive occasion, and dishes of red apples, with a sprig of rosemary stuck in each, looking like a party of rosy-checked urchins with feathers in their caps, loaded the hospitable board; the Christmas block was dragged with great rejoicing from the yard into the kitchen, and there each person in turn sat on the log and sang a Yule song, and drank to a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, before the log was thrown into the wide hearth.

"Had you a Christmas-tree?" asked Minnie.

"No; but we had snapdragon and games of forfeits for the young people," replied my uncle.

"But I like nothing so much as a Christmas-tree," said Minnie.

"Minnie is right," said my uncle; "the Christmas-tree, although only lately introduced into England, performs one of the most interesting and important parts in the Christmas ceremonies of Germany. Many years ago, while travelling through that country, I had the good fortune to be present at the celebration of Christmas-eve in the family of a physician named Elverdink, who lived at Drusenheim, near Strasbourg. My host, though a sensible and well-informed man, was, like most Germans, inclined to mysticism, and a belief in the existence of supernatural beings. He knew as many wonderful stories of dwarfs, nixes, nisses, elves, and mermaids as would have furnished the Brothers Grimm with a fresh collection of tales and legends. His family consisted of a wife and eight boys and girls, by whom Christmas was celebrated in a spirit of pure and simple enjoyment perfectly delightful. For three or four months preceding the festival the girls and boys had been saving up their pocket money to purchase or make little articles to present to their parents and each other, and the most profound secrecy was observed by the givers until the moment had arrived for producing them. On the eve of Christmas the largest parlour was taken possession of by the young people, who had invited as many of their friends and companions as could be collected to witness the installation of the Christmas-tree. Mr. and Mrs. Elverdink were, at the commencement of the proceedings, committed for safe custody to the china-closet, where they were enjoined to remain without attempting to get a peep at what was going forward. Then, when the Christmas-tree had been properly fixed in the centre of the room, and the little tapers fastened to the boughs lighted, and the glittering toys and flags and streamers of coloured paper with which it was decorated displayed to the best advantage, nothing more remained to be done—the signal was given, and the parents came into the room from their place of durance, treading softly and reverentially, and shading their eyes with their hands, as if dazzled by the unexpected brilliancy of the scene, which they had been surreptitiously watching through a crevice in the door of the china-closet for the last half hour. Then the children clustered around their father and mother, and each presented his little gift with kisses and embraces. The mother, overcome by her feelings, wept aloud for joy and tenderness, and the tears ran down the good doctor's face, who clasped the little ones to his breast, as if trying to stifle the emotions that struggled within. In the course of the evening, while the young folks were dancing the national Allemande, whirling and spinning with a rapidity perfectly bewildering, I expressed to the good doctor the pleasure I experienced in witnessing for the first time the scene I have described.

"It is one of the old customs of your country?" said I.

"So old that we have no tradition of its origin," he replied; "but we have a legend, which dates as far back as the seventh century."

"My curiosity was excited, and I begged the doctor to relate it to me; which he did, parenthetically, between the whiffs of a large meerschaum which he had lighted, and was smoking serenely in the great high-backed chair near the stove.

HAS COME AGAIN!

"Ah!" said my uncle, helping himself to a mince-pie—mince-pies always made my uncle ill—but it was with him a point of faith, a solemn duty, to eat mince-pies and plum-pudding at Christmas; and at the risk of a severe fit of indigestion he adhered to the good old custom with determined heroism. "I remember," said he, "with what delight, when I was a youngster, I used to anticipate keeping Christmas at an old country house down in Kent. It might truly be called a Christmas festival, in which everybody participated;—the rich sharing their abundance with the poor, and the poor blessing the hands that brought plenty and rejoicing to their humble dwellings. A beautiful sight it was—that wainscoted oak parlour—dressed up with branches of holly, ivy, bays, and rosemary, with scarlet berries clustering amidst the leaves, and the mystic mistletoe suspended in hall and kitchen, that the young folks of every age might duly kiss and be kissed beneath its branches. The sports were then commenced on Christmas-eve after nightfall, when the hot cakes were drawn from the oven, ale and cider casks were broached, and reaming jugs of their rich contents freely distributed amongst the carol-singers; the mighty wassail-bowl of spiced wine or lamb-swool went round; while furrity of barley-meal, a huge cheese especially made and

"You may have observed," he began, "the ruins of an old castle, about half a league hence, on the road to Strasbourg. There is nothing remarkable in them, except the massive castle gate, above which, deep sunk in the stone, and as clearly and sharply defined as if executed but yesterday, is the impress of a small, delicate hand. One of the early lords of the castle was Count Otto von Gorgas, a young, handsome, and gallant knight, whose sole delight was in the exciting pleasures of the chase. So devoted, indeed, was he to his favourite pursuit that love could find no entrance to his heart, and the fairest damsels sighed in vain for a tender glance or a soft speech from the insensible young Nimrod. At length his indifference to the sex had become so notorious that all the manoeuvring mothers on the banks of the Rhine had given up in despair the idea of securing him as a match for their daughters; while the disappointed maidens, in revenge for his insensibility to their charms, gave him the name of Steinherzig (stonyhearted), by which he became generally known. The Count, however, only laughed at the anger of the ladies, and continued to kill with his own hand so much game that the retainers at the castle made it a special condition on entering his service that they should not be compelled to eat venison or wild-boar hams more than four days in the week. One Christmas-eve that Count Otto, in honour of the festival, had ordered a battue in the forest that then surrounded his castle, the sport was so exciting that at the close of the day he found himself, separated from his followers, in a remote part of the forest, close to a deep clear spring, known to the country people as the Fairy's Well. His hands being stained with the blood of slaughtered wild boars, he dismounted from his horse to wash them in the fountain. Although the weather was cold, and a white frost lay upon the dead leaves that covered the ground, Count Otto found to his surprise the water of the well singularly warm and pleasant. A delicious sensation seemed to run through his veins, and, plunging his arms deeper into the limpid spring, he fancied he felt his right hand clasped by another small soft hand, and the gold ring which he wore gently drawn from his finger. Although annoyed by his loss, the Count thought the ring might have accidentally slipped from his finger; but, the well being very deep, and the day fast closing in, he remounted his horse, and rode back to his castle, resolving in the morning to have the Fairy's Well emptied by his servants, little doubting that he should find his lost ring at the bottom. Count Otto did not feel his wonted alacrity to sleep that night; he lay awake and restless, listening feverishly to the hoarse baying of the bandog in the courtyard until near midnight, when he distinctly heard the drawbridge of the castle lowered, and a few minutes afterwards a sound as of many little feet pattering up the stone stairs and into an adjoining chamber. Then a wild strain of music came floating on the air, shooting a sweet, mysterious thrill to his heart. Rising softly from his bed, he hastily dressed himself: a little bell sounded—his chamber door was flung suddenly open, and the astonished Count, passing into the hall, found himself in the midst of an assemblage of diminutive but distinguished-looking strangers of both sexes, who laughed, chatted, danced, and sang without seeming in the least to notice him. In the centre of the hall stood a superb Christmas-tree, from which a multitude of variegated lights shed a flood of radiance through the apartment. Never before had a Christmas-tree borne such fruits, for instead of toys and sweetmeats the branches were hung with diamond stars and crosses, aigrettes of rubies and sapphires, baldricks embroidered with Oriental pearls, and daggers mounted in gold and studded with the rarest gems, at which the Count gazed without the power of uttering a word. While still lost in wonder at a scene he could not comprehend there was a movement at the end of the hall—the company respectfully fell back to make way for a new-comer, when suddenly, in the bright rays of the Christmas lights, stood before Count Otto a young female of dazzling beauty. Her stature was small, like the other visitors, but she was exquisitely proportioned and magnificently dressed, as for a ball. A brilliant diadem sparkled amongst her raven locks; rich point lace only half veiled her snow-white bosom and a dress of rose-coloured silk sat close to her slender figure, and fell in folds just so low as to reveal the neatest feet and ankles in the world; while her sleeves were short enough to display beautiful arms of dazzling whiteness. The charming stranger showed no awkward timidity, for going straight up to the Count she caught him by both hands, and in the sweetest of voices said, "Dear Otto, I am come to return your visit." At the same time she raised her right hand to his lips, which obliged him to kiss it without making any reply: he felt spellbound—fascinated, and suffered the beautiful stranger to draw him to a couch, where she placed herself at his side, while the guests amused themselves as they pleased. Creeping closer and closer to him, till she almost lay in his arms, on a sudden—Heaven knows how!—her lips met his, and before he could think about kissing them he had done so. Count Otto—like many other men who have been placed in similar circumstances—was lost from that moment. "My dear friend," she lisped gently in his ear, "I have brought you a Christmas present,—that which you lost, and hardly hoped to find again; see, I bring it to you." And, drawing from her bosom a little casket set with diamonds, she placed it in the hands of the Count, who on opening it discovered to his astonishment the ring he had lost in the forest well. Carried away by a feeling as strange as it was irresistible, the Count pressed the casket, and then the lovely stranger, to his bosom: "Delightful!" murmured the maiden, who certainly was not oppressed by maiden reserve. You must excuse me narrating the particulars of the Count's vehement wooing, and how, before they parted that night, the enamoured man had offered his hand to his fair guest, which she accepted on condition that he should promise never to pronounce the word "death" in her presence. He gave the required assurance; and the next day the marriage of Count Otto von Gorgas and the lovely Ernestine—for so was she called—made him, as the old romancists of the period said, "the happiest of mortals." As the young Countess was handsome, submissive, and prodigiously wealthy, they lived very happily together for some years in their feudal castle. One day, however, it chanced that they were to assist at a grand tourney in the neighbourhood. The Lady Ernestine's palfrey stood in waiting for her at the castle gate; but, being too much occupied in adjusting a new and becoming head-gear which her milliner had just brought home, she delayed so long that the Count, who had been impatiently striding in his armour up and down the great hall for nearly half an hour, completely lost his temper, and, on his lady making her appearance, looking as brilliant by her natural charms as by her elegant costume, he pettishly exclaimed, "Fair dame, you are so long making ready, you would be a good messenger to send in search of Death." Scarcely had he uttered the fatal word than the lady disappeared, leaving no trace but the print of her little hand above the castle gate. Every Christmas-eve, however, she returns and sits about the ruins, with wild lamentations, crying at intervals—"Death! death! death!"

"This," said my uncle, "is the story, as I heard it from the kind and credulous old Doctor Elverdink." J. STIRLING COYNE.



## A CHRISTMAS PLAY BEFORE QUEEN

ELIZABETH.



HAT a world of thought and fancy there is concentrated as it were in many phrases, and in certain words! Like the spells of the wizard, they summon before us the scenes and individuals of the past. They defy time and laugh at distance, and revive in their habit as they lived the heroes of a far-off age, or the different phases of some notable drama played in the vast theatre of the world in the days of old. "A Christmas Play before Queen Elizabeth!" The line is brief enough, and the words are but honest English; and yet how brilliant a picture do they unfold before the curious eye! Even while we write them down,

the great historic men, the peerless beauties, the poets, the statesmen, and the warriors, and, noblest and central figure in the splendid crowd, the heroic Queen herself, rise vividly before us, shadowy and yet distinct, like the forms which a Cornelius Agrippa or a Rosenkreutz might summon from the fable world.

We should like to have been one of the spectators of Queen Elizabeth's Christmas plays, and to have been in sight of the goodly company, and within hearing of their wise and witty sayings; to have gazed, from however great a distance, on the placid brow and eloquent eyes of Shakspeare; on the astute, keen countenance of Cecil; on the elegant bravery of the daring Essex; on Francis Bacon, just rising into high repute; on Raleigh, dreaming of his El Dorado; on the bevy of beauties circling round the Maiden Queen. We wonder at what Christmas the sport was merriest and the show was bravest. Not at Christmas, 1586, be sure, when the hapless Mary of Scotland, her cousin queen, still languished in the prison-solitude of Fotheringay, and Elizabeth paused in anxious doubt, prepared, yet half afraid, to strike the fatal blow. She kept a merrier Christmas two years later, when over the wassail-bowl her knights and nobles laughed at the discomfiture of the Spaniard, and lauded the Hero Queen who had marshalled her troops at Tilbury. We much mistrust whether she heartily rejoiced in the Christmas of 1590, for the year had made sad havoc in the trusty ring of true hearts and keen intellects drawn around her throne, and had deprived her of the pen of Walsingham, of the diplomatic genius of Randolph, of the stainless honour of Shrewsbury, her Earl Marshal. At Christmas, 1594, we doubt not she was joyous with the tidings of English enterprise in those mysterious Southern Seas which throughout her glorious reign were the dream and inspiration of her great captains, and drank a health to Lancaster, who had startled the cities of Brazil with the threats of English cannon. Five years later and she mourned the death of him who had been so long her wisest, truest counsellor—the faithfullest servant ever monarch had—the far-seeing, calm-thinking Burleigh. Christmas, 1600, and she was vacillating between the affection of the woman and the pride of the Queen—between her partiality for Essex as a gallant, chivalrous noble, and her indignation against him as a rebellious, turbulent ingrate. One Christmas later and the ominous shadows were thickly thronging around her; and amongst them, ever distinct and ever present, rose his proud brow and manly figure. Yet another twelvemonth, and the end was drawing near. The sun, which had shone so gloriously, was going down amid angry clouds; and the day, which had been so bright, was closing in storm and shadow. Yet another twelvemonth, and on the throne of the last of the great Tudors sat the first of the weak English Stuarts; and there were gay doings at Whitehall, and caps were thrown high in the air in honour of the pedant King, for whom "rare Ben Jonson" indited the most fanciful masques, Lawes composed the sweetest songs, and Inigo Jones devised the daintiest shows.

Christmas, however, at the Court of Queen Elizabeth yearly received a hearty welcome. The Tudor Queen, like her burly father, delighted in splendid revels, in the sound of shawms and trumpets, in the glow of a thousand tapers, in the glittering pomp of fair women and knightly men, in merry dances and quaint fantastic sports. They delighted, too, in the triumphs of art and the wonders of genius. Tudor Henry wielded a by no means feeble pen. Tudor Elizabeth played with considerable skill upon the spinnet. Both knew how to draw around them and to make use of the sagest, boldest minds and most heroic hearts. They chose no fools for counsellors; had none but wits and active men about them. So, while Yule-logs crackled merrily upon each English hearth, and the rafters of each English home were embowered with mistletoe and holly, and the Lord of Misrule did his "spiriting" somewhat rudely, in the Inns of Court and in great old baronial halls, the Queen and her nobles and her maids of honour sought the keen pleasure of intellectual exercise. Shakspeare's surpassing wisdom, the fancies of Chapman, Peele, and Marlowe, Nash and Greene, Daniel and Lyly, and, at a later date, the elaborate imagination of Ben Jonson, at Christmas time, were specially welcomed at Whitehall. A more discriminating audience never can poet hope to gain—Leicester and Raleigh, Walsingham and Cecil, Spenser and Sidney, Bacon and Camden, and many others whose illustrious names stand amongst those which England will not willingly let die—ay, and chief of all, the great Queen herself—were the critics to whom the dramatist appealed. What flashes of wit! What pregnant epigrammatic sayings! What just approval of choicest passages! How from one to the other was the torch handed about, never flickering, but constant in its flame! And, then, what murmurs of applause would rise when the poet dexterously introduced some graceful compliment or pointed some delicate allusion to the Regal Gloriana!

Blessed be the hearts that wish our Sovereign well,  
Cursed be the souls that think her any wrong!  
George Peele's "Polyhymnia."

"Love's Labour's Lost" was played at Greenwich before Queen Elizabeth on Twelfth-night, 1597, and we may easily imagine how the Royal and learned lady, the pupil of Roger Ascham, relished the quaint conceits and classical allusions with which this beautiful dramatic poem is so richly fraught. Its interchange of sharp and pithy sayings, its wit-combats between Biron and Rosalind, its graceful ridicule of love and lackadaisical lovers, its satirical sketches of the Euphuists then so ready with "fanatical phantasms" and "three-piled hyperboles," would naturally recommend it to her strong and masculine mind. Nor would the fair ladies of her Court fail to

sympathise with the adventurous Princess and her companions, while, be sure, much food for laughter would the goodly trio—Don Adriano, Sir Nathaniel, and Holofernes—afford to the keen wits in the Royal train. We may fancy how Master William Shakspeare, with all the humility of true genius, bent his knee before the applauding Queen. We may fancy how with an approving smile she would apply to the great poet—whose wondrous intellect she must have recognised—his own significant words, and how the cultured nobles of her Court would confirm the application:—

A merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal:  
His eye begets occasion for his wit;  
For every object that the one doth catch,  
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;  
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)  
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravished,  
So sweet and soluble is his discourse.

Our artist, Mr. Gilbert, with a powerful pencil has realised the scene which this Christmas play before Queen Elizabeth must have presented. He has shown us the great Queen herself, her ladies and her courtiers, her pages and her guards, and the manly figure of the poet. The first and second acts have been played, gathering enthusiastic plaudits as they proceeded; and now, in the first scene of the third act, the "tough senior," Don Armado, and the "tender juvenal," Moth, are discoursing about love.

"Have you forgot your love?" exclaims the page.  
"Almost I had," replies Armado, disconsolately.  
"Negligent student!" cries Master Moth, "learn her by heart."  
"By heart, and in heart, boy," quibbles Armado.

And so the play unravels itself much, we doubt not, to the edification of the brilliant audience gathered at Greenwich on that merry Twelfth-night.

## SCENES IN A MAGIC LANTERN.



wonders of his magic lantern, and practically proving that the best philosophy is that which makes us merry and wise at the same time. Professor Smiley is a great man amongst the scholastic institutions of the metropolitan suburbs. From Tulse-hill and Camberwell to Hackney, and all the way round by Hornsey, Highgate, Hampstead, and St. John's-wood, to Brompton, Chelsea, and Hammersmith, and across the river to Putney, his celebrity is unparalleled. The young ladies of Mrs. Twittenham's establishment at Camden-town are in ecstasies when that excellent lady announces the possibility of the Professor being induced, by a subsidy of sixpence a head, to bring his wonderful magic lantern, with dissolving views, on a certain evening. Even the boys of Mr. Stickjaw's academy at Clapton do not object to put themselves on a short allowance of toffy and hardbake for a week to have a jolly lark with the droll caricatures that the Professor exhibits for their especial entertainment. But it is only when a merry Christmas party of both sexes are assembled under some hospitable roof, and Professor Smiley and his lantern are specially engaged for the evening, that the merits of this popular instrument can be properly appreciated.

No sooner is tea over than the young people, who are in a state of high fermentation, commence operations by clearing away the tables and arranging chairs and rout-seats in parallel rows, like the stalls and pit-benches in a theatre. This done, a small square table covered with green cloth is placed at one end of the room, and a table-cloth of snowy whiteness hung against the opposite wall, so as to face the spectators.

The preparations being completed fully half an hour before the time at which the Professor is expected to arrive, the old gentleman who stands in patriarchal relationship to about five-and-twenty of the company entertains them with his juvenile recollections of the "Gallant Show"—the "degenerate predecessor" (as a popular Irish orator used to say in one of his fine bursts of eloquence) of the modern magic lantern, which he stoutly maintains is neither so clever nor so humorous in its presentments as the old Dutch toy at whose drolleries he laughed in his childhood. He thinks nothing of the beautiful dissolving views at the Polytechnic, because he knows it is all a trick; but he loves to expatiate upon the wonderful effects of the Phantasmagoria which he remembers having seen about the beginning of the present century, and describes somewhat in the following intelligible style:—

"Mm—I remember I was home for the holidays—mm—m—m—mm—in—a—I can't now think of the year—but there was snow on the ground—and—m—m—the weather being cold, the man who drove the hackney-coach—wore a red nose and a cocked hat—m—m—which caused my father to say—m—m—m—I can't call to mind—exactly what he said—but—I remember my mother boxed my ears—for rubbing my dirty shoes on her tabbysilk gown—and—m—m—when we came there—wepaid two shillings—m—m—and got into a dark room—which was very awful—especially the skeletons—and spectres—and—m—m—the thunder and lightning—m—and the death's-head—which grinned at me so horribly—that I fell a screaming—m—m—m—and was taken out in strong convulsions—with the wife of a pork-butcher on Tower-hill—who, being of a delicate constitution—m—m—went mad—and raved of ribs of pork—from the fright, and—m—m—m—never was taken to any public amusement again—till I returned to school."

The old gentleman has just ended his thrilling narrative, when the little Professor glides into the room like one of the figures in his own slides. He is a mild looking man in black, with scanty fair hair and weak eyes, which obliges him to wear large silver-mounted spectacles, and gives him an inquisitive air as he scans the company and makes his formal salutations to the master and mistress of the house. He is followed by a servant bearing his magic lantern in a black box, the sight of which excites in the younger: children feelings of mingled awe and curiosity that effectually subdues any indiscreet tendency to merriment amongst them. Meanwhile the Professor has taken his post behind the green-covered table, and is busily engaged preparing

his apparatus—trimming his lamp and arranging his boxes of slides, while the company take their seats. By design or accident Young Craddock has got close to Julia Harrington, and so anxious is he to explain to her the scientific principles of the magic lantern, and the use of the concave mirror and plane-convex lens, that on one occasion during the representation, when a total eclipse of some duration was followed by a sudden illumination, his face was discovered in such close proximity to hers that Miss Pepper, an elderly virgin of "fifty years complete," who sat next them, was dreadfully scandalised, and sniffed emphatically several times through her peaked nose to express her great indignation. For my own part, I incline to the opinion that it was an optical illusion, which, though calculated to surprise and amuse the beholders, might be easily explained by purely natural causes.

But hush! the Professor has completed his mysterious preparations; the lights are extinguished, and, after a few preliminary flickers and false starts, a broad disc of light falls on the white surface of the cloth on the opposite wall. The hum of approval swells into a burst of applause, when, with a jerk, a jolly Jack Tar appears on the scene taking a tender farewell of his sweetheart previous to embarking for the "Eastren Hingeas and parts beyond the sea," in H.M.S. *Tremendous*, which we see floating gallantly over the deep blue waves in the distance. This touching opening of the pictorial epic is followed by a poetical view of the Isle of Wight by moonlight—the Needles are visible, bearing N.N.W. by compass, and the *Tremendous*, with her studding-sails and spanker-booms all set, appears gradually melting away, like a penny ice in the Dog-days, to the well-known air of "Then farewell, my trim-built wherry," supplied by a musical-box which the Professor has artfully introduced as a novel and unexpected effect. The succeeding tableau is calculated to create the deepest sympathy in every bosom. A storm rages, the good ship is seen tossed on the mountain billows, lightnings flash, and dismal thunder (elicited by a confederate from a tetratray) makes the hearts of the sympathising children shudder; thick clouds overspread the scene, and the spectators are left in doubt and darkness, while the musical-box interprets "The Bay of Biscay" in truly artistic style. "What has become of poor Jack?" is the whispered inquiry round the room. "Is he gone down with the ship?" Not a bit of it. Hooray! There he is! He has escaped and landed in the Flowery Land where the British Lion is making small change of the Celestials. Our friend Jack, anxious to possess a real live Chinaman, has made fast to Commissioner Yeh's pigtail, by which he means to tow him alongside, to the appropriate music of "Yo, heave ho!" Again the scene is changed, and the nautical drama concludes with the Sailor's Hornpipe, danced at Portsmouth by Jack and his sweetheart, amidst the tumultuous applause and acclamations of the spectators.

The exhibitor has not, however, exhausted his pictorial stores, though, I fear, I may have the patience of my readers; so, leaving to their imagination to fill up the long series of comical and curious figures which the Professor has still to show, I take my leave, and wish them good night.

J. S. COYNE.

## THE STAR IN THE EAST.\*

FAR guiding towards the promised land,  
All other stars before it paling,  
It gleams, where o'er yon sea of sand  
The lonely "desert-ships" are sailing:  
The Star of hope to mortals given,  
The Beacon-light of love and heaven.

O, WELL he named thee, prophet wise,  
Thou Bethlehem, best beloved of God,  
Who saw in dreams that seed arise  
Which burst from out thy sacred sod!  
We follow where the patriarch led,  
And call thee still the "House of Bread."†

That heaven-born seed, that germ of love,  
Dropped by His hand, made green the waste  
Where guilt with guilt for empire strove  
Till Earth's old Eden fell defaced;  
And O, there sprang 'neath God's blest feet  
No tares midst that unpoisoned wheat!

On Bethlehem's fields lies hunger slain;  
There shall a world of starving souls  
Go feast: no blight is on the grain  
That o'er that land, like manna, rolls;  
The craving heart with peace refilling,  
The voice of tears in Rama stilling.

Lost pilgrim, there thy footsteps bend;  
Crushed soul, turn there thy stricken eye,  
From paths whose thorns your feet shall rend,  
From this your stony Araby:  
Read yonder word, in light engraved—  
'Tis "Bethlehem," city of the saved!

Woman, that thirsts beside the well,  
And man, that drowns in sight of shore,  
Hark, where afar the anthems swell  
That speak your desolation o'er:  
Behold, where ruin hath no share—  
See Death, the conqueror, conquered there!

O Thou, that art the life—the bread,  
On whose exhaustless love we feed,  
As those were midst the mountains fed,  
Who found thee in their hour of need,  
Lo! wanting Thee, we faint like them,  
Thou seed, God-sown in Bethlehem!

Have we not sought thee, Lord, aright,  
While dark we trod life's arid ground?  
Or do we stand before thy sight  
Like idle reapers, worthless found,  
Who, playing with Earth's falling leaves,  
Left, scattered round, thine unbound sheaves?

O, let us walk with lowly Ruth!  
So be our day's brief noontide spent  
In gathering up Thy words of Truth,  
Like ripe ears dropped; that we, content,  
Poor gleaners in Thy fields, may see  
Our bread of life, dear God, in Thee!

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

\* The Engraving on page 606 is copied by permission of S. C. Hall, Esq.  
† Bethlehem received its name, which signifies the House of Bread, from Abraham.





A CHRISTMAS PLAY BEFORE QUEEN ELIZABETH.—DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.—SEE FRICKING'S PAGE.



## SNAP DRAGON.

## PART I.



OUR story may read like a fiction, but we are ready to make oath that there is more truth in it than is to be found in half the speeches made by Old Bailey barristers or candidates at a general election.

Jacob Sharp was more of a fool at forty than he ought to have been when he married Mrs. Rattery, an officer's widow with one child and no annuity. Jacob was a soft-hearted man, and since five years old had been in love with some divinity or other; but being of a nervous temperament, with the perpetual vision of a large family and

the workhouse before his eyes, he had never dipped more than his foot into the troubled waters of love matrimonial, and then only to draw it back again. He could never make up his mind to take a plunge, and so, at forty, he had a museum of love letters and locks of hair, but was still without incumbence.

Jacob took the world very easily; he had a right to do so. He had saved money, and was making money, and spent but little upon his own personal enjoyments. His nephews and nieces began to show him great attention and respect, and several small jangles had sprung up amongst them on the subject of their respective expectations and the future disposition of Jacob's property. We almost suspect that some good-natured friend reported one of those mercenary squabbles to the primary cause of the dissension; and it was the conviction how completely he was looked upon as the great nest-egg of the family which made him resolve to marry. When it became known that uncle Jacob, cousin Jacob, brother Jacob (according to the degree of consanguinity in which he stood to the expectant), was about to take to himself a wife, all petty differences were forgotten, and a general council of war was held in Coram-street, at the house of a mutual friend, when it was determined to forbid the banns, although the meeting was adjourned to consider upon what grounds they should be justified in creating the scandal of such a proceeding, and a certain row in the church when the betrothed couple were to be "asked out," to the wonder of the whole parish. The adjourned meeting never took place, as Mrs. Rattery, for reasons of her own, insisted on being married by license. When the invitations for the wedding breakfast were received no one of the ill-treated relatives would think of "accepting," but a desire to see the bride and say spiteful things to her—to have some champagne, and wear new bonnets—ultimately prevailed, and a stranger to the real feelings of the party assembled in St. Pancras Church would have thought that the sun never shone upon a happier bridal.

Who was this Mrs. Rattery? Where had Jacob met with her? Who were her friends? On all these points Mrs. Sharp, née Rattery, was as silent as an oyster, and so was Jacob. An eighteenth cousin, who was stoker on board a Gravesend steamer, and who had never been taken notice of by the family until it was reported that he knew something of the first introduction of Jacob to his bride, was now hunted up. He boldly asserted (to use his own phraseology) that they tumbled over each other on board the *Star*, Jacob breaking the ice by offering the lady a bag of shrimps which he had carried on a hot summer's day from Rosherville to the London Docks. However, the thing was done. Jacob had deceived his best friends and relations, and had taken a wife, and a wife who evidently thought herself worth the money. She was remarkably tall, light—you could not define it by any colour—light hair, complexion pink all over, grey piggy eyes, good teeth, and flexible tongue. Her figure was powerful rather than graceful, and this gave her a decided advantage over Jacob, who was under the standard (reduced as it has been) for candidates for military glory. Jacob was very proud of his wife long after their honeymoon was over, and lost no opportunity of parading her at all the public places to which he could obtain access, dressed in the costliest materials and the gaudiest colours; and many a maiden lady of uncertain age regretted in silence the coldness or *hauteur* with which they had received in other days the amatory advances of little Jacob Sharp. However much Mrs. S. was envied by the single ladies of her acquaintance, Jacob was allowed to possess his blessing without any such feelings being entertained by the bachelors of his circle; and *innendos* of a most uncharitable nature were freely indulged in by many. It was hinted by some that the deceased Mr. Rattery had been only a drummer, and had drummed himself to death to avoid the constant nagging of his wife; others asserted that Mrs. Sharp's complexion was the result of a cosmetic taken freely many times a day, and purchased by the gallon; whilst all his friends agreed that Jacob would soon "find it out," and, whatever that "it" meant, "be sorry for it"! One thing was certain: at the end of the year Jacob was losing form. His purple satin waistcoat, which formerly covered without a wrinkle his graceful and sloping figure, exhibited several festoons; his coat began "to bag" in the back; and his face, hitherto as round, hard, and smooth as a globe, now appeared impressive and capable of furrows. There could be no doubt of it. Jacob had married a white sergeant, who was somewhat of a martinet in her notions of conjugal duty; and twelve months' domestic drill brought the one rank and file over whom she exercised command to a state of discipline that rendered him less independent than an automaton. If Mrs. Sharp wished to go out, Jacob put on his hat and coat without a murmur, tightened his umbrella mechanically, and stood on the doormat with one arm akimbo, waiting to discharge his duty as a husband, thoroughly henpecked and obedient to orders. If Mrs. Sharp wished to have an evening at whist, Jacob had to turn out to reconnoitre for invitations, and if none could be procured he had to forage for friends to make up a little party at home. Although contrary, we believe, to the articles of whist, Mrs. Sharp would insist upon having Jacob for a partner; and the point was generally conceded, as the motive was known to proceed from no desire to obtain an unfair advantage over her adversaries, but to have a scapegoat for her own bad play, and an outlet for her mortification when the luck went against her.

A quiet game at whist!—that solace of middle-aged ladies and gentlemen—was a thing unknown whenever Jacob and his wife were players. Submissively as Jacob followed his partner's lead, he was always playing wrong, and although Mrs. Sharp respected the rules of the game sufficiently not to reprove him in words, no one who saw the bird of paradise in her turban erect itself like the crest of a cockatoo, and beheld the pink face deepen into maroon, could fail to understand the power of the reproof which was making Jacob's ten toes tingle in their pumps under the table.

At the finish of the hand, when liberty of speech was permissible,

it made the blood curdle or boil in the veins (according to the temperament of the listener) to hear the wiggling poor Jacob invariably received had the play gone against them, Mrs. Sharp insisting that he ought to have had every card he had not, and more especially those which suited her own hand. As the evening proceeded Jacob became more depressed; and those who remembered the merry little bachelor of two or three years ago would wink at each other and shrug their shoulders as they buttoned their coats in the hall and departed careless to their own abodes. Poor Jacob! There was no doubt of what the "it" was composed, and for which it was foretold he would be sorry.

Mrs. Sharp was the embodiment of that demonstrative pronoun, a woman out of place in her own household, and, as all women are who assume to govern where they should obey, the cause of utter misery, confusion, and disgrace.

Year after year passed on, and Jacob, with a hang-dog look, ate and drank, and slept, and moved about at the bidding of his wife, whose bad temper became worse, growing with what it fed upon—an indulgence in violent stimulants—until the pink face was blotted and lined with vermilion, and the piggy eyes looked bleared and drowsy. Even those relatives whose castle-building had come to an unprofitable end by Jacob's marriage became pitiful, and would often, under one pretext or another, endeavour to draw their afflicted friend from home to enjoy a quiet hour, rarely achieved, as the Dragon who guarded him never lost sight of him if she could help it.

Jacob would have sunk under this domestic tyranny but for a blessing which had been brought into his home by Mrs. Sharp. We have not dwelt upon this before, feeling reluctant to name one so good and innocent as Ellen Rattery, when narrating the defects of her mother. It was impossible to look into her sweet face, so fair and angel-like, and not love her, wondering the while how such a blossom could have sprung from such a stem. It was Ellen, and she only, who seemed to evoke any woman's nature in her coarse and violent mother; but towards her Mrs. Sharp, even when made irritable by strong potations, was always gentle, kind, and loving. To Jacob the child was an adoration, and he stole away to the chamber set apart for her and a nurse—perhaps a companion would be the better description—whenever he could, and seemed to acquire a fresh love of life and increased power of endurance from the society of his little stepdaughter.

God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb; and so it was with Jacob, who, though stripped to the skin—nay, almost flayed by the rough usage and burning tongue of the mother—found the love created in his heart by the innocent child was enough to make his sufferings endurable, and still leave a large residuum for the little creature who had come so mercifully to be his comforter.

Ellen was two years old when her mother married Jacob, and she had lost all recollection of her own father, if her infant mind had ever received any definite impression of his existence. Her natural elegance of manner and beauty of form and feature greatly favoured her mother's representations of the position and character of her former husband, although it could not account for her abandonment by all his relatives and friends. That, however, concerned only Jacob. When Ellen was eleven years old a sickness came upon her, so long and heavy that it was thought she would have died; but the angels were not permitted to claim their sister then. A residence for some months in the south of France was considered necessary to her perfect recovery; and Jacob, with a heavy heart and strange forebodings of some coming evil, placed the child at a school of good repute at V—.

The departure of Ellen was productive of the worst effects to her mother. The child had been evidently a check upon the grosser inclinations of Mrs. Sharp; but, now that the unknown influence of her presence had been removed, Jacob's home became the abode of tippy riot and uncontrolled, unbearable violence of words and deeds.

Half-maddened by this state of things, he was seated alone one December afternoon close upon the advent of Christmas-day, recalling the time when he might have looked abroad in vain to find a happier man—his reverie now broken ever and anon by sounds of the frantic dancing and singing of a wretched Bacchante overhead—when a woman closely muffled came into the warehouse and desired to speak alone with him. There was something unusual in the request; but, Jacob being glad of any relief from his own thoughts, the woman was told to enter. As she closed the door behind her the voice of Mrs. Sharp again broke forth in song, and the woman looked up at the ceiling and smiled.

"At her old tricks," she murmured; and, not waiting to be asked, seated herself close to Jacob, who had been too much surprised by the woman's conduct and remark to rise from his chair.

"Mr. Sharp," said the stranger, "time is short with me, and what I have to say must be said quickly. Are you tired of her?" pointing to the room overhead.

Jacob started, as well he might, at such an inquiry, so abruptly made.

"I don't understand you," he replied, after a pause.

"And yet I thought I spoke plain enough," said the woman. "Are you tired of the one we hear singing and raving above us? Would you be free from her—legally free from her?"

Jacob rose up and grasped the arm of the speaker, his eyes dilated, and his mouth agape.

"You don't answer me; but I fancy you have time for a little reflection now," continued the woman, as the noise of something heavy falling upon the floor above satisfied both Jacob and his visitor that Mrs. Sharp's revels were at an end until sleep had restored her to something like consciousness.

"Now listen to me, Mr. Sharp. If I can set you free from the wretched and terrible life you are leading, will you pay me fifty pounds?"

Jacob bowed his head in assent.

"I will take that as your promise, and trust to it. When you married Mrs. Rattery you believed she was a widow—the widow of an officer killed abroad?"

"Yes," said Jacob; it was all he could say, with his parched tongue and heaving bosom.

"You asked for no certificates, but took all for granted?" said his questioner, smiling.

"I did."

"And were deceived, duped, made a fool by the most artful and heartless creature that ever bore the name of woman."

Jacob crease up again; but now there was hope in his face.

"Her husband was a colour-sergeant in the —th, but deserted, only on her account, for before he married her he was one of the noblest and bravest soldiers in the service. What she had been nobody knows, but poor dear Rattery married her."

"A sergeant!" gasped Jacob, "and died! Where?"

"He's not dead," replied the woman; "and that information's worth fifty pounds, I take it."

"Five hundred!" Jacob would have said, but something like an egg rose in his throat and almost choked him.

"Daniel Rattery is living," continued the woman, to give Jacob time to recover himself, "and that woman knows it. It has cost her pounds upon pounds to keep the secret from you; but there was one she could not bribe—there was one!" and she struck herself upon the breast as she spoke.

"Can you prove all that you have said?" asked Jacob, as soon as he could speak.

"These are the proofs," replied the woman, placing a bundle of papers on the table, "copies of originals which I have at home. She won't dispute the truth of them, or give you more trouble than you like to take in the matter."

Jacob hastily glanced at the papers, and satisfied himself that the stranger had spoken the truth. No manumitted slave ever felt more joy than did Jacob Sharp as this conviction came upon him. Free! once more free from the debased and cruel tyrant who had bowed down his spirit to the dust and filled his cup of life with bitterness to the brim! She should go at once: that very night his house should be purged of the pestilence.

"Better let her remain till the morrow," said the woman; "she will listen then to what has taken place without noise. I will call for my money when it is earned, and she is gone from you for ever."

Ah, the child!—the child that had grown about his heart until it was part of it! Was she its mother?

"Yes, and that she is so," replied the woman, with terrible earnestness, "I have tracked her down for a treacherous, falsehearted hypocrite that she is. We were friends once, and she knew how dearly I loved the man she won from me by some wicked spell, for he could not have loved her by fair means. The child is hers, and God alone knows how many tears and hours of suffering it has cost me to know it." Then hastily drying her eyes, she took Jacob's hand and said slowly, "If you can rescue that unoffending girl from the influence of this woman's wicked life, do, Sir, do! For the sake of one whom I loved with all a woman's love, beg, buy, steal that child, and teach her virtue."

"I will do all I can," replied Jacob; "and your fifty pounds"—

"I don't care for money now. Use it for the child. If you want me, there is where I live," throwing a card down on the table. "We may never meet again in this world; but, as there is another, save his child from the wretch who is her mother;" and, so saying, the woman left the house and walked out into the darkness which had then come upon the streets.

Throughout the night Jacob kept awake, now pacing up and down his little room, now sitting before the fire and trying to read therein the future and the past. His course would have been clear enough but for the child, whose spirit never left him through those long and lonely hours, but kept ever by his side or before his face. The night passed at last, and the dull foggy morning brought no relief to the unhappy man. When the servant came to put the room in order, Jacob told her to leave it as it was and call her mistress.

Something less than an hour elapsed before Mrs. Sharp made her appearance. Her trembling hands, leaden eye, and sodden face, told how the night had been passed by her.

"How's this?" she exclaimed, "the room not ready! Where's that lazy slut?" and, going towards the bellrope, she would have rung for the servant, had not Jacob caught her arm and prevented her.

When Mrs. Sharp looked in her husband's face she was shocked at the determined and defiant look she saw there.

"Don't ring the bell," he said; "it was by my order that the room has not been touched. I wished to remain undisturbed until I had seen you."

Mrs. Sharp could not believe her eyes or ears. He had never spoken to her, never looked at her, thus before. Folding her arms together, and shaking her head to and fro, she demanded with compressed lips to know what he wanted with her so particularly that the work of the house had been suspended.

"Mrs. Rattery," he said (and the person so addressed started at the name)—"Mrs. Rattery, read those papers on the table, and spare us both much conversation that would be painful."

The affrighted woman did as she was commanded; and her cowering look and heaving bosom soon told that the papers contained truths which she could not combat.

"All is true, then?" said Jacob; "you have deceived me, cruelly, criminally!"

Mrs. Rattery covered her face with her hands, resting her elbows upon the table; and in that attitude answered, "Yes—all true."

"Infamous woman!" exclaimed Jacob. But the shadow of the child passed before his eyes, and he said no more.

"What do you intend to do with me?" asked the guilty creature, without changing her position. "Prosecute me, I suppose?"

"No; you know that would be to act contrary to my nature. All I require of you is to leave this house instantly, and make your peace with your injured husband and your offended God." Whatever was grotesque in Jacob had disappeared, and his sorrow gave him dignity.

"Rattery would neither see me nor hear from me. Where am I to go? Into the streets, and perish with hunger and cold?"

Jacob took a few turns up and down the little room, and then answered,

"No; I will allow you enough to provide decent board and lodging, if you will be content with that—nothing for your degrading indulgences."

"Thank you, Jacob! Thank you, Mr. Sharp!" said Mrs. Rattery concealing her face as before.

"Your child?" inquired Jacob, half choked by emotion. "What is to become of her?" The tears welled through the fingers of the mother, and gave her questioner courage to proceed. "I will take the charge of her education, will find her a home (the woman shook her head) and provide for her future, if you agree to see her only at long intervals."

"No, no; I cannot do that!" cried Mrs. Rattery, rocking herself to and fro. "I dare not consent to part with her, for she alone saves me from being altogether lost. No; I cannot part with Ellen." And she sobbed aloud.

In vain did Jacob set before her the advantages his proposition offered, and the probable career which awaited the child under her mother's guidance and example. She was unmoved, and it was only on Jacob threatening to withdraw the promised annuity from herself that she consented to allow Ellen to remain in France for another year, Mrs. Rattery stipulating to be responsible to the mistress of the school, and to have the right of withdrawing the child at the expiration of the twelve months.

And so Jacob, having made arrangements with some decent people in the suburbs of London to receive Mrs. Rattery, was once more a bachelor, and ate his Christmas dinner alone, although one little chair was not vacant at all times during the long evening which he passed in meditating on a time gone by.



## PART II.

It has been ordained mercifully that our ordinary, nay, even our great, sorrows cannot be recalled with the vividness with which our pleasures are remembered, and Jacob Sharp soon began to reflect upon the past with a softened pain. The child was indeed always the cause of regret and anxiety as often as he thought of her, and a day never past but he did so. Yet he had the satisfaction of believing that he had cared for her temporary welfare, and he hoped the time would come when he could take a greater interest for her happiness and well-doing. His friends and relatives began again to look him up, and old cronies dropped in as they had done years ago, before the arrival of the Dragon made the quiet rubbers and cosey suppers matters of impossibility. Jacob threw under this new, or rather restored, order of things, and the satin waistcoat (it was black now) showed fewer wrinkles, and the face followed its example. He never mentioned the cause of separation from his supposed wife, but allowed all whom it concerned to form their own conjectures, which in no case were favourable to the departed lady. It was some time before Jacob became accustomed to his state of freedom, and at times the quiet of his house surprised him; at others he felt an undefined dread of some approaching evil as he entered his dwelling, and could only connect it with his old feelings when the late Mrs. Sharp was waiting his return. Not unfrequently he became oppressed, as it were, by the repose which surrounded him, and would affect to regret the absence of annoyance as men have been known to long for the turmoils and anxieties of business after a brief interval of ease and retirement. Jacob, whether he really desired it or no, had a slight return of his affliction, and again in connection with the child he loved so well.

The twelve months had nearly expired when Ellen was to return to her mother. The annuity had been paid regularly every quarter, and the allowance for the child's education remitted as frequently as it fell due. For some reason—Jacob could not define it—he became to think almost hourly of his little protégée until his rest was broken and his general health was anything but satisfactory. At last he sent for his doctor.

Mr. Layton was a man of considerable experience in all derangements of the body proceeding from mental causes, having been for many years the surgeon to one of our metropolitan prisons, where much of the illness which consigns patients to the infirmary proceeds from the "mind diseased" by remorse and apprehension. Mr. Layton soon detected the cause of Jacob's malady, and prescribed the best and speediest remedy—a change of scene.

"Where better can you go than to V—, and visit your little friend? There is nothing to prevent you; and perhaps the school-mistress might help you to obtain a prolongation of the child's stay in France. At any rate, the journey will do you good, and can do no harm to any one. So pack up at once and start by the next packet." Jacob promised compliance, and Mr. Layton departed.

As soon as Jacob had made the necessary arrangements for his journey he set out *en route* for V—, and, new as were the scenes through which he passed, his desire to see the child was so great that he regarded them as familiar things, and wondered that he had never thought of taking such a step during all the long months that she had been away from him.

V— was reached at last, and with a beating heart and trembling hand he rang the great bell at the entrance to the château. As he stood at the great iron gates, looking through the open bars at the many windows which opened towards him, he wondered which room might contain the object of his love, and scanned each of them closely, in the hope of seeing the angel-face he had missed so much and so long.

Admitted by the porter and conducted into the house, the undefined fear which had possessed him at home came back with redoubled force, and he felt almost deprived of volition. He was recalled somewhat to himself by the entrance of Madame —, and who, by the tact and good breeding of an accomplished French lady, perceived his embarrassment and did her utmost to relieve him. When Jacob could inform her of the object of his visit, the pleasant countenance of Madame — wore for a moment a look of displeasure, which gave way instantly to one of sorrow.

"Did you not know, Sir," she said, "that Mlle. Rattery has left my establishment for more than six months?"

"Great heaven!" exclaimed Jacob, "left here? Who removed her, Madame?"

The angry look came back again as Madame — replied, "A person who called herself her mother. Do you not know her, Sir?"

"Know her!" said Jacob, with a groan, "too well, Madame, too well!"

"How my agent in London allowed himself to be so imposed upon I know not," continued Madame. "But, if you are Mr. Jacob Sharp, you have done me a great wrong in recommending such a person's child."

"Not a word against the child; you cannot say a word against the child, whatever the wicked mother may be!" cried Jacob, clasping his hands together. Madame — was moved by his earnestness, and said,

"The child was most lovable, good, and gentle; I would advise, if she be yours,"—

"No, no! she is not; would that she were, even though her mother is what she is! Madame, I have come this long journey to see that poor innocent, and with the hope, by your aid, to have rescued her from the teaching of her disreputable mother. The child has been no disgrace to you. Her father was an English officer (the Recording Angel put that fib by the side of Uncle Toby's oath), and the husband of that woman. O, what shall I do? Again has that shameless creature deceived me."

Madame — was touched by poor Jacob's grief, and soon, by gentle words and kindness of manner, induced him to tell her all his story, continuing it herself, by informing Jacob that, when the first six months had expired, Mrs. Rattery presented herself in a very excited state at the château, conducting herself in a manner, Madame hoped, peculiar to Mrs. Rattery, and, in spite of the tears of the child and the remonstrances of her governess, took away Ellen in the hired carriage which had brought this most unwelcome visitor to V—.

What a miserable journey had Jacob back to London! All his worst fears had centred upon the lost child, and which brought with them an amount of suffering new and unsuspected. What had he done in driving forth that wretched woman whom he had vowed to cherish? True, she was falseworn and abandoned; but was he justified in the course he had pursued towards her? Should he not have kept watch over her, and, by entreaty and remonstrance, endeavoured to have turned her from her evil ways, and made her a mother to her child? How had she obtained the means to visit France? Where was she now? What object had she in taking Ellen away to share her own scanty allowance and mean mode of life? These and a

hundred other questions crowded on him, and when he reached home he was almost a madman.

The day after his return, nearly as soon as it was light, he hastened to the lodgings of Mrs. Rattery. He found the house in the possession of new tenants, who professed to know little or nothing of their predecessors or their lodger. They believed that the persons who held the house before them left England suddenly to join a son in Australia; but of Mrs. Rattery and her child they could only say what the neighbours said—that it was a good riddance of bad rubbish when she left. Here was more food for conjecture. Had those he was in search of gone to Australia? Would that it might prove so! And yet without means it seemed an impossibility. So Jacob returned home a sadder and not a wiser man.

Jacob endeavoured, and strove manfully, to master the nervous anxiety which now beset him, and sought in the society of friends and more active employment to dispel the continued dread that only evil must befall poor Ellen; but all in vain. He continued to reproach himself for hardheartedness and censurable forgetfulness in sending her mother forth an outcast, to perish in stony-hearted London, and to expose Ellen herself to a life of temptation and misery. As he walked along the streets he scanned the face of every passer-by whose age and figure gave the least hope that it might be Ellen. Wherever there was a public gathering of the young he was present, and with restless eyes searching among them for the one face whose every lineament he remembered, and which to behold once again he would have given all that he possessed. His good friend Layton did all that he could to combat a feeling which was assuming the form of mania, and frequently called for him when making his daily rounds, and endeavoured to direct his thoughts into new channels.

The winter had set in with great severity, and the newspapers daily gave painful narratives of want and suffering, narratives which will be read at no distant time, let us hope, as the chronicles of the Cruelty of Neglect to be wondered at and condemned as part of the barbarous wickedness of a past age never to come back again. As Jacob read those miserable histories—pages only of many, many, mighty volumes—his fancy would trace in some wretched mother and starving child those whom he had cast forth; and tears would fill his eyes as he reproached himself for the selfishness of which he conceived himself to have been guilty. He was surprised in this condition one morning by his friend the doctor, who, after administering a good dose of remonstrance and ridicule combined, made him accompany him in a long round of visits. The brisk pace at which they walked, the frosty air, and cheerful gossip of his companion had a salutary effect upon Jacob's spirits, and he promised Layton to make more resolute efforts to free himself from the habit of dwelling upon the cause of his distemper.

"Come amongst my youngsters a little oftener, Sharp," said his friend; "the girls are not quite angels, nor are the boys quite imps of mischief; and let us see if we can't lessen the influence of this lost one. Come to-night! It is Christmas-eve, and we hold it good to give a welcome to the morrow. There will be no party—only the family and one little stranger."

Jacob said he would come, although he was afraid he should be only a damper on the party.

"I'll take care of that," replied the doctor. "I shan't take you to see the patients I have there," pointing to the prison confided to his care. "The state of your spirits wouldn't allow you to hear the clank of chains and the rattle of bolts; so get home, eat a hearty dinner, take half a pint of port wine, and be with us not later than seven."

Jacob remembered the last prescription of his good friend, and carried it out to the letter. Well, if the truth must be told, a little further, for he encored the half pint of wine, and was all the better for it.

At a quarter to seven he buttoned himself up in the old coat which he wore when he stood upon the mat waiting the advent of the woman, and there must have been something in the contact with it which set his mind more than ever thinking upon the child as he walked through the cold evening air, on his way to the doctor's house. He rang the bell mechanically, and submitted himself without a word to the attentions of the doctor's boy, who relieved him of his coat and hat, and announced his arrival. The latter part of his duty the boy might have omitted, for the roars of laughter which proceeded from a group engaged at SNAPDRAGON completely drowned his treble. The room was darkened, and around the flaming dish stood a merry group snatching forth the blazing raisins with shouts of boisterous merriment. Jacob heard them not, saw nothing but one face, which, lighted up by the flames of the ignited spirit, appeared to have the hue of death, rendering the faint smile it wore more ghastly and terrible to him than the strongest look of anguish would have been. It was Ellen Rattery that stood among the merry group of children. Ellen! the child whom he had destroyed, come there to reproach him for his cruel desertion of her when his care was most needed. Jacob would have fallen had not his presence been perceived by his friend Layton, who caught him in his arms and conveyed him into the passage. As soon as he recovered a little he pointed to the room whence shouts of laughter still came, looking wild, and wondering as he said almost in a whisper, "She is there! she is there!"

"Who is there?" inquired Layton with his collected manner, evidently watching for some indication of the state of his patient.

"Ellen Rattery!—the child is there!"

In an instant Layton seemed to comprehend the case, and taking Jacob by the hand he drew him gently into his consulting room.

"Sit down whilst I prepare something for you. There, swallow that, old boy," giving him some preparation hastily prepared from a private medicine-chest. "Now listen to what I have to say. You are likely to be right; that may be Ellen Rattery whom you have seen, and, if so, we must both thank the Providence which has brought her here."

Jacob wiped his brow and begged the doctor to continue.

"In our infirmary is a woman committed for shoplifting, who has been a patient of mine now some five weeks. Her case is hopeless. Knowing this, and observing that there was something upon her mind which deprived all the sedatives I could administer of their influence, I pressed her to confide in me the cause of her distress. For some time she hesitated; but at last told me that it was a longing to see her child which preyed upon her and would not let her rest."

"Mrs. Rattery!" cried Jacob.

"That is not the name she gave when examined; but a false name is no unusual deceit with persons in her position. I represented the case in the proper quarter, and obtained permission to introduce the child into the prison. She was to be inquired for under the name of Ellen—only Ellen; and a promise was given that no attempt should be made to learn more. I was very dull not to have suspected what has now proved to be the case. I found the child so innocent and simple-minded, so prepossessing in her manner and appearance, that I felt an unusual interest in her, and have from time to time brought

her home to dinner. My girls took a fancy to her also, and, wishing to have her near her mother, whose end is rapidly approaching, I invited her to join our SNAPDRAGON, not thinking that by the light of its fire my old friend Jacob should see little Ellen. Remain where you are and I will bring her to you."

The doctor was only absent a few minutes, but during that time Jacob, like the King in the Eastern fable, seemed to live over again the time which had passed since he parted with Ellen, and he wondered whether she would remember him and love him as she had done before their separation from each other. In a few minutes, as we have said, the doctor returned with the child, and Jacob gazed at her in silence with scarcely power to stretch forth his arms to invite her to his embrace. Ellen looked at him for a few moments, as though doubting her right to approach; but when poor Jacob gasped out "Come to me!" the tears streaming down his face and dripping upon his black satin waistcoat, she sprang into his arms and clung about his neck, kissing his moist cheeks and mingling her own tears with his, both sobbing aloud, until Mr. Layton was compelled to blow his nose with great vigour to avoid keeping them company.

Yes, there she was again, sitting on the dear stumpy knee which scarcely formed a resting-place for even her slender figure, whilst the fingers of her dear old friend played amongst her hair and patted her pale cheeks. Oh! how pale to what they were once on a time when she lived with that dear old fairy Robin Goodfellow, alias Jacob Sharp, who felt at that moment how impossible it would be ever to part with her again, even though he had to bear with daily visits from the wicked mother who had made him so very wretched.

But they could not sit there for another hour, crying and fondling each other, until the advent of Christmas-day, and the clock told it would soon be there; so, drying each other's eyes and smoothing each other's hair, they yielded to Mr. Layton's request, and joined once more the group at SNAPDRAGON. Jacob burnt his fingers again and again in his endeavour to obtain a raisin; and, succeeding at last, thrust the prize, blazing as it was, into the laughing mouth of his little pet.

Hark! the prison clock is striking the first beat of midnight. On it goes until the new day is born, and a merry chorus of happy voices is giving welcome to another Christmas. Where is Mr. Layton? Unperceived, he has gone away in obedience to a summons from the dreary prison, and is now sitting by a bedside, holding the clammy hand of a dying woman, who is blessing him with her eyes for the good tidings he has brought her, and which has assured her that the only one her depraved nature had loved was safe with him, who would be a guide, a counsellor, and father all his life long.

Our tale is ended, for the after years of Ellen's life were passed in peace beside the hearth of Jacob Sharp, who never failed to celebrate the anniversary of their reunion with a game of SNAPDRAGON.

MARK LEMON.

## THE RETURN OF CHRISTMAS.

With music and with light,

With trumpets and with drums—

Just as becoms a Sovran's pride—

Behold, King Christmas comes!

And song is throbbing round,

And torches blaze a-near—

Just as becoms a hero's state—

Moves on the Christmas cheer!

Ho! welcome him with shouts,

With minstrels' lusty strain;

Ha, ha! ho, ho! who would not bid

Old Christmas come again?

Throw wide the casement now,

Let in the greybeard's crew;

As welcom'd guest hails jovial friend,

So Christmas calls on you!

With lips like cloven rose,

With eyes star-glittering,

With heart as vigorous as the frame,

Youth greets the Christmas King!

With crown of snowy hair,

And brow time-furrow'd deep,

Old Age plucks up his quailing heart,

And rouses from his sleep.

The wife's sweet womanhood,

The maiden's loveliness,

The children's bounding merriment,

All round the greybeard press,

As with music and with light,

With trumpets and with drums—

Just as becoms a Sovran's pride—

King Christmas gaily comes!

We know his train of old,

We know each laughing face;

We joy to think each well-lov'd sprite

Will fill his wonted place:

The Wassail, and the Dance,

Swift-footed Columbine—

The magic wand of Harlequin,

The purple light of Wine,

The Fairy, and the Gnome,

All fresh from Elf-land,

And Saxon Hospitality

With largesse in his hand—

They trip it merrily

To the music of the drums;

And we know from all this festal pomp

King Christmas gaily comes!

Jokes, quips and cranks, and jests,

Love-vows, and stolen kisses,

Rare dreams of tender souls,

And Youth's serenest bliss.

The log upon the hearth, and

The holly on the wall,

And the mistletoe where best

Its hallow'd shade may fall.

Oh! Life has many cares

And keenest woes, I ween;

But still for e'en the saddest soul

Joy pauses intervene.

And so, we'll bless the time

When with trumpets and with drums—

Just as becoms a Sovran's pride—

King Christmas gaily comes!





SNAPDRAGON.—DRAWN BY C. KEENE.—SEE PAGE 612.



THE MAGIC LANTERN.—DRAWN BY H. G. HINE.—SEE PAGE 609.





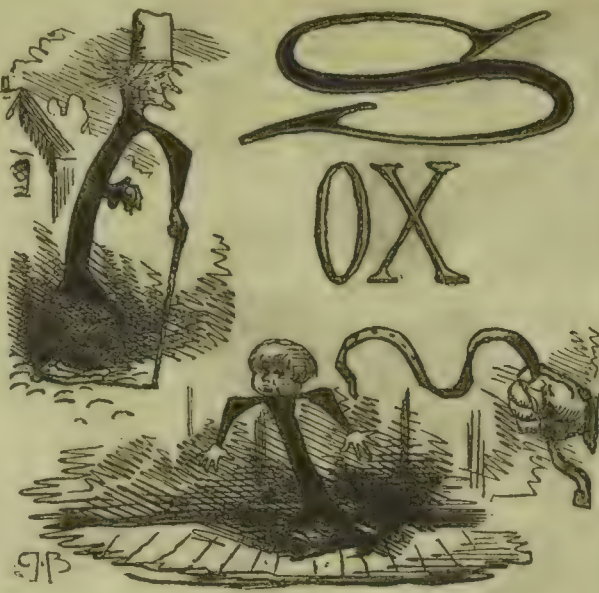
THE RETURN OF OLD CHRISTMAS.—DRAWN BY JAMES GODWIN.—SEE PAGE 613.



REBUSES. DESIGNED BY CHARLES H. BENNETT.



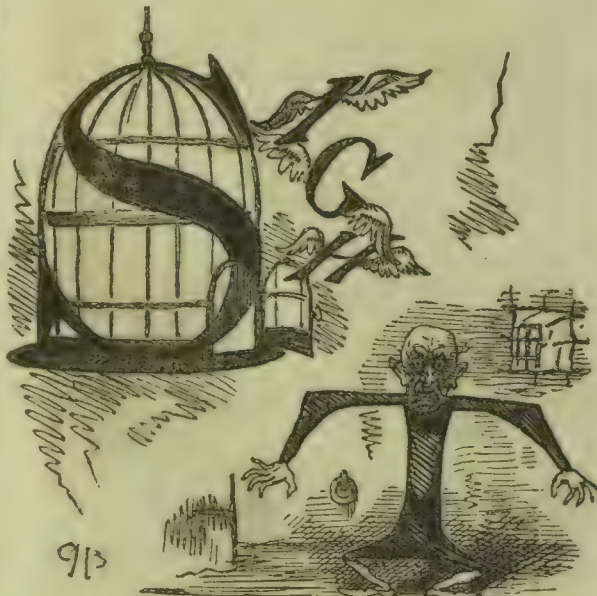
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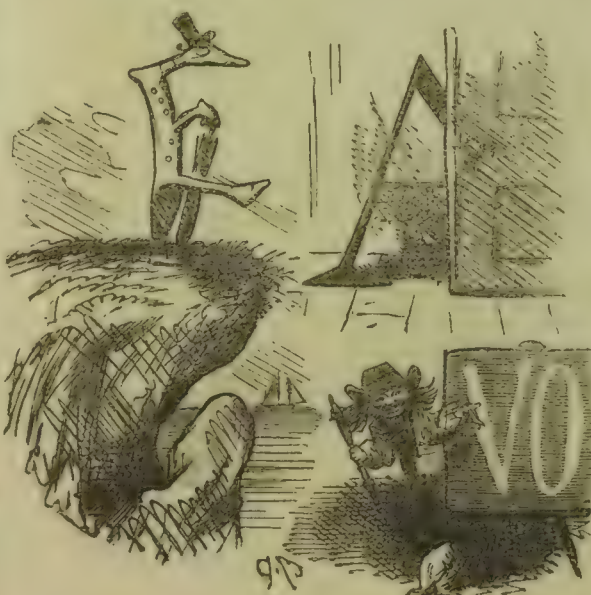
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No. 8.



No. 9.



No. 10.



No. 11.



No. 12.



## CHARADES.

NO. I.—BY JOSEPHUS.

ITHIN the bounds of  
Albion's isle  
My *first* is known to be,  
Uncertain, coy, as woman's  
smile,  
Deceitful as the sea.  
My *next* at Pilate's portals  
wide  
Announced the fatal morn  
When Jesus died, and thrice  
denied  
By Peter was with scorn.  
As fickle as my *first*, my  
*whole*  
The readier is to move,  
The readier owns the one  
control,  
And to it truer proves.

NO. II.—BY T. HAMMOND.

A couple of animals take for my *first*,  
Which once were in high estimation;  
Add an S, my plurality then will be  
But of singular signification.  
My *whole* you will find (if your pockets tell true)  
To denote how a burden is placed upon you.

NO. III.—BY FERRANDO.

My *first* is an eatable solid and nice,  
Often sweetened with sugar and flavoured with spice;  
My *second* the name of a slatternly maid,  
Whose wages to-day I reluctantly paid;  
For my *third*, if a fine day, go walk in the street,  
And perhaps with a mad bull you'll happen to meet:  
You'll start, and exclaim, and my *third* you'll say  
If the animal happens to keep you at bay.

NO. IV.—BY CLEMENT B. N.

Though once allowed at large to roam,  
I'm now confined and kept at home,  
To work as though a slave;  
When that is done away I go,  
Sometimes fast and sometimes slow,  
To meet a watery grave.

To know whose work now falls to me,  
Take off my head and you will see  
Whose back I often ease.

Make one more cut: take of my tail:  
What now you see will seldom fail  
Your appetite to please.

NO. V.—BY R. CURZON.

I was the prize, in days of old,  
Of feats of brave and noble daring;  
And many a knight and squire bold,  
Of life and limb alike unsparing,  
Have ventured all in fighting-field  
To wear me blazing on his shield.

I'm seen from every mountain's base  
(No clouds upon the summit sleeping)  
I'm at the top of each high place;  
On foaming waves you see me leaping  
When fisher's wife, at cottage door,  
Looks forth and hears the billows roar.

Shorn of my head, the aforesaid squires  
And knights, when tired of destroying,  
Would sit beside their household fires,  
In sweet repose myself enjoying;  
While vassals, as they viewed the flame,  
Swore, if they could, they'd do the same.

You can't without we write the score  
Of any opera you're composing;  
I bore the lance, in days of yore,  
For men in deadly tourney closing;  
Now think awhile and guess me true:  
I'm all expressed in letters few.

NO. VI.—BY J. L.

I am not on earth, nor in water, nor fire;  
And lost I, kind reader, your patience should tire,  
Somewhat more explicit permit me to be.  
I'm formed of five letters, yet two will form me.  
If my name now to guess you should happen to fail,  
My *whole* place together, then cut off my tail,  
And, this having done, a word will appear  
Which we frequently use to bring some object near.  
If you fail to guess now, myself do not blame;  
But I tell you, in truth, it is *not* the word flame.

NO. VII.—BY VILES.

There came a gay and gallant crew  
Rejoicing on the shore,  
Who drank as tars are wont to do  
In happy days of yore.

My *first*, containing sparkling ale,  
Pass'd freely round that day;  
And many a joke and merry tale  
Bespoke them blithe and gay.

Then some to charm the listening fair  
Their vocal powers employed,  
While some assumed a Sultan's air  
As they my *next* enjoyed.

Besides, their pleasures to enhance,  
Crown'd with a flowing bowl,  
They witnessed there that merry dance,  
A tar's delight, my *whole*.

NO. VIII.

When seated round the yule-log's blaze  
My *first* you may enjoy,  
Also my *second*—tho' Ruth says  
T'would Israelites annoy.  
My *whole* will name a little town  
To which our armies give renown.

NO. IX.—BY R. F. M.

See the stoled priests slow past the altar move,  
While wreaths of incense dim the air above.  
Hear the rich organ, tuned to notes of love,  
In gushing chorus burst!  
It is my *first*.

Surely my *second* is not space too wide  
For last sad resting-place to set aside;  
When breath runs out with life's receding tide,  
Like beacons on the sand,  
Let the tombs stand.

Oh that my *whole* shou'd ever had a place  
Where old Religion show'd its reverent face!  
That such offence be spared our future race.  
Send up to Heaven a prayer  
For peace, as there.

NO. X.—BY R. E. M.

At Chobham or at Colchester  
My *first* you must have seen;  
Come, say—or I must needs infer  
You never there have been.

'Tis day: now here, now there, you hear  
My heavy *second* crash;  
Until the bugle note so clear  
Commands the final flash.

'Tis night: grim figures round my *whole*  
Are busy whilst they smoke;  
Some roast, some toast, some boil, some spoil,  
With many-a boisterous joke.

NO. XI.—BY R. E. MILLROY.

Should my *first* before you  
Trudge some misty eve,  
Spare him, I implore you—  
Old wives' tales deceive!

Grave old Blowpipe, sitting  
On my *next* in thought,  
Speaks in style befitting;  
Only by *revert*.

Not my *whole*, when viewing  
In some fair retreat,  
Gather you for stewing  
With your dainty meat.

NO. XII.—BY R. F. M.

The wind was fierce, the waves ran high;  
The smugglers fear'd the threatening sky;  
As they were all afloat.  
With desperate zeal the helmsman strove  
To touch my *first*, a sheltered cove,  
Unknown to man or boat.

They reach'd (full late) the welcome strand;  
Behold the craft, the crafty land;  
With many a chest and jar.  
The chief cried "Home!"—all hands obeyed,  
Save one, who as my *second* stayed,  
And watched both near and far.

Hark! 'twas the alarm! Forth rush the gang:  
Oh! hear the clinging cutlass' clang—  
Anon, a fearful groan.  
My *whole* had them all day in sight;  
And deadly work there was that night  
Beneath the shivering moon.

NO. XIII.

Whenever you go to a tavern to dine,  
May my *first* and my *second* together combine;  
So, when leaving your host, the bill being paid,  
With the greatest of pleasure my *whole* may be said.

NO. XIV.—BY A NIGGER PHOTOGRAPHER.

But see my *first* you'll hab de shudder;  
Cut off him head, you'll do de oder.

NO. XV.

My *first* a single letter will convey,  
My *second* o'er it roams for many a day,  
Borne by my *third*, which never would succeed  
Unless my *whole* were ready at its need.

NO. XVI.

My *first* beheld the light in Eden's bowers  
When Adam gazed upon the birth of flowers,  
My *second* pains when'er its touch is given,  
My *whole* preserves the dearest gift of heaven.

NO. XVII.

Each faded spinster in the land's my *first*,  
Without my *second* many feel accurs'd;  
But with my *whole*, no matter rich or poor,  
Your oldest friends will oftentimes shun your door.

NO. XVIII.

From any toe you please cut off the end,  
My *first* you'll then discover;  
My *second* when with jovial friend  
You'll find when night is over;  
If wise you'll seek escape from sorrow,  
And use my *whole* before to-morrow.

NO. XIX.

My *first* oft leads to separation  
Between the greatest in the nation;  
My *second* would perplex a college  
Of one unknown to gain the knowledge.  
Were you my *whole* you'd be a poet,  
And all the world no doubt would know it.

NO. XX.

Active in winter and my *first* you'll know;  
Your favourite corkscrew will my *second* show;  
My *whole* will please you at your evening walk,  
When with your lover or your friend you talk.

NO. XXI.

A twin's my *first*; but mind! it is no brother;  
A famous English outlaw is my *other*;  
My *whole* combined good Protestants will shun,  
By many deemed a sin, altho' it's none.

NO. XXII.

Listen to that ripplingstreamlet,  
Sweetly swelling to the breeze;  
Hear you not the gentle zephyr  
Softly sighing through the trees?  
Sparkling dewdrops gem the foliage,  
Sportive insects hail the day,  
Spreading flow'rets ope their bosom,  
Birds send forth their matin lay.  
I am there, too—try to find me—  
Speak my value—if you can.  
Deem me not beneath your notice;  
Know—I am the friend of man.  
Various in my form and nature,  
Varying in my uses, too;  
Dipp'd in rainbow tints, you'll see me  
Sparkling in each brilliant hue;  
Then, again, behold my whiteness,  
Vying with the purest snow.  
Ladies, you should hail me kindly—  
Waving near you, to and fro;  
Does your lover false forsake you—  
Fly, and seek relief in me;  
Tell him proudly he may wander;  
Keep your heart and set him free.  
Statesmen, lawyers, do not spurn me;  
Oft I lead to paths of fame;  
Wield me with mercy, and, in truth,  
Gain by me a golden name.  
At present I must say adieu.  
Cease not to prize my power,  
But gently breathe my dictates kind,  
And soothe the passing hour.

NO. XXIII.

Though water disowns me, I'm found in the sea;  
In the forest reside, yet form part of no tree;  
I am past, I am present, I'm base, yet sublime,  
But not in eternity, neither in time;  
Although both with angels and mortals I'm found,  
I exist not in heaven, nor on earthly ground;  
Though not in the garden, I'm known to repose  
In the midst of the pansy, the cowslip, and rose;  
In sunshine, in summer, in spring I rejoice;  
Though in frost, and in snow, I am never in ice;  
I'm the prop of the soldier, as most of you know;  
I alike to the ladies great courtesy show;  
I fly with the breezes, but not with the gale;  
At the base of all mountains, but not in the vale;  
I'm discovered in pleasure, and revel in bliss;  
In silence I reign, and I dwell in each kiss;  
In foolishness, wisdom, and scorn I've a place;  
With the huntsman I frequently follow the chase;  
In demand by both sexes, selected with care,  
With the sailor and artist I'm found, I declare;  
I'm pleasant, yet silent, and sorrowful too;  
With the proudest of monarchs I'm found, it is true;  
I o'er commons and fields universally sway,  
And the laws of my country strictly obey;  
Although no enchantment within me doth dwell,  
Pray tell me my name, for in that lies a spell.

NO. XXIV.

Go, go to Mr. Leech, my dear, and ask him in your softest tones  
To sketch for you with pencil fine, such as no other artist owns,  
My *first*! He knows it well; has scan'd its physiology complete,  
As best in Cider Cellars shown, or "Wotten Wow, or "Wegen:  
Sweetest!"

Then, like my *second*, still it glides—it wriggles through "the  
glittering throng;"  
Or, little notic'd by the wise, the crowded pavé creeps along.  
If "ignorance is bliss," why then, even if it *could* be wise, 'twere  
silly,  
It thinks itself my *whole*, and so, for aught I care, may Piccadilly!

NO. XXV.

Oh! could I sing, like Tennyson, Gems! gold! had I but store of all,  
In profitable verses; Why in some pleasant county  
Drink claret, and eat ven-i-son, I'd buy my *first*, and pour on all  
And fill plethoric purses, My squirearchical bounty;  
I should not shun a meeting, And blue-eyed Leonora of  
Sometimes "accidental," That *first* should be my *second*,  
With my *whole* retreating, And in my house a good, my *whole*,  
In disturbance mental. By all her guests be reckon'd!  
I'd seek her in the morning, Could I but sing, like Tennyson.  
I'd seek her with a benison, In profitable verses;  
And I would give her warning— Drink claret, and eat ven-i-son,  
If paid like Mr. Tennyson! And fill plethoric purses!

## ABSURDITIES.

WHY is an owl like an opinion?—Because it has two i's.

WHY is your back bone like a ghost?—Because you have never seen it.

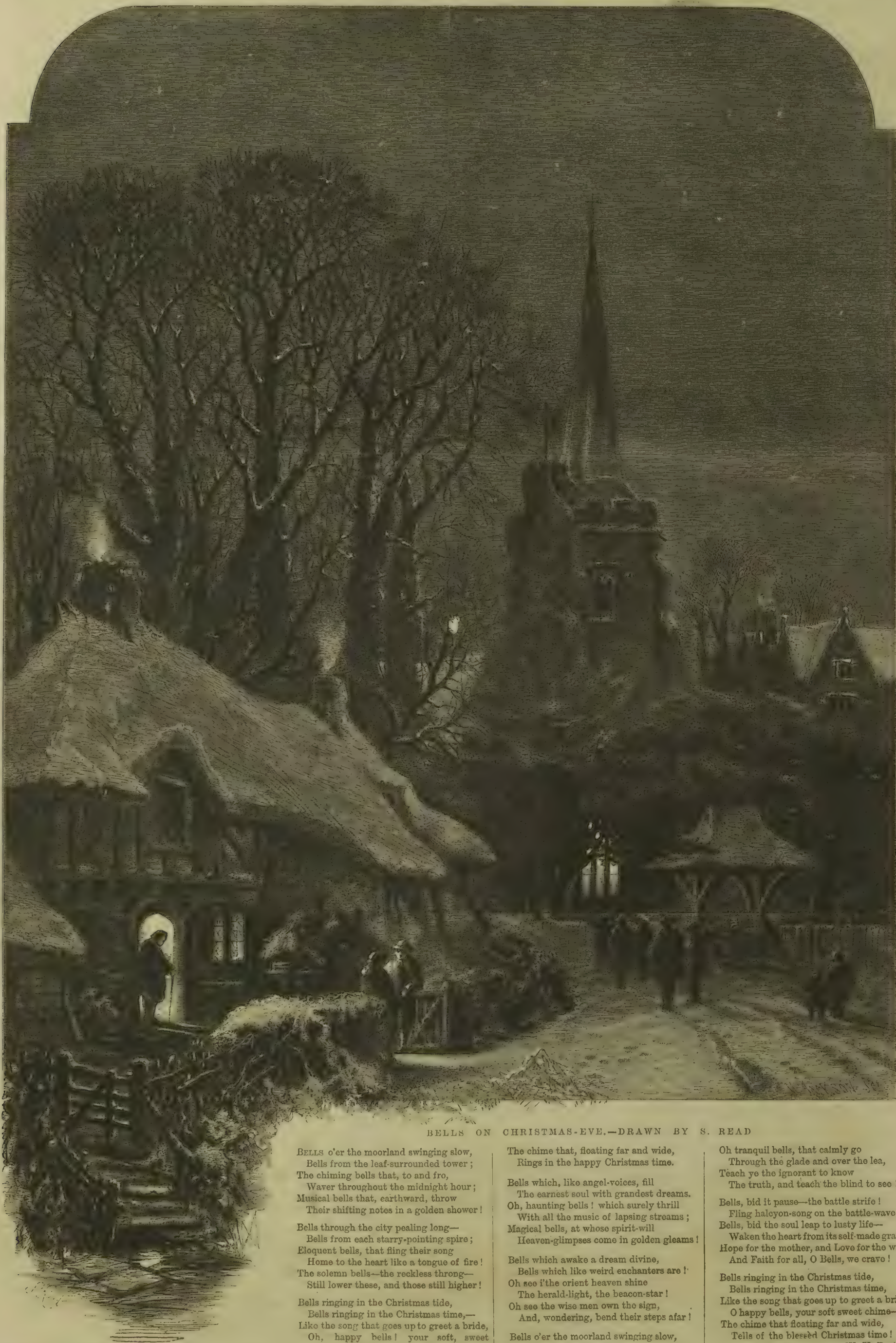
JACK JOHNSON has a sister Sophia whom he is always putting into a passion. Now, why is Jack Johnson like a poker?—Because he stirs Sophia! (£10,000 will be paid for a worse riddle than this.)

WHY was Titian's fat daughter Mary like Lord Palmerston?—Because she was a Polly Titian.

O and P ran a race. I backed O. P won. Why was this like sending my servant for cigars and he brought me cavendish?—Because it was wrong to back O. Ha! ha!

If your mother stood between my first and second, of what vegetable should I be reminded?—To-ma-to.





BELLS ON CHRISTMAS-EVE.—DRAWN BY S. READ

BELLS o'er the moorland swinging slow,  
 Bells from the leaf-surrounded tower;  
 The chiming bells that, to and fro,  
 Waver throughout the midnight hour;  
 Musical bells that, earthward, throw  
 Their shifting notes in a golden shower!

Bells through the city pealing long—  
 Bells from each starry-pointing spire;  
 Eloquent bells, that fling their song  
 Home to the heart like a tongue of fire!  
 The solemn bells—the reckless throng—  
 Still lower these, and those still higher!

Bells ringing in the Christmas tide,  
 Bells ringing in the Christmas time,—  
 Like the song that goes up to greet a bride,  
 Oh, happy bells! your soft, sweet  
 chime.—

The chime that, floating far and wide,  
 Rings in the happy Christmas time.

Bells which, like angel-voices, fill  
 The earnest soul with grandest dreams.  
 Oh, haunting bells! which surely thrill  
 With all the music of lapsing streams;  
 Magical bells, at whose spirit-will  
 Heaven-glimpses come in golden gleams!

Bells which awake a dream divine,  
 Bells which like weird enchanters are!  
 Oh see i' the orient heaven shine  
 The herald-light, the beacon-star!  
 Oh see the wise men own the sign,  
 And, wondering, bend their steps afar!

Bells o'er the moorland swinging slow,  
 Thro' the city-shadows floating free;

Oh tranquil bells, that calmly go  
 Through the glade and over the lea,  
 Teach ye the ignorant to know  
 The truth, and teach the blind to see!

Bells, bid it pause—the battle strife!  
 Fling halcyon-song on the battle-wave!  
 Bells, bid the soul leap to lusty life—  
 Waken the heart from its self-made grave:  
 Hope for the mother, and Love for the wife,  
 And Faith for all, O Bells, we crave!

Bells ringing in the Christmas tide,  
 Bells ringing in the Christmas time,  
 Like the song that goes up to greet a bride,  
 O happy bells, your soft sweet chime—  
 The chime that floating far and wide,  
 Tells of the blessed Christmas time!

W. H. D. A.



# COLLIERY EXPLOSION AT TYLDESLEY.

IN our last week's Number we recorded a terrible disaster occasioned by an explosion of fire-damp at Tyldesley Colliery, a few miles from Manchester, by which twenty-four lives were lost. We now engrave the scene of the calamity. The awful event took place on Saturday, the 11th inst., about noon. Four or five hours elapsed before the after-damp would allow a descent into the mine. Most of the bodies found first had the appearance of having died from suffocation; one was much mutilated by the explosion, and, farther on, three or four were literally blown to pieces. Nothing certain is known of the cause of the explosion. In such a mutilated condition were some of the bodies that it was doubtful at first whether twenty-five or twenty-four had been killed. The larger proportion of the dead were married men, most of them having young families. A subscription is being made to provide funds for the widows and families of the deceased. The Rev. George Richards, the Incumbent of Tyldesley, is taking an active part in this benevolent object.

## THE OFFICERS' NEW BARRACKS, DOVER CASTLE.

A STRANGER visiting Dover cannot fail to be struck with the magnitude and utility of works either in progress or recently finished. The Harbour of Refuge, one pier of which, under the contract of Messrs. Lee, is already stretching a huge length into the sea, having reached upwards of a thousand feet; the commencement of a new line of railway; the effective drainage; the new water-works; and the barracks on the heights, all speak of a town rising in importance. In fact, there are few situations in England affording greater scope to the pencil of the artist, or to the pen of the topographer, than Dover. Its lofty cliffs, its ancient castle, its long and peaceful valley stretching between two bold ranges of hills, are all replete with historical and romantic interest. It would seem as though our earliest invaders were fully impressed with just ideas of what could and should be done with regard to making Dover a place of defence, according to the system of carrying on war at that time. Aware of its importance, it was called by them the "key of the kingdom." The noble castle, which has withstood the ravages of time, the ancient places whose ruins still exist, attest the importance of the locality. The days of Hubert de Burgh and John, and of Cromwell, all speak to the same effect; and perhaps it is one of the most politic schemes of the present age, as far as warfare is concerned, to repair those fortifications which are still in existence, and to construct such as science and modern

systems of military operations point out. The works which have of late been carried on at the castle are on an extensive scale; and although some, executed in a modern style of neatness and of different material, may not be in architectural accordance with the antiquity of the original, they bespeak that usefulness and precaution which are the best preservatives against foreign aggression. The spacious range of barracks for the officers of the garrison (which were a few months ago completed by Mr. Moxon) constitute one of the finest specimens of architecture in England. Government has wisely departed from the style that has so long continued in the building of barracks—that is, one in which abundance of pains were taken to make the exterior resemble as much as possible a workhouse or a factory. So much has this defect prevailed, that in speaking of an ill-looking, uniform building of brick and glass, it has become quite customary to designate it as "like a barrack." The present range of buildings bears no resemblance to those dead-looking parallel walls,

central portion are the offices of the mess department; and the remaining portions, right and left, furnish apartments for servants. Among other comforts, amounting to luxury, is that of a bountiful supply of water, laid on to every room, and furnished by the garrison waterworks, the water itself being of the purest quality. In fact, the whole building is in advance of any previous work of this nature, manifesting a laudable desire on the part of Government to render the garrison a home for those destined to occupy it. The work was completed in the early part of the year, to the entire satisfaction of the Government and the Ordnance authorities. Formal possession was delivered up by the contractor, Mr. Moxon, on the 9th of September. On the previous day they had been inspected by his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief and General Peel, both of whom testified their approval of the manner in which the works had been completed, but not, it is said, without the expression of some surprise at the extravagance displayed in the construction of such a handsome building as an ordinary barrack. They are now



TYLDESLEY COLLIERY—SCENE OF THE LATE EXPLOSION.

but presents a beautiful structure of the mediæval style of architecture, relieved and rendered more pleasing to the eye by its very irregularity, and the breaks, which are characteristic of the style, harmonising as much as possible with the irregular mass of buildings within the castle-walls, comprising the masonry of Roman, Saxon, Norman, down to the present times. The range occupies a length of 368 feet, varying in breadth; the centre and two outer wings are four stories high, and the remaining part three. It is of substantial brickwork, faced with Kentish ragstone of irregular blocks, with Bath stone dressings. The site is admirably chosen, opposite the Channel, south-east, at an altitude of 320 feet from high-water mark, and immediately in front of the ancient phare and chapel, commanding an uninterrupted view of the opposite coast and channel as far as the eye can penetrate. The centre of the edifice stands prominently forward, and forms the mess establishment, having an ornamental entrance, surmounted with the national coat of arms. The mess-room is a noble apartment, 72 feet long by 27 feet, with an orchestra at the back 20 feet by 25 feet. It is fitted up in a superior manner, with highly ornamental chimney-pieces, &c. It is approached from a noble entrance-hall 14 feet wide, divided by a Gothic screen, forming a vestibule. The halls are in imitation of green marble; the reception-rooms on each side are fitted in the Gothic style, and oak paneled. The upper apartments are approached by a massive staircase. The right of the entrance, on the ground floor, forms the commanding officer's apartments, and the remainder are occupied by the different officers. In the basement of the



THE OFFICERS' NEW BARRACKS, DOVER CASTLE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AMOS, OF DOVER.



occupied by the officers of the Bedfordshire Militia, under the command of Colonel Gilpin, who on taking possession gave a splendid entertainment to upwards of two hundred of the élite of the neighbourhood.

Extensive earthworks have lately been executed by Mr. Diggle, and the Board of Ordnance have now signified their intention of erecting commodious barracks for married soldiers and their wives, both within the walls of the castle and at the heights. In the latter fortification a chapel, school, and school-house have been completed, also by Mr. Moxon. They are constructed of irregular blocks of Kentish rag, faced with Bathstone, and, being situated on an eminence, form a conspicuous and picturesque object. The barracks have been raised one story higher, and the citadel, with all its underground works, have been put in a thorough state of repair and defence.

In addition to these operations, within the last few months the Royal Kent Artillery store has been completed by the contractors, Messrs. Stiff and Richardson, and are now tenanted by the staff of the Kent Artillery Militia. The site is admirably adapted for the purpose; and, being at the rear of Archcliff Fort, forms a continuous line of military edifices, from the redoubt to the sally-port at Archcliff. The main building, which presents a handsome and massive appearance, consists of a block and two wings, connected by an arcade: the ground floor is divided into an armoury and store-room of spacious dimensions, being respectively 30 feet by 25 feet, a wide stone staircase separating them. The wings furnish apartments for adjutants, clerks, orderly officers, and staff sergeant-majors. On the first floor are accommodations for sergeants; these are entered by a gallery covered by a light iron and glass shed. All the floors are fireproof. In an inclosed paved yard are offices of all kinds for domestic purposes. The walls are about 8 feet high, and at the entrance are gates and a guard-house. The design of this edifice is in the Italian style, massive and yet pleasing to the eye: it is faced with red bricks, having Wadhurst stone dressings. The work was completed under the direction of Mr. Whicheard, the architect, to whom, as to the contractors, great credit is due.

#### STAUNTON'S EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.—"TIMON."

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.)

JAMAICA, Nov. 25, 1853.

In your Paper of September 18 I observe a letter signed "Stratfordensis" eulogising Mr. Staunton's edition of Shakespeare. Now, with all due deference to "Stratfordensis," I think that, on close inspection, Mr. Staunton's reading of "Timon," act v., scene 4, commencing, "By all description, this should be the place," &c., &c., will be found to be faulty. Mr. Staunton renders the passage as follows:—

"Enter a SOLDIER, seeking TIMON."

"Sold. By all description, this should be the place. Who's here? Speak, ho! No answer? What is this? [Reads.] TIMON is DEAD! who hath outstretch'd his span—Some beast—read this!"

By this reading Mr. Staunton makes the soldier read part of the inscription, whereas, two lines lower down, the soldier says: "What's on his tomb I cannot read." And again, to Alcibiades he says:—

"And on his gravestone this inscription, which With wax I brought away, whose soft impression Interprets for my poor IGNORANCE."

It is therefore evident that the soldier could not read "Timon is dead!" I would therefore suggest another reading, though without altering any words, viz.:—

"By all description, this should be the place. Who's here? Speak, ho! No answer? What! is this Timon is dead? Who hath outstretch'd his span? Some beast? Read this!"

Should you think these remarks worthy of consideration, perhaps you will give them a place in your next Number.—S. D.

\*That is, "whoever hath."

[We have turned to the passage in question, and are surprised "S. D." should have fallen into the palpable error of confounding the inscription intended to indicate the fact of Timon's death and his place of sepulture with the epitaph on the tomb itself, seeing that the editor, to guard against this misconception, in his very next note remarks:—"We are obviously to understand that the inscription on the tomb, unlike the inscription which he has just read, is in a language the soldier is unacquainted with."]

**THE CULTIVATION OF THE VINE IN PORTUGAL.**—The Portuguese have four modes of cultivating the vine:—1. In the provinces of the Minho, Estremadura, and Beira Baixa hanging in festoons from, or twining round, poplars or oaks planted for the especial purpose: 2. In the Alto Douro the vines are planted on terraces, and never allowed to grow higher than three or four feet: 3. In the interior of Trás-os-Montes the vines are planted like gooseberry bushes, covering extensive fields, in rows about eight feet apart, so as to admit the plough to pass between them; here little care is given either in pruning or rearing the vineyards, so that when there is abundance of fruit the grapes literally lie on the ground, and imbibe an earthy taste: 4. Almost everywhere, to a small extent, in villages and near large towns, and in gardens (but particularly in the Minho, near Monção, and the River Lima) vines are trellised at a height of eight or twelve feet from the ground. Up to the year 1853, when the Wine Monopoly Company was in existence, the export duty on port wine was £6 per pipe for wines exported to England. Only a particular class of wine was allowed to be sent to the English market, and persons belonging to the company visited the wine districts and told off certain wines as solely for English consumption, for which certificates, or "bilhetes," were granted to the farmer. The same system exists, to a certain extent, in the present day, with this difference, that those who select the wines no longer belong to the Wine Monopoly Company, but are appointed by a body called the "Commercial Association," at Oporto. The export duty on port wine is now reduced to a uniform rate of three milreis per pipe to all countries, but the system of "bilhetes" still exists. These, however, by no means ensure that all the wine which arrives at Villa Nova (the dépôt for wines exported, opposite Oporto) is of the growth guaranteed. There is a good deal of fraud and trickery. Mr. Paget thus describes it:—"What takes place is this:—There is a certain district in the Alto Douro which is supposed exclusively to grow the wines of first quality. After the vintage, about the month of November, a commission, appointed by the Commercial Association at Oporto, proceeds to this district for the purpose of ascertaining the quantity of wine produced. Having made inquiries on this head, in the month of January a commission of tasters, composed as above mentioned, again visits the same localities, and on approval of the wines submitted to them the 'bilhetes' are given to the farmers, which enable them to dispose of their wines, which are then conveyed to Villa Nova. Without this 'bilhete' no wines are admitted to the dépôt in question. But there is much trickery in obtaining them, for it often happens that a grower will declare that he has forty or fifty pipes of the wine of which he produces a sample, whereas in reality he may not be possessed of more than three or four pipes. The deficiency is made up of wine which he purchases beyond the limits of the prescribed district, or else he sells his 'bilhetes' to a farmer whose geographical position would disentitle him to the privilege of sending his wine to Villa Nova, but who, provided with the 'bilhetes,' is enabled to do so by passing his wine with the 'bilhete' to a merchant at Oporto. The price paid for a 'bilhete' varies between £3 and £4. Under this system, therefore, it is extremely difficult to ascertain the real amount of wine produced in the privileged district. The amount officially declared for the last season was 15,000 pipes, but I have heard it doubted, on the best authority, whether as much as 6000 pipes was really produced. It is not to be understood, however, that the wine grown outside the district is necessarily of an inferior quality. Prejudice and ancient custom are also a good deal mixed up in judging this question, and I have been told by competent persons that some of the wine grown beyond the boundaries is quite equal to that produced within them." "It is a fallacy," adds Mr. Paget, "to suppose that such a thing as what is termed 'pure' port wine—that is, without an admixture of brandy—exists. On the first arrival of each pipe of wine at Villa Nova a certain quantity of this spirit is immediately added, for without it the wine would not keep." The failure in the crop of wines last year (1853) was very calamitous, and, of course, prices rose accordingly. The produce in the Alto Douro district, ordinarily 100,000 pipes a year, fell off to 15,000. The price of a pipe of port from the farmer is now about £30; before the failure it was less than one moiety of that sum. The same regards all the wines of the country. The common wines of the country were formerly drunk by the peasant at about one halfpenny the pint; the same quantity now averages about twopence. The failure in the crop of oranges and lemons has likewise been most disastrous in its consequences. Several remedies, particularly sulphur, have been tried for the cure and prevention of the malady, but the success has been very limited; and should the blight continue for a few years more with the same virulence, the result must be the utter ruin of a vast proportion of the agricultural community. The soil is of the most luxurious and fertile description, and the climate is particularly genial, and her geographical position is such that she ought to be the most natural granary for all the markets in Europe. The wages of labour are low, and the population are industrious; yet with all these advantages more than half the land is uncultivated, and that which is cultivated in the rudest and most primitive manner.

#### ON THE RELIGIOUS BELIEFS OF THE JAPANESE.

(From a Correspondent.)



THE BUDDHIST DEITY "KANON."

It has been repeatedly affirmed that the Ecclesiastical or Spiritual Emperor of Japan is the chief hierarch of that country. No statement can be more incorrect. The Mikado of Japan is no more an ecclesiastic than the Czar of Russia. He is simply the embodiment of an idea which at one time or other has enthralled every people in the world—viz., of an absolute, divinely-commissioned Sovereign, the Vicegerent of God on earth. Beyond the sacredness attaching to this idea the Mikado has no spiritual power or character. The chief priest of the Buddhist faith is another and a distinct person, regularly ordained to his office, and learned in all the lore of that religion; whilst the Temple of the Sun at Ise is under the control of Royal personages set apart for the purpose from infancy, and residing within the limits of that sacred building.

We are thus brought to consider more at length what is known respecting the religious beliefs of the Japanese. In writing on this subject we will avoid the error of following implicitly the statements of previous writers, and speak simply from observation or original authority.

The ancient religion of the Japanese consisted in the worship of the sun and the elements. Without attempting to trace the connection between this belief and the religion of the Arian race in Persia and India, it is plain that such a connection does exist. The worship of Ateu, or the Sun's Disc, was practised in Assyria. "In the earliest times of which we have any record, the Arian race, both in Persia and India, worshipped the sun." (Cunningham: *Bhilsa Topes*.) "The worship of the material elements in India was intimately blended with that of the sun; and Varuna and Indra (water and air) shared with Agni (fire) in the daily reverence of the people." (Ditto.) In Japan the sun is adored under the form of a bright disc or mirror, to be found in every Sinto temple. The curious ceremony practised by the old races in India, and inculcated in the Vedas, called *Aswamedha*, emblematic of the domination of the horse, is still observed in Japan. The horse was first of all considered as an emblem of *Varaj*, the primeval and universal manifested being. When this being was identified with the sun, the horse became his attendant. In this shape the belief passed from India westward and towards the east. In the first case we can trace it in the Greek mythology, as, e.g., in the story of Phaeton and his horses; in the second we find it in Japan, where Ten Zio Dai Zin (Savitrî, he who darts out his rays) is honoured in a peculiar manner by the presentation of a horse or its emblem at his temple. Every Sinto temple has numerous pictures of these sacred horses suspended on its walls. They are placed there by the officiating kanusi or priest, who receives them at the hand of the donor, marks them with the sign of consecration, "Osamoo Tatematsrou"—i.e., dedicated to religious purposes—and then hangs them up in the presence of the resident spirit, and in sight of the sacred mirror, as a true sacrifice made to him whom that mirror represents.

Japanese history records very many instances of this sacrifice made by the great princes of the land. Yori Tono especially was superstitious to a degree in this respect. On one occasion he presented five hundred horses at the shrine of Ten Zio Dai Zin at Ise; and wherever he went he signified his devotion by similar presents made in the temples he visited.

The sun, then, is the great object of religious veneration amongst the followers of the Sinto doctrine. This word Sinto is equivalent to what we might call "spirit worship." "Sin" is Chinese, corresponding to "kami" or spirits; "to" is also Chinese, and signifies literally the way, or "doctrine."—Just as the same expression is used in the Greek, "concerning this way, it is everywhere spoken against." The Sinto belief supposes the existence of an infinite number of spirits, exercising an influence over the affairs of the world, who are to be propitiated by prayers and the observance of certain rules of conduct. The chief of these kami or spirits is the sun, and after him the elements: these are called Dai Zin—i.e., Great Spirits (*Dai Maiores*). The inferior kami are chiefly men or heroes canonized for their worthy deeds or illustrious qualities. Of these last there are a very great number. Like the heroes of the Hindoo and Greek mythologies, they have crept in and engrafted themselves on the stock of the old religion. Man is naturally a hero worshipper. He wants something palpable and tangible to pay his court to. An element is altogether too abstract and ethereal a thing for popular worship. Hence, as in India, we find Vishnu and Krishna usurping the place of Indra and Agni; and as in Greece Hercules became the popular favourite, even to the framing of an oath, so in Japan where there is one temple consecrated to Fino Kami, the God of Fire, or any other of these elemental deities, we find twenty to Fatsman, the God of War. This Fatsman is the apotheosis of their sixteenth Emperor. Having been born in a supernatural manner, and distinguished for his wisdom and valour, he was promoted to the rank he now holds in the scale of divine personages, and is universally honoured through the empire. This holds good also with respect to the other kami. Those principally honoured are mostly historical characters, raised to their present rank after death. We need not say that this is the case in China also. Kwan Ti, God of War, honoured by the Chinese, is a well-known historical personage; and whereas the worship of heaven and earth is the peculiar privilege of the Emperor, and the elements of the nobility, the popular mind is confined entirely to the adoration of persons and things less remote, whether it be the Pole Star or their own grandfathers.

Sinto temples are called Miyas. This word is incorrectly rendered by Kempter, "the residence of a disembodied spirit." It means no such thing, but simply "a Royal residence," or "palace." It is equivalent to the Chinese "Kung," which signifies just so much as the above. The word explains the idea which the Japanese hold with respect to these buildings. They are supposed to be the abodes of the spirits worshipped, just as much as the palace at Miyako (which, by-the-by, is literally "a Miya") is the abode of the Emperor. The worship paid to the spirits residing in these buildings is of a very simple character. The devotee approaches the Miya under the sacred gateways (*toris*) until within a short distance of the door. He then stops, flings a few cash through an aperture, then folds his hands in the posture of reverence, mutters his prayer, and departs.

The mirrors in these temples, we have said, represent the sun. Old writers, indeed, affirm that the mirror is merely emblematic of purity, or "that, as we see our likeness in the glass, so our hearts are open to the Supreme Spirit." To say nothing of the refined character of this explanation, it is absolutely absurd, for it happens that the mirrors are placed in such a position as to render it impossible for any worshipper to see his own face in them. In fact, the suppliants at the Miya generally stand outside the door, and do not look at the mirror at all, so that the object, if it were as above stated, would be entirely lost. We might on other grounds confirm the assertion that the mirror is only a representation of the sun, if it were necessary, or the present were a proper occasion. I will only add that the very name given these mirrors—viz., "Kagami," which signifies just so much as "the Supreme Spirit"—corroborates my assertion; and I always found the Japanese themselves agree with it.

The Sinto priests are called kanusi, which signifies "spiritual teachers." This word is sometimes rendered the "landlords of the gods," an explanation so literal as to be ridiculous.

The kanusi are not regarded as a "sacred caste;" they have no ordination or peculiar privileges, they dress like other people, and are more the stewards of the Miyas over which they are placed than the instructors of the people, or interpreters of the divine will. They are looked on, however, as an honourable and superior class in the body politic.

The sum and substance of the Sinto belief, then, is simply this—that the spirits worshipped by the adherents of this faith are interested in the concerns of the world so far as to render it advisable to propitiate them by prayers and acceptable conduct. The first are paid at the shrine of the spirit; the second consists in purity of person and cheerfulness of heart. The high days and holidays in Japan (called Mats'rai) come crowding on one another in rapid succession. It is on these occasions that the Miyas are filled with visitors, each intent on showing his reverence for the spirit worshipped by his cleanly person and cheerful countenance. The children are entertained with every kind of amusement; cakes and sweetmeats are hawked about in all directions—nay, the exterior of the Miya presents a scene so similar to one of our own country feasts that, were it not for the different faces and habits of the people, one might be easily mistaken for the other, whilst the shouts and laughter of the vendors of nuts and cakes, and the screams of delighted children, all tend to heighten the pleasing deception.

The Buddhist religion has, to a great extent, supplanted the Sinto faith in Japan. Buddhism has this peculiarity, that where it cannot overpower the popular belief, it absorbs it. Hence in China the common proverb, "The three sects are only one;" and in Japan Buddhism, so far from opposing itself to the Sinto doctrines, has appropriated a great many of them, and brought itself to their standard. The effect has been that the Sinto belief has lost its distinctive character, images and useless appendages have been introduced into its temples, and in many cases a *Pali* service is performed where formerly was heard only the daily language of the people. Buddhism originally professed to teach the doctrines of a historical personage, called Gôtama or Sakya Muni, who was born, about 560 B.C., in Magadha, in India. These doctrines have been so corrupted and intermingled with philosophical speculations and perverted Christianity that now it is difficult to separate the true from the false, or rather the false from the less false. In Japan Buddha is worshipped either as Niou Rai, or as Amida. The first term is a corruption of the Chinese "Ju Loi," which is a translation of the Sanscrit "Tathagata," signifying literally "Thus gone," amplified thus, "He who has come, perfected his doctrine, and gone for ever." This Niou Rai is no other than the historical personage named above, and who must be regarded as the founder of the religion. He is known in Japan by other names, as Syaka, a corruption of Sakya, the family name of the race to which he belonged, and also as "Hodoge," which seems to be a corruption of the Tibetan "Hiotuktu," i.e., "Buddha." We need not remark that this is the same being worshipped in China as "Fuh." The other Buddha venerated in Japan is called Amida, which is a contraction of the Sanscrit "Amitabha," a fabulous Buddha, supposed to preside over the "West," but originally a personification of the element "Air." This being in China is termed "Omcto," and is venerated there as much as he is in Japan. We often attended the small temples at Hakodadi to witness the character of the worship carried on in them. The whole appeared to consist in the endless repetition of the phrase "Namanda," i.e., Namoo Amida, signifying "all honour to Amida," just as in the island of Puto, near Chusan, the priests repeat nothing but "Omcto Fuh" with ceaseless pertinacity. The idea in this kind of worship is simply this, that by a repetition of Buddha's name benefit is derived, "ex opere operato," sufficient to secure for the worshipper a share in the Paradise of the West after death. This Paradise of the West is an idea evidently derived from Christianity. I cannot here enter on proofs of this assertion, but of the fact I am satisfied. I will only state that the idea of a sensual paradise, as that of Amida is fabled to be, is so repugnant to the genius of Buddhism, properly so called, which supposes the sum of human bliss to consist in a state of absolute and passive rest, that we can only account for the reception of such an idea by supposing the doctrine entertained by the Christian Church on this head at an early period in our era to have reached the portions of Central Asia where Buddhism found its place of refuge, and thus to have been engrafted on the body of that religion as a theory capable of advancing its power over the popular mind.

Next to the worship of Niou Rai and Amida we must mention that of Kanon—a deity known in China as Kwan Yin, and generally amongst Europeans as the "Goddess of Mercy." This deity is exceedingly honoured by the Japanese. Everywhere you see images of her. She is addressed thus—"Namoo Kanon Dai Bosats," i.e., "all honour be to Kanon, the Great Bodhisatva." She is represented as "one possessing a merciful and compassionate heart," and is therefore always addressed by those in distress or affliction, as their great patron and friend.

The idea of Kanon or Kwan Yin is no doubt derived from the worship of the Virgin Mary. Originally her name was Avalokiteçvara—a word signifying "The Manifested Self-existent One" (not, as Klaproth says, "She who contemplates with love"). Under this name Nature was adored by the ancients before Buddhism, properly so called, existed, and by the Swabavika school of Buddhists themselves. Afterwards, when Christianity became diffused through the mountainous regions of Asia, the merits and virtues of Avalokiteçvara were confounded with those of the Virgin Mary, and the name of the false deity changed, in China at any rate, from Kwan Teu Tsai (Avalokiteçvara) to Kwan Yin—i.e., she who hears prayers; or, more properly, Kwan Si Yin—she who hears the prayers of men. In this form she was connected with Amida, the God of the West, and is said to have been instructed by him and by some books to have been an emanation from him. Kwan Yin is also called "Fuh Moo"—i.e., the Mother of Buddha or God. Who does not see in this a plain proof of what has been stated, that the belief in Amida and Kanon is only a corruption of Christian doctrine spread at an early date through India, and thence carried into China and Japan?

**PHOTOGRAPHY IN ALGERIA.**—A correspondent of the *Photographic News* thus graphically describes how he obtained photographs under circumstances rather trying to the nerves, and certainly not favourable for the calm pursuit of his art:—"To while away the time I lay down and ate a biscuit I had brought with me, and when that was finished I lighted a cigar and crawled to the edge of the ravine, from whence, screened by a shrub, I could see both the camp and the enemy. Soon I perceived the only two guns we had with us brought to the foot of the mountain, and the Zouaves assembling in order, waiting the signal to charge. Then came a puff of smoke from one of the guns, and almost simultaneously with the sound reaching me I saw splinters of rock flying about on the mountain opposite. I was rather surprised that all this time the enemy had shown no signs of their presence, and I began to fancy they had stolen away during the night; but a second shower of grape, directed among some bushes lower down, showed that they had been stung into existence, and they at once began an irregular fusillade, which, though they are excellent marksmen, was too distant to do us any harm. A few more reports, and the enemy swarmed from behind rocks and bushes, and added by their shouts and firing to the uproar which filled the air. This appeared to me a good opportunity of getting a picture, before the atmosphere became too much obscured by smoke; and I accordingly shut myself in my tent, prepared and inserted the plate, which I exposed for perhaps half a second longer than I should have done under other circumstances. To make sure of the picture I developed and washed it at once, and placed it against the edge of the tent to dry. These operations were not performed without some trepidation on my part, as you may well imagine, seeing that the firing of the guns and the shouts and cries of the Arabs were ringing in my ears the whole time. When I had again reached my former post I found the Arabs had descended lower down the mountain; but when they found that, in proportion as they were massed together, the bullets from the French guns killed and wounded more of them, they dispersed themselves behind the pieces of rock and the bushes. There was now a movement among the Zouaves. They moved at an ordinary pace until they had fairly commenced the ascent of the mountain; then they dashed upward with an unwavering purpose, which was so manifest in their advance, that I should not have been surprised if the Arabs had fled at once, although they enormously exceeded the French soldiers in number. Upwards and onwards, with the steady determination of the youth of whom Longfellow says "Excelsior," came the white-garbed, white-turbaned, swarthy soldiers. They did not fire a shot, though bullets were flying thickly about them, but came on with the bayonet, resistless as fate. The Kabyles, who, as marksmen, might compare with any troops in the world, and who are naturally as brave, could not withstand the contact of the gleaming steel; they fell back as the Zouaves pressed upon them, though some of them kept up a continual fire from under cover. I chose this moment to take a second picture, and from this time until the termination of the firing I renewed the plates, until I had exhausted the supply I had brought with me."

**BIRDS IN THE TROAD.**—There is a great variety of game in this part of Asia Minor, and the hillsides especially abound with partridges and hares. In the winter season the seashore country is stocked with bustards, swans, geese, and other wild fowls. For those who care about the sport only, and value not the accumulation of game, the mountains swarm with vultures, eagles, and carrion birds of all kinds. They are very difficult to shoot, but we have ourselves had seven different species of live eagles in our possession at once, and one we used especially to attend to, and call him the human-eyed eagle. The marshes here furnish the naturalist with some of the very rarest species of water-fowl. A beautiful and undescribed species of the smaller bittern, now in London, was shot in the fens near Old Ophrynum. A rarer ground for one, could not be found. The plumage of the birds is somewhat brighter than in Europe, but, unfortunately, there are fewer singing birds. The nightingale, whose note is somewhat longer than at Windsor, is, however, quite at home here. They are also tamer here, and will suffer you, if on horseback, and at night especially, to come close enough almost to reach them. One reason for this is, that, owing to the number of horses which remain out all night hobbled by the feet, the noise which horses make is quite familiar to them; and the more noise you make the sweeter they warble to you.—*Romani Beauties*.



## A GOSSIP ABOUT CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

IF, following the genial advice of genial Cowper, the true household singer of household England, we should "stir the fire and close the shutters fast," and so bid defiance to "Winter, ruler of the inverted year," we might easily, however dull the imagination, however slow the fancy, create for ourselves an ideal world of summer sunshine and summer bloom. We might, with scarce an effort, wander in leafy groves where the wind ever whispers a pleasant music, or lull ourselves to slumber with the plashing of swift-running brooks, though the rain beat loudly against the window-pane, or the snow stretched afar over the white moorland its inexpressible silence. Landscapes as fair as Claude ever dreamed of, or brown and deep as Poussin ever painted; brave pictures of knights and ladies touched with the rare old chivalric spirit; exquisite glimpses of loving faces; visions of fair women gleaming starlike upon our darkened minds; wonderful, suggestive fancies, which start the most lethargic soul into thought—these are around and about us, summoned by enchanters whose spell is that most potent of all magic—Genius! How little can the early disciples of art have imagined its future relations with trade, or have conceived in how much the world would stand indebted to "spirited tradesmen" for its finest and most accessible art-treasures! But here we sit, in our quiet study, and gloat over the wealth of colour and design, of mind and soul, lavished upon the enchanted pages which issue from the shelves of enterprising booksellers. Great, good, and glorious Mediceis, who exercise no tyranny over trembling states, but place in the library of the Clapham stockbroker gems which two centuries ago kings would have wrestled for in eager rivalry.

For our own part, we love illustrated books, just as we are infinitely delighted when immortal words are wedded to immortal music. We love to see the dim but beautiful idea of the poet placed before us, distinct and palpable, by the artist's pencil. We love this running commentary upon the text, this setting of rare pictures in goodly framework. We love to see how the fine imagination of the romancist is comprehended by the keen intellect of the artist; how the few but pregnant words broaden as it were in the light of art into a most exquisite picture; how the line, which to our duller fancy meant so little, has been suggestive to him of a world of tender and delightful images. And most do we love them in the dreary time when winter lays its cold hand upon the earth and numbs its very heart, for then do we enjoy that greatest of all pleasures—the contrast between the actual and the ideal. Winter without and around; but summer in the page and in the soul!—from the blazing hearth and the curtained window into pathless groves and the depths of shadowy glens!

We love illustrated works, moreover, just as we love musty, old moth-eaten and calf-bound Elzevirs, because they are the signs of the reverent homage paid by the world's throbbing heart—always right and honest in its emotions in the long run—to truth, and beauty, and genius; to the splendid power of the novelist, and the exquisite purity of the poet; to the universal wisdom of Shakspeare, the tender, homely grace of Goldsmith, and the massive dreams of Milton. The gorgeous morocco and the dainty silk, the exquisite coloured vignettes and the delicate wood-engravings—what are these but offerings laid at the shrine of Genius? In this light, indeed, do we regard the illustrated gift-books which at this season bloom into sudden but surely enduring beauty, and therefore it is that we cannot sneer at them as mere toys for children, or *gages d'amour et d'amitié* between ardent lovers and enthusiastic friends. They are the loving handiwork of loving spirits who delight to decorate their favourite shrines with all imaginable beauty.

And here is a notable instance in an edition of Gray's Poetical Works,<sup>1</sup> as finished and as elegant as the poet's own chrysolite verses. A fine taste has regulated every feature of this delightful little volume. Gray in a quarto would have been an absurdity; for he of all poets is the one whom we love to have *in petto*, in our handiest pocket, along with our Horace, so that we can turn with eager readiness to his polished lines and exquisite fancies. It is no difficult matter to illustrate Gray, for every verse suggests a picture, and some of the truest and best of these—eight in number—have been realised by Birket Foster. And with what fidelity! With how tender a sensibility! Here, between mossy sloping banks glides almost imperceptibly a limpid brook, over which intertwine the leafy boughs of "rude and moss-grown beech," and far away up the blossoming glade lies a deep and solemn shadow, which but to gaze on awes us into stillness. And here "the ploughman homeward plods his weary way," driving before him his jaded steers, who gaze wistfully enough upon the clear, sweet pool dimpling by the way side in the tender light of an evening sky, where already the young moon has bent her silver bow. And we would we were even now beneath "the brown o'er-arching groves," looking out afar upon the ample leas, and the noiseless silver of the broad river, and the soft gleam of the westering sun! For in such a scene we would turn with eager relish to this delightful setting of Gray's "gems of purest ray serene," and do full justice to the elegance and aptness of the emblematic head and tail pieces with which almost every page is adorned, to the polish of its typography, and the general beauty and excellence of its design.

But we pass from Gray to a mightier master,<sup>2</sup> whose choicest poems have been carefully selected by the Rev. Robert Aris Willmott, done up in the most fanciful of bindings, printed on the superbest paper with the daintiest type, and profusely illustrated by sympathetic pencils. Here is the vigour of Gilbert, the breadth of Wolf, the finish of Birket Foster. Here are landscapes of wood, and lea, and vale; towered cities and sparkling streams; huts brooding among trees; sublime mountain heights, roaming away into infinite skies. Here are unfathomable lakes, whose silent depths reflect the unutterable beauty of the shifting heaven, and lone still meads bordered with marsh flowers and flags, lying all solemnly and tranquilly in the bosom of shadowy plains. We turn over the pages eagerly, and pass from one "thing of beauty" to another; from the stern knight who rode down from Wensley Moor "with the slow motion of a summer's cloud," to the mute loveliness of the valley of the Wye; from Ellen Irwin, fair "as a Grecian maid adorned with wreaths of myrtle," listening "beneath the budding beeches" to the love-vows of Adam Bruce; to the children sporting upon the shore, where roll in ceaseless music the mighty waters of an immortal sea. Or we go forth with Lucy Gray in her loving truthfulness, when she takes her lantern "to light her mother through the snow," and wanders out into the mystic night with, surely, some guardian angel at her side who, deeming her too pure and good for the stir and fret of the darkling world, bears her upward on vigorous wing to the eternal heavens; and we know why it is her sorrowing parents cannot find her in all their long and dreary quest, though—

Downward from the steep hill's edge They tracked the footsteps small; And through the broken hawthorn edge,	They tracked them on, nor ever lost; And to the bridge they came.
And by the long stone wall:	They followed from snowy bank The footmarks, one by one, Into the middle of the plank; And further there were none.
And then an open field they crossed; The marks were still the same;	

A verse full of tragic power, though simple as a nursery rhyme. What more shall we say of this matchless volume of poetry and pictures, which must necessarily wear such a charm in the eyes of true lovers of Wordsworth? Some, indeed, of the illustrations are "forcibly weak;" but, on the whole, they most truthfully reflect the poet's thoughts, and are suffused, as it were, with the very atmosphere of mountain scenery, echo with the music of lapsing waters, and quiver with the strange shadows of the woods!

Another splendid volume now unfolds itself before us, and we find ourselves face to face with good, generous, unworlly, egotistical, hospitable, reflective, thoughtless Goldsmith,<sup>3</sup>—man of strange contrasts, and poet of enduring fame! We wish poor Goldy, with that

ample intellect and large heart of his, had lived to see himself in this magnificent dress. His plum-coloured coat would no longer have been of value in his eyes. He had so fine a taste for beautiful scenery, and knew so well how to put a landscape into words, that he would have done full justice to the charming little vignette, exquisitely printed in glowing colours from wood blocks, and reproducing the drawings of ubiquitous Birket Foster, which stand out so clear and distinct on almost every page. He would have hugely admired the rich and very tasteful binding, the large, bold type, the creamy paper, the fanciful head and tail pieces of Noel Humphreys; and the transparent colours would have been more attractive to him than, we confess, they are to us. We wish ourselves that these delightful bits of scenery had been left uncoloured, and that we had been permitted to admire the fine feeling of Birket Foster without being forced to notice the brilliancy of the colouring. Vermilion, and ultramarine, and emerald are brave colours; but we like them not when brought to the aid, or rather the embarrassment, of the wood-engraver. Not the less, this is a charming volume, beautifully printed, elaborately decorated, and enriched with a very pleasantly-written memoir from the pen of Mr. Willmott, who says, truly enough, that "in reading Goldsmith, or reading of him, the touch of nature changes us into his kindred, and we do not more admire the writer than we love the brother." And here is our brother, in a gorgeous attire which would have startled Garrick, Douglas, and even Johnson into admiration.

Milton's "L'Allegro"<sup>4</sup> some ten years since was admirably illustrated by Creswick, Redgrave, Horsley, and other members of the Etching Club, in an edition whose great cost rendered it inaccessible to the general reading world. Their etchings, however, have now (by permission) been copied upon wood by Mr. Linton, and the suggestive designs of the eminent artists we have named now adorn a handsome little volume of four-and-twenty pages, which ought to find its way into the hands of every lover of the sister arts. Mr. Linton has executed his difficult task with marvellous skill and admirable fidelity. Line for line, tone for tone, the etchings are reproduced upon the wood. As a notable specimen, we may turn to the cut which illustrates the line—

And he by friar's lantern led—

where the contrast of light and shade is rendered with astonishing force and freedom.

Just as a discord renders more evident the fulness and beauty of a perfect melody, so does an hour of solemn thought heighten our enjoyment of song and dance. It is in this spirit we welcome Robert Blair's powerful, but somewhat sombre, poem—unjustly neglected nowadays by Tennysonian readers—"The Grave." Messrs. Black have reissued it in a volume of surpassing beauty. The illustrations are from the pencils of Birket Foster, John Tenniel, James Godwin, Pasquier, Clayton, and Thomas Dalziel, and are among the very finest which the season's illustrated books possess. There is something eerie, wild, unearthly, about them—the atmosphere of the charnel and the silence of the dead. Many of them far surpass the suggestion of the poet, and have a poetry and a power which is all their own. Thus to the lines—

Sorry pre-eminence of high descent!  
Above the vulgar born, to rot in state—

Tenniel has given a singularly symbolic picture of a crowned helmet covering a grinning, hollow-eyed skull, and overshadowed by towering funeral plumes. Very beautiful, too, is Birket Foster's landscape of dark gravestones and weird yews, whose gaunt skeleton arms abruptly stretch out between the moon and the gazer:—

Cheerless, unsocial plant, that loves to dwell  
Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:  
Where light-heeled ghosts, and visionary shades,  
Beneath the wan, cold moon (as fame reports)  
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds.

This is eminently a thoughtful book, and a book to excite thought. We hope it will not be forgotten among our readers' Christmas additions to their libraries. They will find the Rev. F. W. Farrar's biographical and critical preface well worth reading, and will own that the visits of such books, to quote Blair's line, so often attributed to, and unknowingly appropriated by, Thomas Campbell, are

Like those of angels, short and far between.

Berthold Auerbach has long been a welcome guest at English firesides, and his "Christian Gellert"<sup>5</sup> will become a household friend. His sketches of social life are full of graphic power, and his descriptions of character have a photographic fidelity. Auerbach loves the homely and the true, however, and indulges in no melodramatic surprises or violent effects. His interiors have all the accuracy of, and far more delicacy than, a Dutch picture. This edition is translated from the German, "by an engagement with the author;" and the rendering is faithful though somewhat prosaic. The engravings are sketchy but spirited.

Brilliant with gold and azure, with emerald and ruby, a fit gift-book from a loving husband on his "Silver Wedding," or from aged friend to youthful favourite, comes the dainty volume, figuratively entitled "Light for the Path of Life."<sup>6</sup> Choice texts from Holy Writ are here classified under appropriate headings, and their initial letters are emblazoned with colours. Every page rejoices in a splendid bordering, gorgeous not gaudy, designed by Samuel Stanesby. This *recherché* volume is perfect in every detail, and may be commended as one of the handsomest which the season has produced.

We need not lack information, while we gain entertainment, if we turn to Charles Knight's capital books, "Once upon a Time" and "Knowledge is Power,"<sup>7</sup> which are to be noted as admirable specimens of popular literature in its best and most attractive form. In "Once upon a Time" the littérateur pleasantly discourses upon the men and manners of the past, upon olden printers and antique books, on Philip Sidney and Fulke Greville: tells the story of the evil May-day of 1517; gossips about Horace Walpole and his contemporaries, about suburban milestones and astrological almanacks. Ever when we wander into the silent highways of the olden time may we meet with comrade as hearty and guide as intelligent as Charles Knight, to whom, and to whose merits, let us add, it has always struck us the reading public have done but scanty justice. "Knowledge is Power" treats of solidier themes, but not in a less agreeable fashion. It is Charles Knight's version of an old question—past and present; and he wisely gives the odds in favour of the present. He shows how everything has "gone ahead" in public and private life, in our shops and our homes, in tilling and manufacture, in tallow candles and printing-machines. For our own part, we have never doubted that the artisan who nowadays reads his newspaper is a much wiser, freer, and happier man than the serf who followed his master to the slaughter in obedience to feudal laws. Those who are ignorant of the great and beneficial results of labour, capital, and skill should turn, even at Christmas time, to these very readable pages, which, let us add, are clearly printed and copiously illustrated with excellent woodcuts.

The old poets, as we have shown, will be our Christmas guests in the daintiest of attire; but here, in modest garb and unpretending, comes a stranger minstrel, and claims a kindly welcome. Who could break butterflies upon the wheel just now? Who, indeed, is in fitting mood to wield the critic's scalpel? Our hearts are running over with genial thoughts, and we are angered with none—not even with the nocturnal "waits." It is just the time for a new poet to approach us, cap in hand, and interchange with us the compliments of the season. "David and Samuel, with Other Poems," by John Robertson,<sup>8</sup> has nothing, however, that is worthy of notice. There is little that is pretty, and much that is feeble. But the versification is neat, and the thoughts, though not original, are the thoughts of a gentleman and a scholar.

Mr. William Dalton has opened up a rich and comparatively unknown ground in his Chinese romances, which, though ostensibly written for boys, are really food for men. "The War Tiger"<sup>9</sup> is a tale of lively adventure, vigorously told, and embodying much curious information relative to the inner and outer life of the dwellers in the Flowery Land. Its jaws, religions, customs, and ceremonies, and its economy—domestic and political—are incidentally

illustrated with great tact and spirit; and the man may relish the information so pleasantly conveyed, while the boy enjoys the story so picturesquely related. "The English Boy in Japan"<sup>10</sup> is equally readable and equally trustworthy. The narrative is interesting, the writing vigorous, and the material excellent. Just now, when everybody is talking about Jeddo and dreaming about Nagasaki, such a book is of considerable value.

And what are the children to read at Christmas, in the year of grace 1858? Happily, there is no deficiency of healthy recreation, and bland-hearted paterfamilias may surely count upon a sufficient variety wherewithal to deal. Here are tales of wonder and adventure in far-off isles where ocean-waters seethe and fret in ceaseless emotion; fairy tales, and quaint old legends; and those undying favourites, which sprang from the healthy mind of Defoe and the cynical fancy of Jonathan Swift. "Paul Blake"<sup>11</sup> is all about Corsica, and is crowded with stirring incidents, related in an effective and dashing manner. "Peter Parley's Annual," and "Forget-me-Not," and "Juvenile Keel-spake"<sup>12</sup> are very treasures of easy knowledge and pleasant chit-chat. And here is a wonderful "Picture Book of Birds and Beasts,"<sup>13</sup> illustrated with 250 coloured engravings, bold, brilliant, and truthful. Then, the romantic story of poor "Mungo Park's Travels in Africa"<sup>14</sup> is placed before us in a very attractive fashion. And "Gulliver's Travels," and Horace Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," and marvellous "Baron Munchausen"—you may have them all at some singularly insignificant price, which we care not to remember—legibly printed and tastefully bound. Mr. E. Landells, too, has brought the little ones an offering—a very pleasant one we fancy, for from its pages Every Boy may become His Own Toymaker!<sup>15</sup> The diagrams are neatly drawn, and the explanatory letterpress is simply written, so that we expect there will soon be, in the child-world, a *furor* for kites and thaumatropes, boats and carriages, paper boxes and cardboard intricacies!

As a book for children, which cannot fail to afford them wholesome amusement, we may commend "The Christmas Tree,"<sup>16</sup> which glitters with gold and colours, and hangs on every leaf some pleasant gift. Here the little ones may gaze admiringly upon brave pictures, and read without toilsome effort about the customs of Christmas, the wonderful Australian land, the St. Bernard dogs, Chinese sketches, shipwrecks, rainbows, Dick Whittington, ships, and the Princess Royal. Altogether we can honestly recommend "The Christmas Tree" as an agreeable, instructive, and healthy *olla podrida*. It is got up with more than ordinary taste, and the selection has been made with more than ordinary care.

Another book for the children, but a book which we think their elders will eagerly crave if they have not lost all relish for those legends of chivalry in which our forefathers delighted, is "The Adventures of St. George after his famous Encounter with the Dragon."<sup>17</sup> Mr. W. V. Peacock possesses considerable inventive talent, and has told his wonderful story with much animation. The illustrations, by Dore, are instinct with dramatic vigour.

A light, readable, laughter-compelling sketch of the absurdities and extravagances of Anglo-Indian society, rather over-coloured, we suspect, but written with great good-humour and a keen insight into the ridiculous, is presented in a very handsome volume, with gorgeous binding, designed by Digby Wyatt, quaintly entitled "Curry and Rice."<sup>18</sup> The ingredients of social life at "our station" in India are served up on forty coloured plates by Captain G. F. Atkinson, who writes as if he knew, and draws as if he loved, his subject. Many of the illustrations are broadly humorous. They are all full of fun and spirit, and "Laughter holding both his sides" may cordially welcome a merry and entertaining book, admirably fitted to beguile a winter evening.

Let us not forget worthy Mr. Bohn's illustrated volumes, always edited with care and got up with taste. Amongst his recent issues are "Holbein's Dance of Death," "Starling's Noble Deeds of Noble Women," and Jesse's lively "Anecdotes of Dogs."<sup>19</sup> Goodly volumes, rich in woodcuts, and with a character which is in itself a sufficient recommendation.

Thomas Warton's ode, "The Hamlet,"<sup>20</sup> with its glimpses of English scenery, has furnished Birket Foster with matter for fourteen clever and characteristic etchings, full of grace and beauty and picturesque life. This is a volume of charming verse and charming pictures.

We have left ourselves no space to talk, as we had intended to talk, about "Mexico and the Mexicans,"<sup>21</sup> the country and the people which, we fear, will shortly furnish Europe and America with a dangerous theme for discussion. The landscapes and popular sketches of Sartorius ought to command a very great popularity, for they are drawn with fidelity as well as vigour. We have seldom met with a more attractive book. Its pages are full of animated descriptions of Mexican scenery, and we find ourselves pressing eagerly in the footsteps of our guide through wildernesses, overgrown with low, thorny mimosa; or by the margin of rushing streams, in the shadow of leafy plane-trees; or over the grassy plateaus, where the cactus, the agave, and the yucca grow in luxuriant beauty. Or we gladly follow him into the market-place of Mexico, and scrutinise with him the motley crowd. The dark-eyed, black-bearded creole, the tawny mulatto, the Indian vendors of "alote" and "tortillas" (boiled maize, and maize bread), the sunburnt *ranchero*, and the leperous, with their ropes and porter's knots;—we gaze upon them with curiosity. Or we stroll into the principal square, and admire its church, its fountain, and its cool avenues of trees; inspect its townhall and its coffee-houses; and gossip, if we have the requisite assurance, with the pretty *Mestizo* girls. Or we enter the shops, few of which have show-windows, and light our cigars from the chafing-dish placed upon every counter. But we forbear to indicate any further the interesting character of this most lively and entertaining volume, which shows us Mexico at home and abroad—the Mexican household, the Mexican politics, the Mexican life. It is a complete conspectus of Mexico and the Mexicans, charmingly written, and illustrated copiously with fine steel-plate engravings rendered with exquisite finish from original sketches. We warmly commend it to the reading world.

<sup>10</sup> Nelson and Sons, Paternoster-row. <sup>11</sup> Griffith and Farran. <sup>12</sup> Darton, Holborn-hill. <sup>13</sup> Sampson Low, Son, and Co. <sup>14</sup> Black and Co., Edinburgh. <sup>15</sup> Griffith and Farran. <sup>16</sup> James Blackwood, Paternoster-row. <sup>17</sup> Ditto. <sup>18</sup> Day and Son, Gato-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. <sup>19</sup> Bohn, York-street. <sup>20</sup> Sampson Low, Son, and Co. <sup>21</sup> Trübner and Co., Paternoster-row.

**LIFE-BOATS.**—On the night of the 15th inst. the Portuguese schooner *Profita*, from Leith to Lisbon, with coals, was observed on the Scroby Sands. The Caistor life-boat, which belongs to the Royal National Life-boat Institution, having been manned, gallantly put off through the raging surf to her assistance, and succeeded in reaching the wreck and in taking off its exhausted crew of eleven men. The life-boat's crew were engaged in their good work from ten o'clock at night until two the next morning.—The Committee of the Royal National Life-boat Institution are making strenuous efforts for the introduction of their boats on the coast of France. The French Government have already received some large working drawings of these boats and carriages, which were forwarded some time since, through Marshal Pelissier, by the Duke of Northumberland, as president of the society.

**WHITEBAIT.**—There are few denizens of London unacquainted with this tiny fish, as it appears daily during the season, dressed, at Black-wall and Greenwich, where alone it is obtained "in perfection" for unless "cooked" within a very brief space after removal from the water, it undergoes a change which the "nice" palate can at once detect. It would be curious to ascertain how many millions are taken daily during the months of June, July, and August of each year. It is unquestionably a delicacy, and is relished greatly by tens of thousands who can afford to buy luxuries; "a whitebait dinner" being a treat peculiar to the metropolis, and enjoyed accordingly even by those who believe and maintain that the fish is engendered by the London mud, and that when the Thames is cleaned and purified the whitebait will vanish altogether from the river. An idea prevails that it is the young of some larger fish. Yarrell, whose authority on such matters is universally accepted, says, "It is a distinct species, and in its habits differs materially from all other British species of Clupea (*Clupeidae*, the family of the herrings) that visit our shores or our rivers. From the beginning of April to the end of September they are caught in abundance; in April they are small, apparently but just changed from the albuminous state of very young fry; in September, specimens four or five inches long are not uncommon," but mixed, even at this late period of the season, with others of very small size, "as though the roe had continued to be deposited throughout the summer." Yet the parent fish are not caught, and are believed by the fishermen not to come up higher than the estuary, where nets sufficiently small to stop them are not much in use. The largest whitebait Mr. Yarrell had seen was in length six inches.—*Art Journal*.

<sup>1</sup> Sampson, Low, Son, and Co., Ludgate-hill. <sup>2</sup> Wordsworth's Poems, selected and edited by Robert Aris Willmott, Routledge and Co., Farringdon-street. <sup>3</sup> Poems of Oliver Goldsmith, edited by Robert Aris Willmott, Routledge and Co.

<sup>4</sup> Sampson Low, Son, and Co. <sup>5</sup> Ditto. <sup>6</sup> Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard. <sup>7</sup> John Murray, Albemarle-street. <sup>8</sup> Seeleys, 54, Fleet-street. <sup>9</sup> Griffith and Farran.



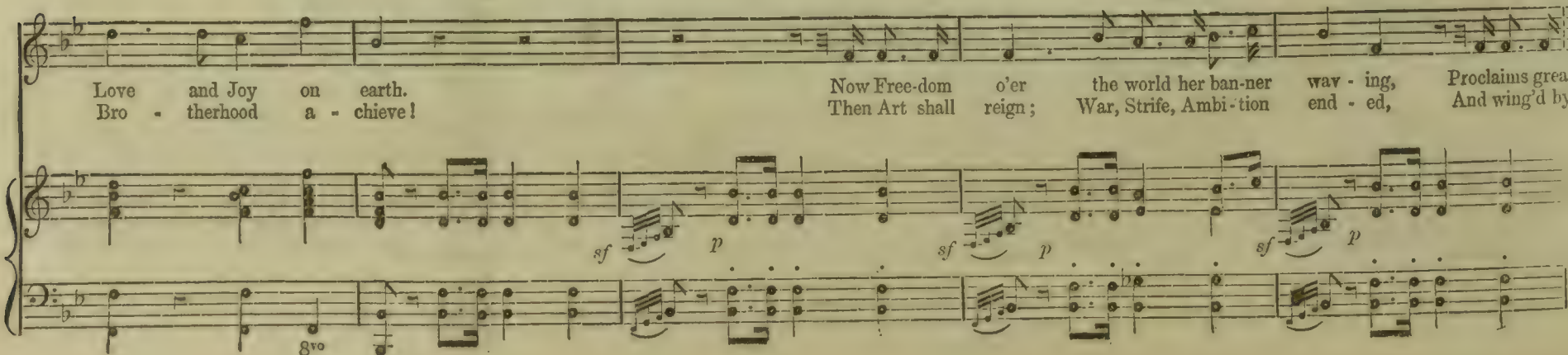
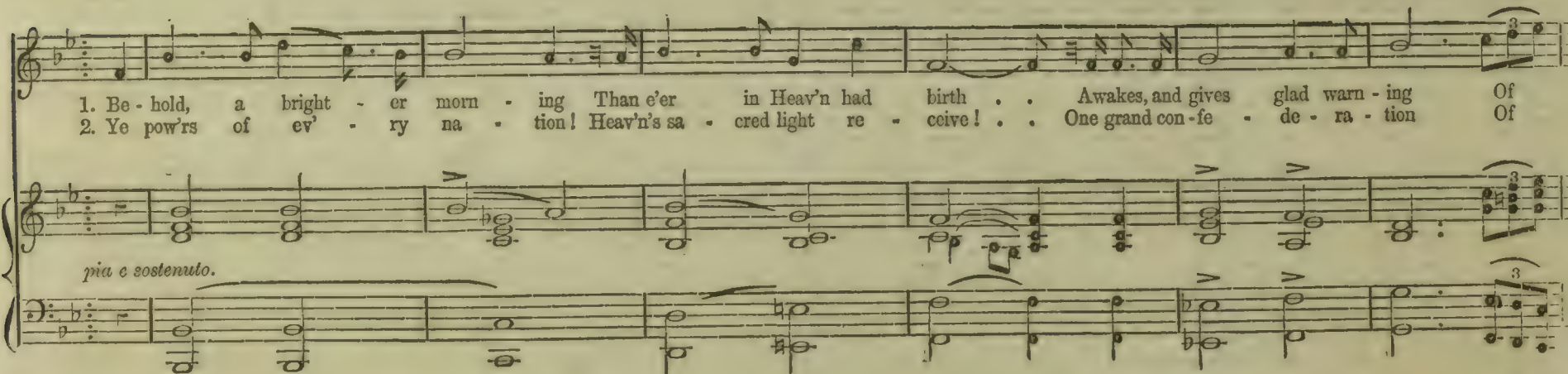


## HYMN OF UNIVERSAL HARMONY.

THE MUSIC BY JULLIEN.

*Maestoso religioso.*

Translated from the French by DESMOND RYAN.





Na - ture's Law—her high De - sign; With trum-pet-tongue Com-mo-tion's storm out-brav - ing, In con-cord bids all na-tions to com-  
know - ledge man shall claim the skies; Love, Peace, and Har - mo - ny e - ter - nal blend - ed, Triumphant Truth and Jus - tice shall a -

bine, . . . In con-cord bids all na-tions to com-bine; . . . Dis-pels the dark - ling fears mankind en-slav - ing, And links all  
rise, . . . Trium-phant Truth and Jus - tice shall a - rise; . . . Till Ter - ror fled, and Grief and Woe sus-pend - ed, Shall make of

*f* Repeat in Chorus—unison.  
hearts in har - mo - ny di - vine. Sing, let's sing, and waft the bless - ing Be - low, a - round, a  
earth a glo - rious Pa - ra - dise. Sing, &c.

bove; Ev - ry heart . . . ex - press - ing Peace, U - ni - ty, and Love. . . .

*loco* *ff* *ad lib.*





## OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

## SIR A. DE CAPELL-BROKE, BART.

**SIR ARTHUR DE CAPELL-BROKE** (or, as the rest of the present family spell the name, Brooke), second Baronet, of Oakley, in the county of Northampton, M.A., F.R.S., was the elder son of Sir Richard de Capell-Broke, the first Baronet, a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, by his wife, Mary, only daughter and heir of General R. Worge. He was born the 22nd of October, 1791, and, after leaving Magdalen College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A., 1813, and M.A., 1816, he entered the Royal Horse Guards Blue, and was present with the army of occupation in the north of France in 1815. He succeeded his father as second Baronet the 27th of November, 1829. Sir Arthur de Capell-Broke was known in the literary world as the author of some excellent books of travel. His principal works were:—"Travels in Lapland, with a Winter at the North Cape;" "Travels in Norway and Finland;" and "Travels in Morocco," the last published in 1830—a very entertaining book, including many curious particulars relative to that but little known African empire. The ex-King of the French, Louis Philippe, in an interesting letter, dated Claremont, 1849, acknowledging the receipt of Sir Arthur's "Winter at the North Cape," remarks that Sir Arthur and himself were, in all probability, the only two natives of Southern Europe who had ever wintered in its northernmost point. Sir Arthur married, on the 18th of December, 1831, Elizabeth Zilph, widow of J. J. Eyre, Esq., of Endcliffe, near Sheffield, but had no issue. He died on the 6th inst. at his seat, Oakley Hall, Kettering, Northamptonshire, and is succeeded by his only brother, now Sir William de Capell-Broke, the third Baronet, who married, in 1829, Catherine, youngest daughter of Lewis, second Lord Sondes, and has two sons, Richard-Lewis and William-Henry Worge. This house of Brooke or Broke is very ancient, and was of distinction in the time of the Norman kings. Thomas Broke, of Oakley, was M.P. for Northampton temp. Charles I. The family has since, by marriage, become connected with the noble houses of Devonshire, Leinster, Wellington, Shannon, and Cork.

## SIR J. S. MACKENZIE, BART.

**SIR JAMES SUTHERLAND MACKENZIE**, Bart., of Tarbert and Royston, in the county of Cromarty, who died, unmarried, at Kensington, on the 24th ult., was the younger of the two sons of Lieut.-Colonel Robert Mackenzie, by his wife, Katherine, daughter of Colonel Sutherland, of Uppat, and was born in 1806. He succeeded his brother, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, in the revived baronetcy of the family, in 1841. He was also heir-general to George, first Earl of Cromarty—an earldom now under attainder.

## COMMISSARY-GENERAL SIR R. I. ROUTH, K.C.B.

**SIR RANDOLPH ISHAM ROUTH**, K.C.B., who died on the 29th ult., at his house, 19, Dorset-square, was a descendant of the Pollington branch of the Routh family, and was the third son of Richard Routh, Esq., Chief Justice of Newfoundland, and was born at Poole, in Dorsetshire, in 1788. He was educated at Eton, and was appointed Assistant Commissary-General in 1805, and promoted to the rank of Deputy in 1812, and finally to that of Commissary-General in 1826. He was four years in the West Indies, and subsequently was with the army at Walcheren during that unfortunate campaign. In 1810 he went to the Peninsula, being chiefly attached to Lord Hill's division, and had frequent honourable mention from the Duke of Wellington in his despatches. He then acted in Holland and in France, and was present at the Battle of Waterloo, and was in charge at Paris during the occupation. After much other service, he particularly distinguished himself in Canada during the rebellion in 1838 and 1839, assisting the Commander-in-Chief by his advice and energy. His promptitude on that occasion, in a moment of great alarm, during a most rigorous winter, materially contributed to the maintenance and ample provision of a most effective force during the whole campaign. In 1841 he was knighted, and appointed a Legislative Councillor in the Canadian Parliament. In 1843 and 1844 he was employed specially in England, particularly in the remodelling of the Commissariat system of accounts. He was at the head of the Commissariat in Ireland during the famine, and was chiefly instrumental there in establishing an extensive plan of relief. He received the distinction of the Bath in 1843, and was Commissary-General at the camp at Chobham in 1853. Thus did Routh labour in active duty for forty-two years. His strict acquaintance with business and his knowledge of accounts proved of infinite public use. As a man of honour and integrity Sir Randolph stood second to none in the British army. Sir Randolph Routh married, first, in 1815, Adelaide Marie Josephine, grand-daughter of Colonel Laminère, Secretary-General of King Louis XVI's Garde du Corps; and secondly, in 1830, Marie Louise, daughter of the Canadian Judge Taschereau, and niece of the French Bishop of Canada.

## LIEUT.-COLONEL J. P. HUNT, C.B.

This gallant officer, who died at Walmer, Kent, on the 26th ult., after a long and painful illness, in the 78th year of his age, entered the British army in 1799, and accompanied the 52nd Regiment (Light Infantry) to Ferrol in 1800. He was afterwards at Cadiz and in Portugal; and was, when encamped on Buckland Downs, appointed Major of Brigade under Lieut.-General Sir Edward Paget. He was, in Sicily, Aide-de-Camp to Sir John Moore. In January, 1807, he served with that General as Aide-de-Camp on the expedition to Portugal, and in 1808 accompanied him successively to Sweden and to Portugal, and was in the latter country until the Convention of Cintra, when he was promoted to a Majority. He was in 1809 at Corunna. In 1809 he was in the Walcheren Expedition, and in 1811 was again in the Peninsula, sharing in the great deeds there. In March, 1812, he commanded the first battalion of the 52nd Light Infantry at the siege and assault of Badajoz, on which occasion the command of the Second Brigade devolved upon him. For this he was promoted to the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and received a medal. He was present at the battle of Salamanca, for which he also got a medal, and at the action of San Munes. He commanded the volunteers of the Light Division at the assault of San Sebastian, where he was twice severely wounded, one of which wounds lamed him for life. He then obtained an effective Lieutenant-Colonelcy. Being disabled from further service, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General at the Horse Guards, and subsequently Inspecting Field Officer of the Enniskillen, Athlone, and Chelmsford recruiting districts. He was in 1818 appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the 11th Foot, from which regiment and from the service he retired in 1825, retaining his army rank. He had a gold medal and three clasps, and the silver war medal and two clasps.

## LADY PAGE TURNER.

**HELEN, LADY PAGE TURNER**, who died at Norwich, on the 21st ult., after a few days' illness, was the daughter of John Walsey Bayfield, Esq., and was widow of Sir Gregory Osborne Page Turner, fourth Baronet, of Battlesden Park, in the county of Bedford, and Ambrosden, in the county of Oxford, who died in 1843. She was sister of Admiral Bayfield, and aunt of the present Baronet, Sir Edward Page Turner, and sister-in-law of Sir Henry Winston Barron, Bart., and connected with several noble families. Lady Page Turner was married, secondly, in 1843, to Captain Cholmondeley, who survives her. Her Ladyship was in her sixty-fourth year at the time of her demise.

## BENJAMIN WYON, ESQ.

This talented and distinguished engraver and medallist, who died on the 21st ult., was the son of Thomas Wyon, chief engraver of seals to George III. and George IV., and was born in London on the 9th January, 1802. He commenced his artistic career under the eye of his father, and, together with his cousin the late William Wyon, Esq., studied under his talented brother, Thomas Wyon, junior, chief engraver to the Royal Mint. Benjamin Wyon won several prizes for medals at an early age from the Society of Arts. The silver medal of the Royal Academy was also conferred upon him for a head of Apollo, which was afterwards adopted as a design for a prize medal by the Royal Academy of Music. At eighteen he executed with much credit the Great Seal of England for George IV. He also engraved, while still young, a head of Dr. Hutton, which attracted general notice. In 1830 Mr. Wyon was appointed successor to his father in the office of Chief Engraver of his Majesty's Seals; and he executed the seals then required for the new Sovereign, William IV. The works which earned for him his highest reputation were the seals executed for the present Queen. A vast number of medals of uncommon merit, regal and corporate, public and private, were executed by Mr. Wyon during his successful career. In private life, and in all the relations of the domestic circle, Mr. Wyon was regarded with great and deserved esteem and affection. He leaves a widow and nine children to lament his loss. His son, Mr. Joseph E. Wyon, succeeds him in the business, and has already given excellent proof in the works which he has executed of inheriting no small share of the family talent. He has already been appointed by her Majesty to his father's office of Chief Engraver of Seals.

**THE LATE LORD LYONS.**—This gallant nobleman was not educated at Westminster School, but at Hyde Abbey School, Winchester, then conducted by the Rev. Dr. Richards, a seminary in which were brought up the Right Hon. G. Canning, the Prime Minister; Wolfe, the author of the exquisite lines on the death of Sir John Moore; Dean Galsford; Admiral Walcott, M.P.; the Bishop of Christ Church, New Zealand; and the late Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, the Rev. Dr. Williams, the Warden of New College. Captain Mowbray Lyons, R.N., was wounded before Sebastopol, but died at Therapia Hospital. His monument is in St. Paul's Cathedral. The present Lord Lyons was a Commoner of Winchester, and of Christ Church, Oxford.

## THE SONG OF UNIVERSAL HARMONY.

It has been announced that the season of M. Jullien's Promenade Concerts, which concluded on Saturday, will be the last which he will present to a London audience for some time to come. The reason why M. Jullien has decided thus to cause a vacuum in the circle of metropolitan amusements, which it will not be very easy to fill up, is stated to be his determination to start on an extended musical tour, which will embrace almost all, if not all, the countries of the earth. Beneath this plan, which on the face of it would appear to be intended to enlarge the sphere of M. Jullien's professional avocations, there lurks, we are told, an intention of indirectly circulating doctrines of universal peace and harmony among men, founded on a theory ingenious and well argued by its propounder, M. Jullien himself. It is, therefore, to be understood that he goes not merely in his character of a great conductor of bands and composer and arranger of music, but as a philanthropic pilgrim, aiming to do what in him lies to promote brotherhood and kindly feelings among the nations of mankind. In honour of this design, M. Jullien has composed the "Song of Universal Harmony," the music of which by his permission we make public for the first time in the present number of our Journal. It need hardly be stated that it has formed one of the prominent features in the performance of his late series of Promenade Concerts, where it was received with much applause. If M. Jullien's proposed tour is carried out (of which there is little doubt, as he seldom if ever undertakes anything which he does not carry out) the piece of music in question is destined to sound in the ears of as varied and discordant audiences as it is possible to conceive; and if, as is asserted, it is composed on principles which are calculated to render it acceptable to all classes and kinds of persons who may chance to listen to it, and it succeeds in its object, it will have achieved triumphs before which those which are told in fable of St. Cecilia, to say nothing of those of Orpheus, must pale and give way.

**LORD CLYDE ENTERING OUDE.**—Mr. Russell, the *Times* special correspondent in India, gives rather a picturesque sketch of the Commander-in-Chief in person entering the province:—"While the fireworks were lighting up the Ganges and flashing far through the troubled night of Oude on the 1st of November, Lord Clyde, escaping as soon as he could from the unrelenting cannonade, Roman candles, fireballs, and the devices of Oriental pyrotechnists, was preparing for his morning's march. It was two o'clock on this morning, November 2, when Lord Clyde, General Mansfield, Colonel Metcalfe, Colonel Macpherson, Major Turner, Major Crealock, Captain Alison, and Captain Dornier left their quarters, and proceeded to the bridge of boats across the Ganges, about five miles from Allahabad, at a place called Panamow. Here an escort of the Carabiniers was waiting to receive his Excellency. The bridge is very wide and well built, and must be several hundred yards in length. It was lighted up by rude lamps, which cast a yellow light over the turbid flow of the Ganges, 'rolling rapidly.' Not a sound broke the silence, except the gurgling of the waters as they struggled against the floating barrier, and rushed away in angry swirls from the contest, except the challenges of the native sentries, and the tramp of the cavalry. Soon the party were in the hostile province, and at a smart gallop, through clouds of dust, not visible, but palpable, rode across the sandy plains, by deep ruts which served as substitutes for roads, towards Soraoon. With no greater annoyance than the occasional loss of the right path by some of the party, they arrived at Soraoon just as the sun was rising. Again the challenges of our sentries showed that the village was held as one of our posts, but the main body of the column which had occupied it was off, under Colonel Wetherall, on our left flank. The fort, a stout mud-walled inclosure, with ditch and bastions, was taken by poor Berkeley during the rainy season, and was the first of our posts pushed out from Allahabad. Here our Carabiniers halted, and the duty of escort devolved upon a party of Lahore Light Horse, who seemed very much improved, and much more soldierly than when I saw them on duty. Fresh horses were ready at this place, and the little cortège continued their march at a rapid rate towards the camp. Several bodies of Oude police and Punjabees were passed on the road. In the fields all the labours of husbandry were being carried on as usual. The villages were inhabited, and nothing but the presence of armed men and their march would lead one to imagine that we were carrying on war with the kinsmen and near relations of those peaceful-looking agriculturists. At a village some twenty-three or twenty-four miles from Allahabad the Lahore Horse were relieved by a strong squadron of Carabiniers under Captain Betty. Fresh horses were mounted—a hasty halt and a rapid breakfast under a tree—gallop—trot—walk—and gallop over and over again—till at last, about nine o'clock, our videttes made out the agreeable outlines of a camp in the distance, and at ten o'clock we pulled up at our tents at Beylah, about three miles beyond Pertabghur, and about thirty-nine miles from Allahabad. General Mansfield arrived first, and the rest dropped in at intervals, Lord Clyde remaining on his way for a short time at Brigadier Pinckney's camp."

**THE USE OF MOSSES.**—Of the use of mosses in the economy of Nature very little is known, except that they are often the necessary precursors of a higher order of vegetables, for which they prepare a soil, by retaining amongst their matted branches the drifting sand and dust, in places which would otherwise remain bare and sterile. They afford refuge in winter, and food as well as lodging in summer, to innumerable insects. They overspread the trunks and roots of trees, and in winter defend them against frost. In wet weather they preserve them from decay; and, during the greatest drought, provide them with moisture and protect them from the burning heat of the sun. Indeed, to the traveller in the dense and trackless forests of North America they are pretty sure guides to the points of the compass, growing chiefly upon the northern sides of the trunks and branches of the trees, as if, it is said, to shelter them from the cold north wind, but, in reality, because they find there most shade and moisture. The poor Laplanders derive several of their comforts from mosses. Of the golden maiden hair (*Polytrichum commune*), one of the largest species of the moss tribe, they form excellent beds, by cutting thick layers of it—one of which serves as a mattress, and the other as a coverlet. Linnaeus tells us that he himself often made use of such a bed when he was travelling in Lapland. These mossy cushions are so elastic that a bed may be rolled up into a parcel small enough to be carried under a man's arm, and the inhabitants take them about with them in their journeys. The Lapland women also make great use of the grey bog-moss (*Sphagnum palustre*), which is particularly soft like a thick fur or fleece. In this they wrap their infants, without any other clothing, and place them in leathern cradles, which are also lined with the moss. The little babies are thus completely protected from the cold, like young birds, in soft and warm nests. The Greenlanders use this moss as tinder and for wicks to their lamps.—*Dickens's "Household Words."*

**IMPORTANT PHOTOGRAPHIC DISCOVERIES.**—The importance of the discoveries of M. Nièpce de St. Victor may not at first strike the reader; nevertheless, it opens a field to photography almost as extended as chemistry itself, inasmuch as nearly all soluble chemical substances are rendered available in the practice of the art. Take a sheet of paper and impregnate it with any soluble substance, let it dry in a darkened room, and then insolate it under a negative, take it back to the dark room, and treat it with any of the reagents capable of combining with the substance operated upon, and you will have a picture of almost any colour you desire. For example, if the paper be impregnated with nitrate of uranium, exposed, and then treated with a solution of red prussiate of potash, a beautiful red picture will be obtained; and, if this be afterwards treated with sulphate of iron, a fine blue picture will be produced; and, if other reagents be employed instead of the sulphate of iron, pictures of different colours may be obtained.—*Photographic News.*

**CHINOLINE.**—(From a Correspondent).—There is a quaint passage in one of Luther's Sermons to which, if you will allow me, I should like to draw the attention of your readers, as it shows how the "monstrous fardings," which are revived in our own days, were regarded by the plain-speaking old Bishop. He is discoursing of the poverty of Mary in the inn at Bethlehem:—"I think in deile Mary had never a vardingale, for she used no such superfluities as our fine dumsels do now a dayes: for in the olde tyme women were content with honest and single garments. Now they have found out these round abouts: they were not invented then, the devil was not so cunning to make suche gear, he found it out afterwards. No doubt it is nothing but a token of fayre pride to wear such vardingales, and I therefore think that every golly woman should let them aside."—Y.

**ESQUIMAULT, VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.**—For my own part, I strolled a little way inland, along green Jamaica-looking lanes, running like channels through a continent of cultivation; acres of potatoes, wheat, maize, barley, and gently waving rye, were successively presented to my admiring view. The fertility of the soil was everywhere apparent. Lime-stone-built villas here and there decked the suburbs, and cottages festooned with a profusion of blossoming, creeping plants flanked the road a little to the westward of Government House, which from its elevated position seemed to hold precedence over all the lesser architecture around. The sun with its golden radiance was shedding floods of light over the varied landscape, casting the shadow of the Indian on the placid water of a lagoon, which wound like a river in a gently shelving valley beyond, and giving a glow of life and animation to the bending corn-fields and the Parian habitations of men. The birds were joyfully carolling away in sweet and hope-inspiring unison; the herds at pasture lowed plaintively, and the bleating of sheep and lambs broke audibly to life as I passed by natural hedges of wild rose and blackberry bushes, and fields redundant with grass and clover, whose aroma was borne on the breeze far away to the uplands, where the wild man still holds sway, and civilisation hath scarce or never trodden.—*The New El Dorado.*

## DAWK-TRAVELLING IN INDIA.

MR. BENWELL, the artist to whom we are indebted for the two accompanying Sketches, illustrative of the perils which beset travellers in India, supplies us with the following particulars concerning dawk-travelling in that country, and also with regard to the particular adventure which forms the subject of our first Engraving:—

## THE APPEARANCE OF A TIGER AND FLIGHT OF THE PALKEE-BEARERS.

I send you a Sketch of an adventure which I met with whilst travelling by dawk. Before, however, I proceed to describe it, I will, with a view to render my narrative more intelligible to the English reader, make a few remarks upon dawk-travelling when the horse-dawk is not used; as the palkee gharry, or wheeled palanquin drawn by horses, cannot be used on cross-roads generally, nor, indeed, on the Grand Trunk Road when cut into ravines by the rains.

In India, the most common vehicle in use is the palanquin, with the form of which most of your readers are familiar: it is, perhaps, the most primitive of all means of riding; for, although the palanquin of the English gentleman in India is as substantially built, and as neatly and ornamentally finished, as a carriage turned out of hand by any of your Long-acre carriage-builders, it is carried on men's shoulders, in precisely the same fashion as the hammock of the Hottentot; and, being of less flexible materials, it is, of the two, rather less easy in its motion.

Every gentleman in India, European or native, possesses a palanquin, or "palkee," as the word is here abbreviated: the men who carry it are called bearers, or palkee-wallas. It requires four bearers, two at each pole, to bear along the palkee with its occupant, the pace being about five miles an hour.

In establishments where the palanquin is much used for short distances in town or station these men are regularly maintained, the wages being four rupees (8s.) each per month; but when a long journey has to be undertaken, the plan is to signify the same to the post-office officials, who lay a "dawk," or series of relays of bearers, about ten miles apart throughout the distance to be traversed. Dawk-bearers having to carry their burden a distance of ten miles, four only could not accomplish it, therefore two sets of four are provided at each station, one set running by the side whilst the other four are engaged in carrying. The sets relieve each other about five or six times throughout the journey of ten miles.

As large parties of coolies are kept constantly employed in repairing the main road, it is for the most part in excellent condition. This is called the Grand Trunk Road. At some points, where the line passes through dense jungles and thick forests, the timber has been cleared for a distance of a hundred yards on either hand, in order to give travellers a chance of escape when attacked by tigers, the woods in the neighbourhood being infested with these animals. I have frequently heard of the ravages committed by tigers in this portion of the Benares road, more particularly amongst the flocks and herds of the jungle farmers; it had, however, never been my lot to meet with one of these deadly brutes, except on the occasion referred to, the circumstances connected with which I will now proceed to give in detail.

Arriving at the Topechachie Dawk Bungalow about six o'clock p.m., I ordered tea and a fowl curry, these being the only refreshments, with a few chupatties, which I knew by frequent experience the bungalow afforded. The tea was supplied by myself, it being customary for dawk-travellers to carry this commodity with them. This frugal repast being over, I lit my cigar and took my place in my palkee, and gave the word to "chulhao," and promised a few pice as a reward for a little extra exertion on the part of the bearers to enable me to reach the next dawk station before dark. At that station a torch-bearer would have been included in the new relief. This addition is always necessary in a dark night, the torch being required to show the road, and also to scare away tigers and other wild animals which may be disposed to intrude their presence upon the passenger. I had so frequently passed over this portion of the road without molestation that my thoughts were more occupied in memories of dear old England, and friends far away, than in the dangers of the way, or the wild character of the country through which I was journeying; and so, having finished my smoke, I drew my light razzil around me, as the evenings were chilly, and made myself up as comfortably as circumstances admitted for a sleep. I should here observe that dawk-travelling is performed as well by night as by day, and it not unfrequently happens that several dawk stations have been passed, and as many reliefs of bearers have performed their allotted ten miles, without the traveller, who was in the land of dreams, being at all conscious of it. Thus I had often passed a whole night, and found when I awoke that I was some eighty miles on my journey; and thus I intended passing the night.

If there is one thing more than another which shows us our utter dependence upon the care and protection of a kind Providence it is that want of foresight which we so sensibly feel when anything out of the common course of events has unexpectedly happened. It was perhaps this reflection that led my mind into a sort of dreamy, pleasing speculation as to the chances of my return to England, and how I should find matters there some two years hence; coupled with these agreeable reflections, the monotonous "Ugh, ugh! Ha, ha!" of the bearers, and the soothing effect of the motion of the palanquin set me dozing and then busily dreaming, when suddenly, with electrical effect, I felt myself and palanquin jerked violently to the ground. Then followed the most unearthly yells, and amongst the shouts of many voices I could distinguish the words "Marho, sahib! marho!" The meaning of these words I well know to be "Kill him, sahib! kill him!" and, with the full anticipation of some danger, I slid back one of the doors and looked out. I naturally turned towards the place from whence the sounds proceeded, and discovered that my bearers were in full flight towards an open space: some were looking round with the utmost terror depicted in their countenances, whilst others were too intent upon escape to look anywhere but before them. I now turned my head with a feeling that some cause, perhaps of an alarming nature, must exist to occasion all this hubbub and excitement. I soon discovered it. About thirty yards ahead was a small stone bridge, spanning one of the innumerable little streams which intersect the road here; some brushwood had sprung up around and partly in the arch, and from this patch of jungle, with stately step and slow, an immense tiger was emerging. I felt at first undecided as to the particular part I ought to take in this awkward affair. Impulsively, however, I seized two large duelling-pistols which were my never-failing companions de voyage, and which I kept in two holster japes, fixed conveniently in the forepart of the vehicle, loaded and ready for instant service. I had also a double-barrelled fowling-piece lying along the side of the mattress, and this I remembered was also loaded; thus, formidably armed, it may be said that I had not much to fear had the tiger made an attack. Be this as it may, I ardently hoped that his feline majesty would decide upon a different course. Slowly he ascended the embankment on the left of my position, his eyes fixed intently upon me as I looked through the partly-closed door with pistols at full cock, and my fingers on the triggers. To my unspeakable relief he kept his course across the road, still stately and slow, with measured even step, towards a cover of brushwood, which lay off the road about 100 yards. As he gradually increased the distance between us I felt my breathing become more easy and the fluttering of my heart more regular. I was now getting impatient for his absence, and so far recovered myself as to bang off one of the pistols towards him, without, however, taking much aim, my object being to quicken his pace, which I hoped the noise would effect. Not so: he turned his head a little more round, and seemed to watch the smoke as it slowly moved away in the calm evening, and, as he slightly slackened his pace to make his observations, I began to repent of my rash temerity, and to regret that I had not left well alone. The report from the pistol seemed to restore courage to the bearers, who resumed their shouts of "Marho, sahib! marho!"

By this time the tiger had disappeared in the jungle-patch referred to, and, to my great joy, I heard the bearers drawing nearer. I say *heard*, for my eyes seemed riveted to the spot where I last saw the cause of the varied feelings of excitement to which I had been so unceremoniously subjected.

I considered it wise under all the circumstances to defer any controversy or practical arguments on the subject of the bearers' conduct in deserting me in the time of danger; but intimated that, if they valued their lives, they would make all haste to the next station, about two miles ahead. They accordingly raised the palkee with a will, and with nervous but rapid steps reached a part of the road more open and free from low jungle.

## THE TRAVELLER BESET IN HIS PALANQUIN BY WOLVES, HYENAS, AND JACKALS.

The adventure depicted in our second Illustration befel our Artist while proceeding by dawk from Calcutta to Benares. He had been taken dangerously ill, with an attack of fever and ague, which completely prostrated him. Having no medicine-chest with him, he resolved to push on to the nearest medical aid, which was forty miles ahead. The remainder of the narrative is, however, best told in Mr. Benwell's own words:—

In a state of perfect helplessness from the debilitating effect of the fever, I arrived at the Dawk Bungalow, at Doornie, about eleven o'clock p.m. where I hoped to get a warm cup of tea, for which I had for the last two hours of my journey been longing.

After knocking at the door of the kitchen—a detached building some twenty yards in rear of the bungalow—for a considerable length of time, the sirdar, or head bearer, returned to the front and told me that he could make no one hear, and that it was his opinion that the two stationary servants had betaken themselves for the night to the village, about a quarter of a mile distant.

I told him to go at once in search of them, and to take two of the bearers with him, leaving the rest with me, and to be sure that the two musallahies (or torch bearers) did not leave the palanquin. This latter precaution I thought of, having noticed that the jungle came very near to the bungalow, and having heard at the last station that this part of the road was infested with tigers.

Exhausted with the effort of giving these directions and knowing that at least half an hour must elapse before the khandasams' return to his post,

(Continued on page 625.)



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**UNSOPHISTICATED GENEVA**, of the true juniper flavour, and precisely as it runs from the still, without the addition of sugar or any ingredient worth the special gallons, 12s.; or in one-dozen cases, 29s. each, package included. **HENRY BRETT and CO.**, Old Furnival's Distillery, Holborn.

**CHRISTMAS BOXES or HAMPERS**.—**FINDLATER, MACKIE, and CO.**, Wine and Spirit Merchants (Agents for Guinness's Extra Stout, and Bass and Co.'s Pale Ale), 1, Upper Wellington-street, Strand, W.C., make up Half-dozen Boxes or Hampers for 21s., containing:—

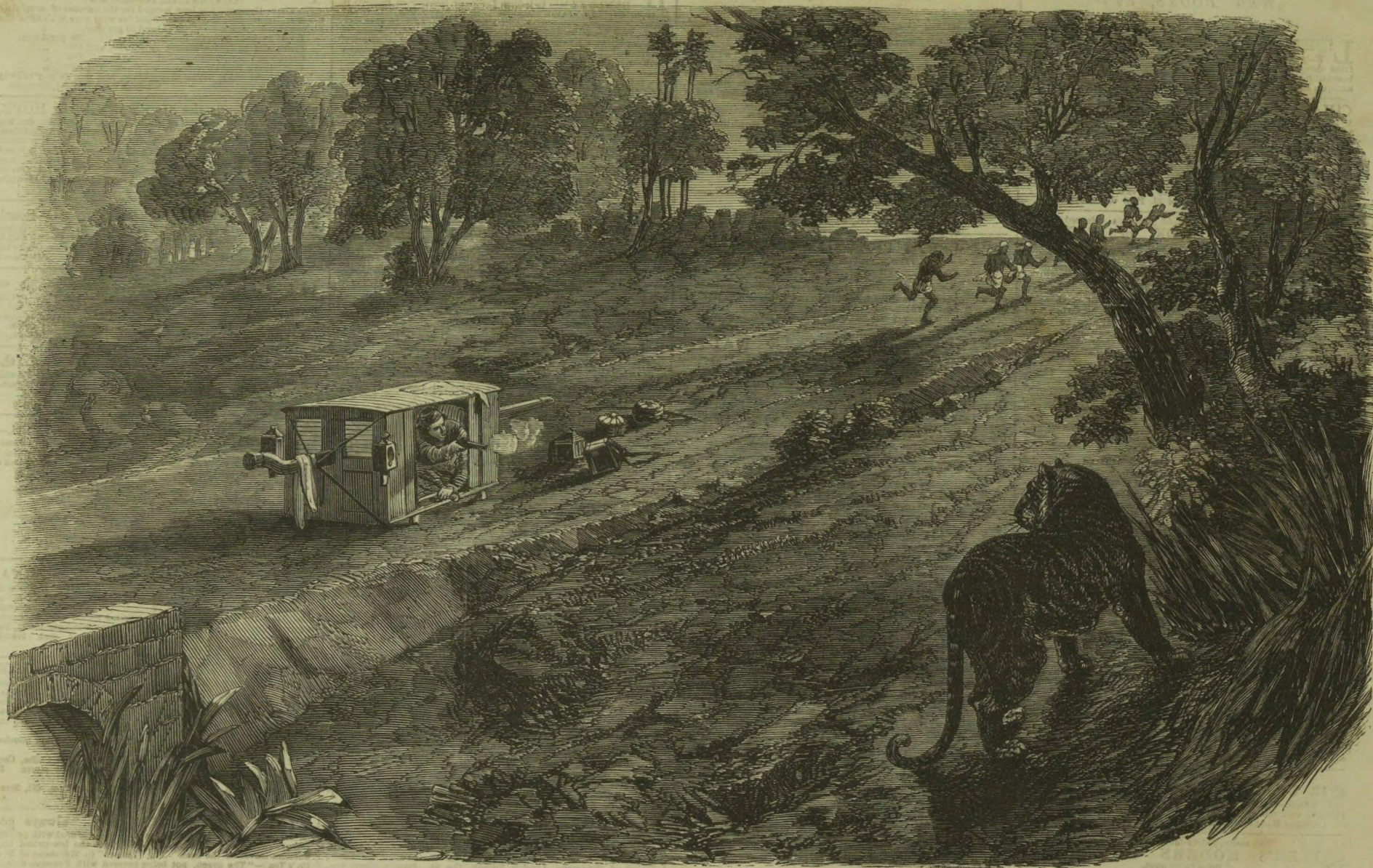
One Bottle finest French Brandy,  
One "best Scotch or Irish Whisky,  
One "old Jamaica Rum,  
One "best and strongest Gin,  
One "fine old Port,  
One "Sherry.  
Delivered free within five miles of their Establishment. Country orders to be accompanied by a remittance.

**KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY v. COGNAC** BRANDY.—This celebrated old IRISH WHISKY rivals the finest French Brandy. It is a pure, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d. each, at most of the respectable retail houses in London; by the appointed agents in the principal towns in England; or wholesale at 8, Great Windmill-street, Haymarket.—Observe the red seal, pink label, and cork branded "Kinahan's LL Whisky."

**THE GUINEA CHRISTMAS PRESENT** of DESSERT FRUITS, &c.—A handsome Package of Imperial Plums, of the finest quality, in the Chinese packing off, priced brown colour, and autumn leaves as the best. "The Lancet" (p. 318) states of H. and Co.'s Tea:—"The green, not being covered with Prussian blue, is a dull olive; the black is not intensely dark." Wholesome and good tea is thus secured. 2s. 6d., 4s., and 4s. 6



## PERILS OF DAWK TRAVELLING IN INDIA.



APPEARANCE OF A TIGER AND FLIGHT OF THE PALKEE-BEARERS.

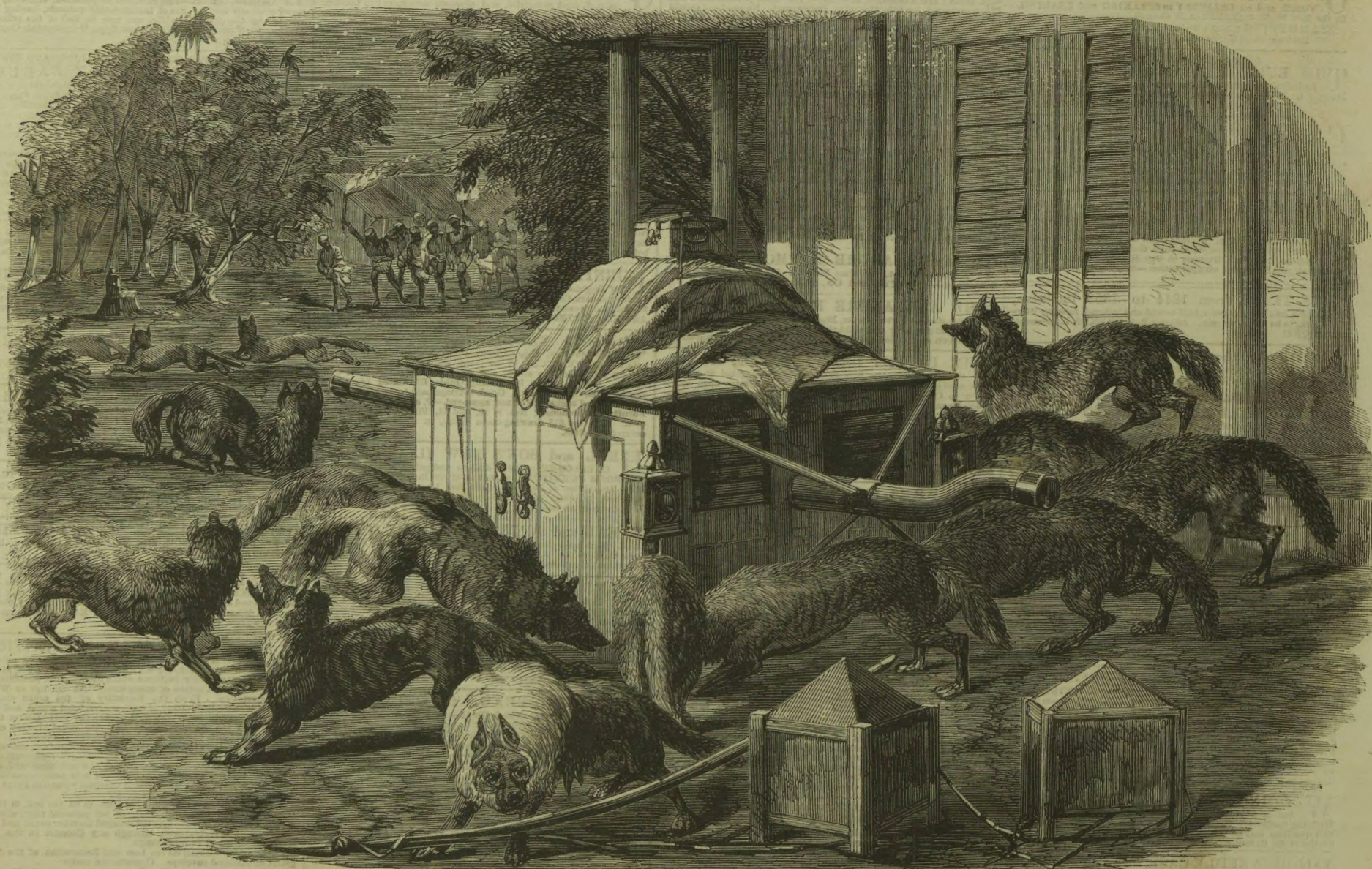
(Continued from page 624.)

I composed myself for a short sleep, the stillness of the night, and the cessation from motion being favourable to repose. I soon fell into an uneasy nap, from which I was disturbed by sounds of sniffing close to my ears. Through the cane bottom of the palanquin came a strong menagerie-like odour, and the sniffing noises increased until I seemed completely surrounded by them.

I now began to realise my position. Fastening the sliding doors on each side, I peered through the small windows in front, and discovered to my great consternation that I, in my frail vehicle and still more frail state of health, was beset by a pack of hyenas, wolves, and jackals. Now, had I

been able to stand, with a good stick in my hand, I might have sent the whole pack scurrying off into the jungle; but to raise myself into a sitting posture required my utmost efforts, and to stand without assistance was quite impossible. This my fierce visitors seemed to be aware of, for their familiarities became truly alarming. The sniffings increased in vigour, and now and then a concussion against the panels from the violent contact of the snouts of some more eager than the rest showed that they were really in earnest. The short cachinnatory bark of the hyena was clearly distinguishable amid the howling of the jackals disappointed of their prey. An occasional knock with my fists against the door inside seemed only to stimulate the pack to renewed attempts to get at me, and I was beginning

to give all up in despair when, to my unutterable relief, a faint glimmer in the distance told me that succour was at hand. The light was from the torches of the mussalchies, who, with the whole party of bearers, presuming on my helpless condition, had, disregarding my orders, been to enjoy a smoke in the village. As the lights approached my assailants rushed pell-mell into the jungle. A howl, loud and of long continuance, dying away in the distant woods, indicated the direction the pack had taken; and, though dismal enough, appealed to my sense of gratitude for deliverance from the throats which gave utterance to it. The next morning I reached a civil station, where I obtained medical assistance and rest, which I badly needed, and in due course came on to Benares.



THE TRAVELLER IN HIS PALANQUIN BESET BY WOLVES, HYENAS, AND JACKALS.





THE CHRISTMAS CAROL SINGER.

FROM A PAINTING BY HARRISON WEIR.

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THE TURKEY GUARDIAN.

FROM A PAINTING BY C. SALMON.





FAIR AND FRUITFUL ITALY.

FROM A PAINTING BY G. LANCER.